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THE

MODERN TRAVELLER.

VOLUME THE NINETEENTH.

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

VOL. II.

THE

MODERN TRAVELLER.

A

DESCRIPTION,

GEOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL, AND TOPOGRAPHICAL,

OF THE

VARIOUS COUNTRIES OF THE GLOBE.

IN THIRTY VOLUMES.

By JOSIAH CONDER.

VOLUME THE NINETEENTH.

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THE

MODERN TRAVELLER,

ETC. ETC.

SPAIN.

SEVILLE.

HISPALIS,* the capital of Hispania Bætica, of which Seville is the representative, is mentioned by Strabo, Pomponius Mela, Pliny, and Ptolemy, as being ancient even in their time. It is supposed to have been founded by the Phenicians,—according to the popular tradition, by Hercules. By the Romans it was invested with the privileges of a colony, under the name of *Julia*, in honour of Julius Cæsar, who is regarded as its second founder; and it is said to have borne also the appellation of *Romula*, or little Rome. Over the gate called the *Carne* (because it leads to the shambles) is the following inscription:

Condidit Alcides, renovavit Julius urbem,
Restituit Christo Fernandus Tertius, heros.

* Arias Montano derives the name Hispălis or Ispalis from a Phenician word, *Spala*, signifying a plain. This name the Goths are said to have changed into Hispalia, of which the Arabians, not pronouncing the *p*, made Isbilla; which again the Castilians, with whom the *b* and the *v* are convertible, converted into Sevilla, its present name.

These two Latin verses are thus translated in another inscription over the gate of Xeres:

Hercules me edifico;
Julio-Cesar me cercò
De muros y torres altas:
Y el Rey santo me ganò
*Con Garci Perez de Vargas.**

The Gothic kings made this city their capital before they removed their court to Toledo. In 711, it became an easy prey to the Saracens, after the fatal battle of Xeres. On the dismemberment of the khalifate of Cordova in 1027, Seville became an independent sovereignty under the dynasty of the Benni Abbâd, which lasted for about fifty years. A succession of different governors then usurped the sovereignty, and it enjoyed a short period of civil liberty as a republic, till at length, in the year 1248, after more than a year's siege, it capitulated to Ferdinand the Saint. Three hundred thousand Moors are said to have left the city upon this capitulation, to carry their arms and industry to countries which yet acknowledged the law of Mohammed, exclusive of those who had perished during the siege. Yet, a few years after, Seville had again become a large and populous city. Its most brilliant epoch was soon after the discovery of America, when it became the emporium of the riches which the Spanish fleets brought home from the New World to the port of the Guadalquiver. Merchants from all parts then flocked hither, where the fortunate adventurers on their return, lavished their wealth; and the sovereign frequently made this city his residence.

* Hercules was my founder. By Julius Cæsar I was surrounded with walls and lofty towers. And the saintly king won me, together with Garci Perez de Vargas.—Over an ancient painting of Seville is this motto:

Ab Hercule et Cæsare nobilitas: à se ipsa fidelitas.

Then, indeed, was the time when the Spaniard might exclaim with exultation, "He who has not seen Seville, has not seen the wonder of the world." "Its court was then the most splendid in Europe. Its streets were thronged with merchants, its river was crowded with ships, and its quays were covered with all sorts of precious merchandise. Great were the buildings begun, and still more vast the projects for future ones. Its prosperity seemed proof against the fickleness of fortune. But, in the course of a few years, it fell from the highest pitch of grandeur to solitude and poverty, by the danger and embarrassments in the navigation of the Guadalquiver. The superior excellence of the port of Cadiz, induced the Government to order the galleons to make that their station for the time to come."*

In the year 1601, if we may believe the representations given in a memorial presented to Government by the seventeen companies of arts and trades, Seville had contained 16,000 silk-looms of all sizes, which gave employment to 130,000 persons.† In the

* It was to the Guadalquiver, (*Wady al Kebir*, the great river,) the ancient Bætis, that Seville owed its former splendour. The largest ships then ascended to the very quays of Seville, and those of smaller burden went up as high as Cordova. "At present," says Bourgoing, "vessels of large size advance no higher than Bonanza, a village fifteen leagues from Seville; and none above 80 tons can sail up the river, but must transport their cargoes in boats." Sir John Carr, however, says that this is an error. "I saw," he says, "merchant-ships of at least 180 or 200 tons lying off the quay at Seville." Mr. Jacob says, the river is not navigable as high as Seville for vessels drawing more than ten feet water, and even these frequently ground. "Vessels of (not) more than 150 tons load and unload about *eight* miles below the city, and those of greater capacity remain at San Lucar."

† In the English translation of Bourgoing (vol. iii. p. 130), Seville is said to have contained this number in 1700; a palpable blunder. Mr. Townsend states, that in the year 1519, under the encourage-

year 1779, there were only 2,318 looms in this city. At the time of the great pestilence of 1800, Seville contained a population of 80,000 persons, viz. 60,000 within the walls, and 20,000 in the suburbs. Of these, 76,000 were attacked by the contagion, which carried off, between the 28th of August and the 30th of September, 14,685 persons. According to a recent census, Seville still retained a population of 90,415 souls. Few cities contain so many public edifices devoted to the purposes of religion and charity. Besides five-and-twenty parish churches, and five chapels of ease, there are thirty-one monasteries, twenty-nine nunneries, three congregations of canons regular, a commandery of San Juan d'Acre, three *beaterios*, two seminaries, eight hospitals, and two houses of correction. The archbishopric is one of the richest in Christendom. There is a university, founded in 1502. The principal manufacture now, is that of snuff!

The situation of Seville, M. Bourgoing pronounces admirable, its climate delicious, and the surrounding country very fertile. It stands in the midst of a rich, and to the eye a boundless plain, and its walls are washed by the Guadalquiver, on the bank of which is the new alameda. The shape of the city is circular. The walls, evidently of Moorish construction, are, according to Townsend, more than a league,—ac-

ment given to the silk-manufacture by Alfonso the Wise, they once more reckoned in Seville 16,000 looms; but the *millones* imposed by Philip II., together with the expulsion of the Moors, almost ruined this once wealthy city. Added to which, in the year 1649, an epidemic disease visited this city; and in 1655, there remained only 60 looms. But in 1713, the weavers amounted to 405. In 1732, the looms were 1000. In 1739, they were suddenly reduced, by war with England, to 140. In 1780, they amounted to 2,318, as stated above.

cording to Swinburne, " not more than five miles and a half" in circumference. " The suburb of Triana, on the west side of the river, is as large as many towns, but is remarkable for nothing but its gloomy Gothic castle, where, in the year 1482, the Inquisition formed its first establishment in Spain. The streets of Seville are crooked, dirty, and so narrow, that, in most of them, two coaches find it difficult to pass abreast. The widest and handsomest place is the alameda, a great walk of old elms in the heart of the city, 600 yards in length, by 150 ; it is decorated with three fountains, and the statues of Hercules, the reputed founder, and Julius Cæsar, the restorer of Seville. Most of the churches are built and ornamented in a barbarous style ; and the cathedral (continues this Traveller) is more cried up than it deserves. It is by no means equal to York Minster for lightness, elegance, and Gothic delicacy. The clustered pillars are too thick, the aisles too narrow, and the choir, by being placed in the centre, spoils the *coup d'œil*, and renders the rest of the church little better than a collection of long passages. The ornamental parts are but clumsy imitations of the models left by the Moors. Not one of the great entrances or porches is finished ; and, to disfigure the whole pile, a long range of buildings in the modern style has been added to the old part. Don Sancho the Brave began this church near the close of the thirteenth century, and Juan II. finished it about a hundred years after.* Its length

* The foundation of the present cathedral, the largest ecclesiastical edifice in the peninsula, was laid on the 8th of July, 1401, and completed, with the interior decorations, in the space of 170 years. The original cathedral was a mosque which occupied the same site, and which, from a portion of the walls still remaining, appears to have been similar in design and execution, and not much inferior in size, to the *Mezquita* of Cordova.

within, is 420 feet; its breadth, 273; and its greatest height, 126.* The circumference of each cluster of pillars is 42 feet. It has nine doors, 80 windows, and 80 altars, at which 500 masses are said every day.† The pavement is brick, but they are now (1775) new-laying it with marble. The great gate of the cloisters (the only remains of the mosque which occupied the site) is a piece of handsome Moorish architecture. The large orange-trees that shade the fountains in the middle of the cloisters, make them a most agreeable walk. At one angle stands the *Giralda*, or belfry, a tower 250 feet high, and 50 square, erected by the Moors about A.D. 1000.‡ The Christians have added two stories and a prodigious weathercock, which altogether agree much better with the ancient building than patchwork is wont to do. The sculpture of the Saracenic part, which is 200 feet high, is in a much simpler taste than their artists were accustomed to display in public works. The effect of this tower, rising far above every edifice in Seville, is extremely noble. Tradition relates, that, to form a solid foundation for it, the Moors made a deep hole into which

* Mr. Townsend gives nearly the same dimensions,—420 feet by 263, and 126 in height. Mr. Jacob, however, states them to be 398 feet by 290, a singular discrepancy; while Laborde, with inexplicable inaccuracy, (or his translator,) states the length at only 262 feet, the breadth at 123 feet 9 inches, (viz. the nave 41 feet 9 inches, and each of the four aisles 20 feet 6 inches,) and the height at 113 feet 7 inches.

† Laborde says 90 windows: they are of fine stained glass, the work of a Flemish artist, each of which cost one thousand ducats. Mr. Townsend agrees with Swinburne as to the number of windows, but states the altars to be 82, and the annual consumption to be 1,500 *arrobas* of wine, 800 of oil, and about 1000 of wax.

‡ Swinburne says, 350 feet high; but, as it is probably a typographical blunder, we have corrected his text. The date he assigned to the tower is also erroneous.

they cast all the marble and stone monuments that could be found. When repairs have been necessary, and the ground has been opened near the bottom, many broken ornaments and inscriptions have been discovered. The whole work is brick and mortar. A winding staircase (an inclined plane) is contrived within, so easy and wide as to admit of two horsemen riding a breast above half way up. For some purpose unknown, the architect has made the solid masonry in the upper half just as thick again as that in the lower, though, on the outside, the belfry is all the way of the same dimensions." *

The Giralda, which the destroyers of the mosque that formed the old cathedral have so fortunately spared, is one of the most interesting remains in Seville. It was originally built in the year 1196, under the superintendence of the famous Arabian mathematician and astronomer, Geber (or Guëver), to whom the invention of algebra has been erroneously attributed, and was used as an observatory, being the most ancient monument, perhaps, in Christendom, consecrated to science. The height to which he carried it was only 172 feet, and it terminated in a square turret of brick, on which was fixed an iron pillar bearing four immense globes of iron gilt. This turret was pulled down in 1568, and the tower raised 86 feet higher, making the whole elevation 258 feet. It is a square of forty-three feet, built with square stones to the height of three feet and a half, and then continued with large bricks. It terminates in a little cupola, on which stands the *Giralda* which gives name to the tower; a brazen statue of Faith, executed by Bartolome Morel, which, though weighing two tons and a

* Swinburne, vol. ii. pp. 33—7.

half, turns with the slightest breeze. There are twenty immense bells at the top of the tower. The treasures of this church are described by Townsend as of inestimable value: we know not how far they have escaped the fate of the other churches and convents, which were plundered by the French. Not to speak of the silver altar, and images as large as life of saints Isidore and Leander, of the same precious metal, and a profusion of gold and gems,—this church with its numerous chapels was crowded with the best works of Murillo, Luis de Vargas, and Zurbaran. The church of the Capuchins was richly furnished with the works of Murillo; eleven of his pictures decorated the chapel of Vera Cruz, belonging to the Franciscans; various other convents and chapels possessed several of his paintings, and his most celebrated performances were in the hospital de la Caridad.* But the pictures which once adorned these churches, have been for the most part carried off by Joseph Bonaparte or his marshals, and have never been restored.† To the cathedral belongs a public library, which was begun by the bequest, in 1560, of 20,000 volumes, collected by Hernando, the son of the great Columbus. In the chapel of the kings, among other monuments and sculptures, is the tomb of Saint Ferdinand, with four inscriptions in Hebrew, Arabic, Latin, and Castilian; that of Alfonso the Wise, and those of several other royal and princely personages. "But not one of these tombs," says Bourgoing, "makes so deep an impression or excites such interesting recollections as that of

* This great painter was born in 1618, and died in 1682. His works, Bourgoing says, "were long wanting in the rich collection of the kings of France, but he, at length, occupies a place in the National Museum."

† Quin's Visit to Spain, p. 309.

Christopher Columbus, erected in front of the choir, with this inscription, striking at least for its brevity:

'A Castilia y Aragon
Otro mundo dio Colon.'

To Castile and Aragon, Colon gave another world. His son, Don Ferdinand, who would have been esteemed a great man had he sprung from a less renowned father, has also a monument in one of the chapels." Mr. Townsend mentions a curious new organ in the cathedral, containing 5,300 pipes with 110 stops; and yet, the bellows, when stretched, would supply the full organ fifteen minutes. The mode of filling them is singular: a man walks backwards and forwards along an inclined plane about fifteen feet in length, which is balanced in the middle on its axis. Under each end is a pair of bellows about six feet by three and a half, which communicate with five other pairs united by a bar; and the latter are so contrived, that when they are in danger of being overstrained, a valve gives them relief. Passing ten times along the inclined plane, fills all these vessels.

Among the other public buildings, the most interesting is the Alcazar, a royal palace, designed, it is said, in imitation of the Alhamra. The greater part of the present edifice, however, was built between the years 1353 and 1364, by Don Pedro the Cruel, and the remainder was erected by Charles the Fifth. Here Philip V. resided for many years towards the close of his reign, and passed his time in drawing with the smoke of a candle on deal boards, or angling for tench in a little reservoir by torch-light. It has since been not less honoured by the sittings of the Supreme Central Junta. Swinburne terms it a *pasticcio* of Saracenic, Conventual, and Grecian architecture. The exterior has a miserable appearance; but the first court

after entering the gate, has a very grand effect. The front looking into this court is purely Arabic in its style, and the spectator supposes that he is admiring a genuine piece of Moorish architecture, till, on closer examination, he sees lions and castles and other armorial ensigns of Castile and Leon, interwoven with arabesque foliages, and notices an inscription in large Gothic characters, informing him that these edifices were built in the fourteenth century by the most mighty king Don Pedro.* "Within this portico," says Swinburne, "is a court 93 feet by 69, flagged with marble, and surrounded with a colonnade of white marble pillars of the Corinthian order, elegantly proportioned and well executed. The walls behind are covered with grotesque designs in the Moorish taste. Charles the Fifth has contrived to foist his eagle and his *Plus Outre* into every corner. The great hall adjoining, called the *Media-naranja*, or half-orange, from the form of its cupola, is richly gilt, and stuccoed in the same manner. Here, I own, my little knowledge of architecture was fairly nonplussed. I was convinced that the portion of the fabric called by the travel-writers the *Moorish part*, was the work of Peter the Cruel, who might easily procure skilful artists from the kings of Granada, with whom he was connected during the greater part of his reign. But there was no accounting for the Corinthian pillars, unless I supposed them to have belonged to some Roman edifice, destroyed for the sake of supplying materials for the palace, or to have been placed by the emperor under the old gallery, in lieu of others in

* Mr. Jacob says, there is one Arabic inscription with a date corresponding to A.D. 1181, bearing that the palace was erected in the reign of a certain king of the name of Nazar; but he gives no authority.

a barbarous style or ruinous state. Next to the court of the lions in the Alhamra, this square is the most pleasing piece of Arabic building I have met with, though, in delicacy of design and execution, the ornaments of the Sevillian are much inferior to those of the Granadian palace. Near the western entrance was formerly to be seen a stone seat, with its canopy supported by four pillars, all now destroyed. Here, that severe judge, Don Pedro, sat to decide causes, and give sentence upon malefactors. His justice was so very inflexible, that, in those days of feudal anarchy, it was looked upon in the light of wanton cruelty and tyranny. Perhaps that unfortunate monarch owes to the hatred of those whom he meant to reduce to order, much of the obloquy which has been so plentifully bestowed upon him by historians, who have painted him to us as a tyrant so bloody, so wicked, as almost to exceed the bounds of probability. In Andalusia, where he fixed his residence, and seemed most to delight, his memory is not held in the same abhorrence. The Sevillian writers mention him very differently; and, instead of his usual appellation of *Pedro el Cruel*, distinguish him by that of *El Justiciero*. It is certain, that his natural brother and murderer, Henry of Transtamare, was guilty of crimes full as atrocious as any of those imputed to Don Pedro; but, as he destroyed him with his family and adherents, the friends of the new spurious race of monarchs were left at full liberty to blacken the characters of the adverse party, without fear of being called to an account for calumny, or even contradicted. Truth is now out of our reach; and for want of proper proofs to the contrary, we must sit down contented with what history has left us, and allow Don Pedro to have been one of the

most inhuman butchers that have ever disgraced a throne." *

The saloon called the Hall of Ambassadors, was occupied at the time of Mr. Jacob's visit by the Central Junta, and the rooms adjoining by the various sections or committees: the whole palace was filled by the different branches of Government. He describes the saloon as a beautiful apartment, adorned with elegant designs in stucco, and with a floor of the most transparent marble of various colours. It contained a collection of Roman antiquities; among others, some fine statues in good preservation, brought from Italica, distant four miles from Seville. The garden of the Alcazar is laid out in the Moorish taste. Several parterres, surrounded with galleries and terraces of marble, intersected by myrtle hedges and jasmine bowers, and perfumed by clumps of orange-trees, with here and there baths supplied by fountains, make up this miniature paradise; and there are water-works which send up small streams from minute pipes in the joining of the slabs, producing a most grateful effect. "Nothing," says Swinburne, "can be more delicious than these sprinklings in a hot day; all the flowers seemed to acquire new vigour, and the odours exhaled from the orange, citron, and lemon-trees, grew more poignant, more balsamic: it was a true April shower."

La Lonja (the exchange), built at the expense of the merchants by Juan de Herrera, in 1598, displays the best taste of any edifice in Seville. It is a quadrangle of nearly 200 feet, with a corridor, adorned with Ionic columns, and supported by an equal number of Doric. Being raised on steps, it has a magnificent appearance. The staircase is superb, of coloured

* Swinburne, vol. ii. pp. 18—22.

marble, about 25 feet in breadth, with balustrades supported by marble pillars. There are three apartments in front, each 180 feet long, and four others lighted from the *patio* (court), of larger dimensions. In the apartments are book-cases, in which are deposited all the charts, plans, titles, and correspondence relating to the New World since the discovery of America, arranged and docketed, including the original letters of Cortez and Pizarro.

The College of the Jesuits, to which, on the abolition of that order, the Holy Office was transferred from the Triana, is of light and tasteful architecture, most ill according with the gloomy character of that dreadful tribunal. The church is simple and elegant; the interior, which is of white marble, is of a circular form, lighted from a beautiful dome. The church of San Salvador is an ancient mosque, in the Moorish taste, with arcades supported by pillars. The royal tobacco-manufactory (*fabrica de tabaco*) is a very fine building, 439 feet in length by 280 broad; it is surrounded with a ditch, like a fortress, and contains twenty-eight courts. It is said to have cost thirty-seven millions of reals, or above 385,000*l.* sterling. There are upwards of a hundred mills for grinding the snuff, which are turned by horses and mules, while some hundreds of men and boys are generally employed in rolling leaf-tobacco into cigars.* The

* "I was greatly struck," says Mr. Jacob, "with the rigorous examination the labourers underwent on their leaving the *Fabrica*: they were almost stripped naked, and examined as closely as if they had been working in a diamond mine. And yet, in spite of all these precautions, I was informed that they contrived to secrete considerable quantities." The snuffs made here are of various kinds. One is a bad imitation of the French rappee; but the most esteemed is that which is mixed with the earth called *almagra*, brought from Almazarron (see vol. i. p. 205), and which, Mr. Jacob

Naval Academy of St. Elmo is also a very handsome edifice. This institution was founded in 1526, by Ferdinand Columbus, for a hundred and fifty youths; but, in 1809, the number of pupils was not above seventy, and the objects of the establishment were most miserably neglected. The expenses are defrayed by a small tonnage-duty on every vessel that sails for America. The royal cannon-foundry is a fine building, in which two hundred men are employed in casting and boring brass-guns of a large calibre. Neither the steam-engine nor the water-wheel had been introduced when Mr. Jacob visited it, the labour of mules and men being solely employed even in the heaviest operations. Yet he pronounces it to be the best-arranged institution he had hitherto seen in Spain. In this foundry were cast the enormous mortars with which the French under Marshal Victor bombarded Cadiz, one of which is seen, a trophy of British valour, in St. James's Park, near the Horse Guards. There is also a powder-manufactory.* The Mint (*Casa Moneda*) is one of the most ancient buildings in Seville, and was at one time remarkable for its activity; it is now but little used.

The *Canos de Carmona*, the great aqueduct which

says, is a species of ochre. Being mixed with the tobacco in a damp state, it gives it the colour, as well as the pungency and flavour which are so much admired.

* A circumstance is connected with this manufactory, which reflects the deepest disgrace on the character of the French army. On the retreat of Napoleon's troops from Seville, a flint was so fixed in the teeth of a wheel in the powder-mill, that when the machine should be set in motion, it would strike against a piece of steel. This diabolical scheme succeeded but too fatally. Colonel Duncan, who commanded the English artillery, on inspecting the place, ordered the machinery to be put in motion, on which he and several other persons in that part of the building, were blown into the air.

conveys water to this city from a hill near the town of Alcala,* is believed to be a Roman work; but the innumerable repairs it has undergone, have obliterated almost every trace of their manner. The arches (410 in number) are of different construction, some resembling the Roman, others the Moorish: they are twelve feet in diameter. The water is conducted in an open canal on the top of the arches, and forms a constant stream, three feet wide and two feet deep; a part is received into a large reservoir near the Carmona Gate, from which it is named, and the remainder is conveyed by pipes to the Alcazar, the public fountains, and private dwellings. There is an octagon tower near the quay, called the *Torre del Oro*, which the popular tradition ascribes to Julius Cæsar; and indeed the walls of Seville are believed to be Roman. In the present state of the military art, they would be of little use. Some of the gates are very magnificent, especially that of Triana, which leads to the bridge of boats over the Guadalquiver.

There are two other public buildings too characteristic to be omitted in the enumeration. Not far from the city is "a strange kind of edifice," verging to decay, which had long excited Mr. Townsend's curiosity before he could obtain any other than evasive answers respecting its design. He was at length confidentially informed, that it was the *Quemadero*. "The name was sufficient, together with the form, without further inquiries, to explain the horrid use to which it had been too often put." About four years before,

* Swinburne says, the rocks there are bored in various directions for an immense length under ground, in order to intercept every little runner, and collect so considerable a stream as to turn several mills. "The conduit is so leaky, that a rivulet is formed of the waste water."

he afterwards learned from one of the inquisitors, a *beata* had suffered at this "burning-place," for the alleged crime of corrupting the priesthood by her charms! The other building alluded to is the *Plaza de Toros*. "This amphitheatre is one of the largest and handsomest in Spain. A great part is built of stone; but, from want of money, the rest is wood. From ten to twelve thousand spectators may be accommodated with seats. These rise in tiers, uncovered, from an elevation of eight feet above the arena, and are finally crowned by a gallery, whence the wealthy may behold the spectacle under cover from the weather. The lowest tier, however, is preferred by young gentlemen, as affording a clearer view of the wounds inflicted on the bull. This tier is protected by a parapet. Another strong fence, six feet high, is erected round the arena, leaving a space of about twenty between its area and the lower seats. Openings, admitting a man sideways, are made in this fence, to allow the men on foot an escape when closely pursued by the bull. They, however, generally, leap over it. But bulls of a certain breed will not be left behind, and they literally clear the fence. Falling into the vacant space before the seats, the animal runs about till one of the gates is opened, through which he is easily drawn back into the arena." Seville is acknowledged on all hands to have carried these fights to perfection; and to her "school of bullmanship," the art owes all its refinements.*

* See Doblado's Letters, letter iv. where will be found a detailed description of all the customs connected with the inhuman practice. In addition to the particulars mentioned at vol. i. p. 362, it is stated by this author, that, ten being the appointed hour to begin the morning exhibition, "such days are fixed upon as will not, by a long church-service, prevent the attendance of the canons and

Among the private houses, Laborde mentions as deserving of notice, one that is called by the people, the house of Pilate,—for what reason does not appear: it belongs to the Duke of Medina Celi, and was built in the year 1520. The principal court is very fine, having a piazza supported by marble columns, with a fountain in the centre upheld by dolphins; and the court is also embellished with statues and antique busts. Two galleries in the garden contain a collection of urns, sculptures, and other ancient remains. Mr. Jacob mentions the house of Don Josef Maria Perez as one of the most voluptuously contrived he had ever seen. One apartment more especially delighted him, which was in perfect preservation, though certainly not less than 500 years old. "The form resembles a double cube, the one placed above the other; its height about sixty feet, and its length and breadth about thirty feet. The ornaments, which begin at ten feet from the floor, and are continued to the top, consist of a kind of variegated net-work of stucco, of exquisite regularity and beauty. It is said, that this kind of stucco is composed of lime mixed with the whites of eggs. It is as hard as stone, and not a flaw or crack is to be seen on the whole surface."

To a foreigner, the general appearance of Seville is very singular, partaking in a considerable degree of an

prebendaries who choose to be present; for the chapter, in a body, receive a regular invitation from the *maestranza*"—the corporation of noblemen who in Seville enjoyed the exclusive privilege of giving bull-feasts. "If we consider that even the vestals at Rome were passionately fond of gladiatorial shows, we shall not," it is remarked, "be surprised at the Spanish taste" for these disgusting but somewhat less inhuman spectacles. Yet, what has Christianity then done for Spain?

oriental character. Mr. Quin, who was there in April 1823, has given a lively description of the city, and of the impression it made as compared with Madrid. He saw it under favourable circumstances, as the expected arrival of the king had produced a great influx of population.

"In Seville, the houses are mostly built according to the eastern fashion, seldom consisting of more than two stories, and constructed round the four sides of an open area, called the *patio*. The front door, which is open from morning till night, leads to a short entrance, which is very neatly paved with brick or polished tiles. From this passage, called the *zaguan* (an Arabic word for a porch), another door, which is generally shut, leads to the interior square or patio. This inner door is sometimes of oak or mahogany; but usually it is formed of iron bars, arranged often in a light and fanciful style, handsomely painted and gilt. Through this door, any one passing in the streets may observe the economy of the patio, which is floored with polished tiles, sometimes planted with shady trees, but more generally decorated with vases, in which the most fragrant roses and other flowers are growing. Not contented with the number of flower-pots which they can conveniently arrange on the floor of the patio, they have also half-flat vases, which are suspended on the walls all round. In this place are also sometimes glass cupboards, in which all the riches of the house in china-ware are set out, and wired cases, where books are arranged in the shade. It is quite refreshing to pass from the burning streets into one of these nymph-like abodes, where coolness and shade are at once to be obtained. In some there are handsome fountains, ever yielding pure and cool

streamlets; and the tiles are kept constantly cool by sprinkling them frequently with water.

"As yet, most of the inhabitants were living above stairs, and the rooms on the first story were shut up. Numbers might easily have let their lower apartments, but they preferred to keep them for their own use, as they would remove down stairs about the latter end of May. The communication of the rooms above stairs with each other, is usually by an external gallery, which runs all round the square. To the edges of this gallery pulleys are attached, by means of which a canvass awning may be stretched over the patio in summer.

"Although there is this superabundance of house-room, the streets are mostly so narrow, that there are not more than two or three through which two carriages could pass abreast. In many, a carriage cannot pass at all, and one may touch each side of the street with his hands as he passes. The reason which I have heard assigned for this peculiar construction of the streets of Seville is, that if they were wider, it would be impossible to bear in them the heat of the summer sun. Being so close together, they afford a mutual shade, and the passenger can walk through them without inconvenience from heat at any time of the day. This effect is certainly obtained; but the consequence is, that Seville appears to be little more than a labyrinth of narrow lanes, in which a stranger is frequently puzzled how to make out his way. Taking these things into consideration, it did not appear to me that there are much fewer houses in Seville than in Madrid; but the extent of ground which Seville occupies, is considerably less than that of the capital; its public buildings are fewer, and its streets, on account of their narrowness, have consi.

derably less beauty. They are also so roughly paved, that it is painful to one not accustomed to walk through them. But if Seville have no street which may be spoken of in the most distant comparison with the Calle de Alcala of Madrid, neither has Madrid a cathedral which would bear the least comparison with that of Seville.

"The preparations which were making in the Alcazar for the reception of the king, were confined to white-washing, painting, and cleansing. There was not a single chair, or table, or bed in the whole palace: it was expected that there was a convoy on the road with these necessary articles of furniture. The authorities were doing all in their power to prepare for the reception of the Government; but they wanted money, which, day after day, they were calling on the inhabitants to supply. One day, the Intendant issued a placard, couched in the most flattering terms towards the Sevillians, requesting them to furnish the sums necessary for receiving the Government, either by way of free gift or loan, or in anticipation of future contributions, and assuring them that, by the arrival of the Government in the city, they would be usuriously repaid. The next day, the Constitutional Alcaldes issued another placard to the same purpose; and after these came the Political Chief, in terms equally adulatory, and with solicitations still more pressing. But hitherto they had expended their eloquence to little purpose; for it appeared that the Sevillians, though rejoicing in the arrival of the Government amongst them, were very reluctant to pay beforehand for any benefits which they expected from it. The greatest bustle prevailed in every part of the town in preparing houses, laying in stores, removing furniture, every body being re-

solved to make the utmost of the approaching harvest. Beds and apartments were at five times their common price, and an attempt was made also to increase the price of bread, under pretence that there was a scarcity of flour; but the authorities speedily interfered, and prevented this extortion. The old inhabitants said that Seville now began to look like itself; for they remembered the time when it was the emporium of the Spanish commerce with the New World."

The shops in Seville, Mr. Jacob says, are wretched in their appearance, and ill supplied, except those of the embroiderers, lace-makers, and goldsmiths. "The shops at which glass, knives, forks, spoons, and other German articles are sold, are mostly kept by native Germans or their descendants, who are distinguished by the name of Bohemians. They converse with each other in High Dutch, are well supplied with different articles of Nuremberg manufacture, and are by far the most civil shopkeepers in Spain; in every part of which, I am told, they are to be found. The booksellers inhabit a street called *Calle Genova*, and are as badly furnished as other traders. Most books of value are printed at Madrid." The alcavala is a dead-weight upon all trade and commerce. The chief articles of export are wool, goat and kid skins, liquorice, and oil. Most of the silks now worn in Seville are of French manufacture.

We shall borrow a few more descriptive traits from the Author of Doblado's Letters.

"About the middle of October, every house in Seville is in a complete bustle for two or three days. The lower apartments are stripped of their furniture, and every chair and table—nay, the kitchen vestal, with all her laboratory—are ordered off to winter-quarters. This change of habitation, together with

mats laid over the brick floors, thicker and warmer than those used in summer, is all the provision against cold which is made in this country. A flat and open brass pan, of about two feet diameter, raised a few inches from the ground by a round wooden frame, on which those who sit near it may rest their feet, is used to burn charcoal made of brush-wood, which they call *cisco*. The fumes of charcoal are injurious to the health; but such is the effect of habit, that the natives are seldom aware of any inconvenience arising from the choking smell of their brasiers.

"The precautions against heat are, however, numerous. About the latter end of May, the whole population moves down stairs. A thick awning, which draws and undraws by means of ropes and pulleys, is stretched over the central square (court), on a level with the roof of the house. The window-shutters are nearly closed from morning till sunset, admitting just light enough to see one another, provided the eyes have not been recently exposed to the glare of the streets. The floors are washed every morning, that the evaporation of the water imbibed by the bricks may abate the heat of the air. A very light mat, made of a delicate sort of rush, and dyed with a variety of colours, is used instead of a carpet. The patio is ornamented with flower-pots, especially round a *jet-d'eau*, which, in most houses, occupies its centre. During the hot season, the ladies sit and receive their friends in the patio. The street-doors are generally open; invariably so from sunset till eleven or twelve at night. Three or four very large glass lamps are hung in a line from the street-door to the opposite end of the patio; and as, in most houses, those who meet at night for a *tertulia*, are visible from the streets, the town presents a very

pretty and animated scene till near midnight. The poorer class of people, to avoid the intolerable heat of their habitations, pass a great part of the night in conversation at their doors; while persons of all descriptions are moving about till late, either to see their friends, or to enjoy the cool air in the public walks.

"This gay scene vanishes, however, on the approach of winter. The people then retreat to the upper floors, the ill-lighted streets are deserted at the close of the day, and they become so dangerous from robbers, that few but the young and adventurous retire home from the *tertulia*, without being attended by a servant, sometimes bearing a lighted torch. The free access to every house which prevails in summer, is now checked by the caution of the inhabitants. The entrance to the houses lies through a passage (the *zaguan*) with two doors, one to the street, and another, called the *middle door*, (for there is another at the top of the stairs,) which opens into the *patio*. The middle door is generally shut in the daytime; the outer one is still never closed but at night. Whoever wants to be admitted, must knock at the middle door, which knock, by the by, must be single, and by no means loud—in fact, a tradesman's knock in London. It is answered with a *Who is there?* To this question the stranger replies, *Gente de paz*, Peaceful people—and the door is opened without further inquiries. Peasants and beggars call out at the door, *Ave, Maria purissima!* Hail, spotless Mary! The answer in that case is given from within, in the words, *Sin pecado concebida*, Conceived without sin.

"This custom is a remnant of the fierce controversy which existed about three hundred years ago, be-

tween the Franciscan and the Dominican friars, whether the Virgin Mary had or had not been subject to the penal consequences of original sin. The Dominicans were not willing to grant any exemption; while the Franciscans contended for the propriety of such a privilege. The Spaniards, and especially the Sevillians, with their characteristic gallantry, stood for the honour of Our Lady, and embraced the latter opinion so warmly, that they turned the watch-word of their party into the form of address which is still so prevalent in Andalusia. During the heat of the dispute, and before the Dominicans had been silenced by the authority of the pope, the people of Seville began to assemble at various churches, and, sallying forth with an emblematical picture of the *sinless* Mary, set upon a sort of standard surmounted by a cross, they paraded the city in different directions, singing a hymn to the Immaculate Conception, and repeating aloud their beads or rosary. These processions have continued to our times, and they constitute one of the nightly nuisances of this place. Though confined, at present, to the lower classes, they assume that characteristic importance and overbearing spirit which attach to the most insignificant religious associations in this country. Wherever one of these shabby processions presents itself to the public, it takes up the street from side to side, stopping the passengers, and expecting them to stand uncovered, in all kinds of weather, till the standard is gone by. These awkward and heavy banners are called at Seville, *Sinpecados*, that is, 'sinless,' from the theological opinion in support of which they were raised. The Spanish Government under Charles III. shewed the most ludicrous eagerness to have the *sinless purity* of the Virgin Mary

added by the pope to the articles of the Roman Catholic faith. The court of Rome, however, with the cautious spirit which has at all times guided its spiritual politics, endeavoured to keep clear from a stretch of authority, which even some of their own divines would be ready to question. But splitting, as it were, the difference with theological precision, the censures of the church were levelled against such as should have the boldness to assert, that the Virgin Mary had derived any taint from 'her great ancestor;' and having personified the Immaculate Conception, it was declared, that the Spanish dominions in Europe and America were under the protecting influence of that mysterious event. This declaration diffused universal joy over the whole nation. It was celebrated with public rejoicings on both sides of the Atlantic. The king instituted an order under the emblem of the Immaculate Conception — a woman dressed in white and blue; and a law was enacted, requiring a declaration, upon oath, of a firm belief in the Immaculate Conception, from every individual, previously to his taking any degree at the universities, or being admitted into any of the corporations, civil and religious, which abound in Spain. This oath is administered even to mechanics upon their being made free of a guild.

"Most of the Spanish villages possess some miraculous image — generally of the Virgin Mary, which is the palladium of the inhabitants. These tutelar deities are of a very rude and ancient workmanship, as seems to have been the case with their heathen prototypes. The 'Great Diana' of the Alcalaians* is

* The inhabitants of Alcala, commonly called Alcala of the Bakers (*de los Panaderos*) to distinguish it from Alcala Real. The greater part of the bread consumed in Seville comes from this

a small, ugly, wooden figure, nearly black with age and the smoke of the lamp which burns incessantly before it, dressed up in a tunic and mantle of silver or gold tissue, and bearing a silver crown. It is distinguished from the innumerable host of wooden Virgins by the title of *Virgen del Aguila* (the Virgin of the Eagle), and is worshipped on a high, romantic spot, where stood a strong fortress of the Moors, of which large ruins are still visible. A church was erected, probably soon after the conquest of Andalusia, on the area of the citadel. A spring of the most delicious water is seen within the precincts of the temple, to which the natives resort for relief in all sorts of distempers. The extreme purity of both air and water on that elevated spot, may, indeed, greatly contribute to the recovery of invalids, for which the Virgin gets all the credit." *

The moral state of society in Seville is apparently not quite so bad as might be expected from the concurrence of almost every demoralising cause. Lord Byron expressively adverts to "the silent crimes of capitals," as characterising proud Seville. There is, however, a misrepresentation in the stanza referred to in one respect: little is to be seen to disgust the eye.†

place. About sixty men, and double that number of mules, leave Alcala every day at day-break, and attend till evening, in two rows, enclosed with iron railings, in the *Plaza del Pan*.

* Doblado's Letters, pp. 20—25; 206, 7.

† "From this circumstance," says Mr. Jacob, "I have heard sensible Spaniards who have been in England, contend for the superiority of their country over ours in regard to public morals; but it is not easy," he remarks, "for foreigners to form a proper estimate of our national morals on this subject: they have seldom opportunities of observing the domestic attachments in our more sober and worthy families." This remark, however, will equally apply to the estimate of foreign nations made by English travellers.

Outward decorum is always observed, although every virtuous principle is notoriously violated in the general practice of married women, with whom the matrimonial tie is considered as a mere form, a nominal connexion; and the only real engagement is that which binds them to the *cortejo*. These attachments are much more durable and more assiduously cultivated, a higher degree of constancy and fidelity is exacted, and jealousy often assumes that deadly character which, in Old Spain, was confined to the husband. The nature of their education, the pollution of the confessional,* the celibacy of the clergy, and the total absence of all proper religious instruction, more than account for the lamentable dereliction of virtue which forms the greatest stain on the national character. The Author of Doblado's Letters, himself a Spaniard, has made the best apology for the levity of the Andalusian women. Their power of fascination, he ascribes to their extreme sensibility, rather than to beauty of feature, which may not, he says, at first please the eye, "but they seem to improve every day till they grow beautiful.† Without the advantages of education, without even external accomplishments, the vivacity of their fancy sheds a perpetual glow over

* See Doblado's Letters, pp. 76—9. "The strictest delicacy is, I believe, inadequate fully to oppose the demoralising tendency of auricular confession. Without the slightest responsibility, and not unfrequently in the conscientious discharge of what he believes his duty, the confessor conveys to the female mind the first foul breath which dims its virgin purity."

† All travellers seem to admit that the Andalusian women are peculiarly interesting. "The women of Seville," says Mr. Quin, "are remarkably animated. They mostly walk the Alameda in full dress, — that is, with their hair carefully curled, their arms bare, and the veil (*mantilla*) thrown over the head and shoulders, but not concealing the face. Their chief attractions, however, consist in fine forms and a lively expression of countenance, more

their conversation; and the warmth of their heart gives the interest of affection to their most indifferent actions. But Nature, like a too fond mother, has spoilt them, and superstition has completed their ruin. While the activity of their minds is suffered to run waste for want of care and instruction, the consciousness of their powers to please, impresses them with an early notion that life has but one source of happiness. Were their charms the effect of that cold, twinkling flame which flutters round the hearts of most Frenchwomen, they would only be dangerous to the peace and usefulness of one half of society. But, instead of being the capricious tyrants of men, they are generally their victims. Few, very few Spanish women, and none, I will venture to say, among the Andalusians, have it in their power to be coquettes. If it may be said without a solecism, there is more of that vice in our men than in our females. The former, leading a life of idleness, and deprived by an ignorant, oppressive, and superstitious government of every object that can raise and feed an honest ambition, waste their whole youth and part of their manly age in trifling with the best feelings of the tender sex, and poisoning, for mere mischief's sake, the very springs of domestic happiness. But ours is the most dire and complex disease that ever preyed upon the vitals of society. With some of the noblest qualities that a people can possess, we are worse than degraded, we are depraved by that which is intended to cherish and exalt every social virtue: our corrupters, our mortal

fascinating, perhaps, than regular beauty. The Moorish colour is not absent from their cheeks, though some are to be met with whose complexion is as fresh as that of an Englishwoman." Lord Byron's eulogy of the dark-glancing daughters of Andalusia is well known.

enemies are, religion and government. Wherever the slightest aid is afforded to the female mind in this country, it exhibits the most astonishing quickness and capacity; and probably, no other nation in the world can present more lovely instances of a glowing and susceptible heart preserving unspotted purity, not from the dread of public opinion, but in spite of its encouragements." *

The country round Seville to a considerable distance lies so low, that it is subject to frequent inundations; and sometimes the Guadalquiver rises to an alarming height. In the walls are inserted pieces of marble, some between eight and nine feet high, recording that, in the year 1796, the river rose to that altitude. But in the winter of 1822, Mr. Quin states, that it rose still higher than these memorials, or than had ever been remembered, sweeping away flocks and cottages in its course, and doing great injury. In consequence of these frequent floods, and the vapours and miasmata occasioned by stagnant water, Seville and its neighbourhood are peculiarly subject to tertian and putrid fevers. The narrowness of the streets, and the consequent want of a free circulation of air, tend to transform these endemic complaints into contagious disease; and the yellow fever, when introduced into this city, has been dreadfully destructive. These inconveniences must be allowed to be serious drawbacks on the eligibility of Seville as the capital of the empire. Mr. Townsend predicts in somewhat equivocal terms, that "when the navigation of the river shall be restored to the condition in which it was when Magellan with five ships sailed hence for those straits which have since been called by his name,

* Doblado's Letters, pp. 56—8.

and when freedom, civil and religious, shall once more lift up her head in Spain, new channels will be opened for commerce, and Seville will be restored to her ancient splendour." This sounds too much like deferring the event till the Greek calends; yet, it may be allowed us to hope, that freedom will visit Spain before the Guadalquiver shall recover its ancient honours. The communication between Seville and Cadiz has been much facilitated by the establishment of a steam-boat, which starts every other morning for Bonanza, a voyage generally performed within ten hours: the passengers land there, and *calesinas*, a sort of cabriolet, are in waiting to transport them to Santa Maria; but the road for the four leagues is wretched. Mr. Townsend descended the river in a passage-boat to San Lucar, a passage of about six-and-thirty hours. The country all the way is flat, the soil deep, and the pastures are clothed with a perpetual verdure. The banks are the resort of storks, cranes, wild ducks, and other game, larks and various other birds. San Lucar (the ancient *Fanum Luciferi*) was once, at the season for the arrival or departure of the galleons, the most stirring place in Europe. "At present," says Swinburne, "it is a neat, quiet town, without much business. The small ships that carry on its trade, lie half a league further up in the Ansa, where the Indian *flota* used to moor. The river is wide and very rough at the bar: the opposite shore is so dead a flat, that it is difficult to distinguish it from the water. I sauntered along the *Plaza de San Lucar* without meeting a soul. How changed from what it was in the days of Cervantes, when it was crowded with the busy and the idle, the honest and the profligate!"

"Three long miles" from Seville, near the main

road to Estremadura, is the village of Santiponze (or Santa Iponze) near which stands all that remains of the ancient Italica, the birth-place of the emperors Trajan, Hadrian, and Theodosius,* also of the poet Silius Italicus, and an episcopal city. The peasants call the place *Sevilla Vieja*, Old Seville. There is a rich convent here of Geronomites, called St. Isidro de Campo, which was used as barracks by the French, and has since been applied to the same purpose by Spanish cavalry. In the church are some fine statues. Swinburne, in his excursion to Santiponze, missed the route, and found himself at the foot of a hill almost square, covered with the ruins of vast towers and bulwarks, built of cemented mud and pebbles, and evidently of Moorish construction. The situation, he says, "is such as the judicious Romans might have preferred to Hispalis both for beauty and strength." The view it commands over Seville, the course of the river, and the rich plain, repaid him for the fatigue of climbing the height, which he found to be the site of Alfarache, where the Moors are said to have maintained themselves for some time after the loss of Seville.

"Of the ancient colony of Italica, supposed to have been composed by Scipio of his veteran soldiers, scarcely the least vestige remains. It is said, that the Moors destroyed it, not to have a rival so near Seville, where they intended to fix their seat of empire; but I suspect this to be the surmise of some modern historian. I could not positively ascertain it, but, from a view of the ground, I am inclined to believe that it was built in imitation of Rome, on seven hills, and that the river Bœtis ran at the foot of them. By

* Gibbon, chap. xxvi. (*Life of Theodosius.*)

accidental obstructions and banks of sand, accumulated in a long series of inundations, the river may have been driven from its ancient bed, and forced more into the heart of the plain, where it now takes its course. Such an event as this would account for the ruin of a city so considerable as Italica, and, without supposing that the Saracens were at the pains of demolishing it, would afford sufficient cause for giving the preference to Seville, which stands upon the Guadalquiver. On the summit of the first hill are some ruinous brick walls, called *El Palacio*, not in the least remarkable. The peasants who were here at work in the olive-yards, told us, that underneath there had formerly been found columns of silver and brass, but, as they were bewitched by some magician, nobody was ever able to draw them up; and now, not an individual has the courage even to dig for them, as they have all the reason in the world to believe that the conjuror would twist their heads off for attempting it. This is a popular superstition, which I have found to be common to most countries wherever any great remains of vaults and ancient edifices are to be seen. On the most distant eminence, are considerable remains of an amphitheatre, built with pebbles and brick arches: most probably, the marble casing has been carried away, or destroyed by burning to lime. The form is a most regular oval. The arena measures, as nearly as the corn would allow me to be exact, one hundred yards in its greatest length, and sixty in its greatest breadth. Some of the vomitoria, cells, and passages are yet discernible, but scarcely any traces of the seats. I, however, made out twenty rows, two feet six inches wide, and two feet high: each step of the stairs of communication is one foot in height, and one in width. This amphitheatre is now more like Stone-

henge, than a regular Roman edifice. Not far from it is a fine pool of water in a large vault under the hill, which I judge to be the remains of some aqueduct, as the water is too warm to be near the spring-head.

"The corporation of Seville having occasion for stones to embank the river, which, by its frequent inundations, caused great damage to the city, ordered the amphitheatre of Italica to be knocked down. Many hands were employed to batter the walls, and to blow up with gunpowder such parts as resisted the pick-axe. By these means they procured sufficient materials for their embankment; but, as if the Guadalquiver meant to avenge the cause of taste upon these barbarians, the very first flood swept away the whole fabric." *

Mr. Jacob states, that the amphitheatre had suffered from an earthquake more than from the lapse of time. The part, however, that is still left, he says, is sufficiently perfect to enable the traveller to form a good idea of its original state. A beautiful tesselated pavement had been discovered here, on which were represented the signs of the zodiac and the muses: the colours were quite fresh and brilliant. The surrounding country is very rich and beautiful. The proximity of this city to Seville, and the absence of all Roman ruins in the latter city, (unless the *Torre del Oro* may claim that character,) would lead one to doubt the pretensions of the Moorish capital to a higher antiquity. From the time of Scipio to that of Theodosius (from B.C. 200 to A.D. 350), Italica appears to have been the chief place in this part of Bœtica; and it probably rose on the ruins of the city of Hercules, the Phenician Hispalis, wherever was its

* Swinburne, vol. ii. pp. 25—28.

site. As to the "Little Rome" of Julius Cæsar, we must invoke the aid of Spanish antiquaries to determine its existence. It is not improbable, that Alfarache was originally a Roman station.

From Seville, ascending the Guadalquiver, we must now retrace our steps towards the north-east, to visit the proud capital of the western khalifate. The route to Cordova, a distance of between twenty-one and twenty-four Spanish leagues, lies through Carmona, where it falls into the Roman road,—a causeway raised above the level of the fields, and running generally in a direct line from west to east: it is formed of gravel, which, not being the soil of the country, must have been brought from a great distance. The road passes through La Luisiana, a tract of land brought into cultivation by a colony of Germans, and forming their most western settlement. Their habitations, built all after the same model, are placed at regular distances of between two and three hundred yards, each in the midst of a patch of corn-land. About half-way between Seville and Cordova is the town of Eccija (the ancient Astigi), prettily situated between two hills on the west bank of the river Xenil, which traverses an immense plain on its way to Granada. It contained, in 1786, six parish-churches, eight chapels, twenty convents, six hospitals, and 28,176 souls. The churches are built entirely of brick, and are fitted up in the old taste, crowded with pillars, which are loaded with preposterous ornaments, and covered with gold. There is a handsome *plaza*, and the alameda is very pleasantly laid out on the banks of the river. Four leagues beyond this place is La Carlotta, another German colony, formed about the year 1758, in the midst of a hilly forest of evergreen oaks, clumps and groves of which are still left,

and, scattered amid the corn-lands, give a pleasing appearance to the country.* On approaching Cordova, the land is chiefly arable, hilly, and bare. The view of the river, the city, and the woods on the opposite hills, is extremely picturesque.

CORDOVA.

A classical interest attaches to this city, the Corduba and Colonia Patricia of the Romans, as the birthplace of the two Senecas and the poet Lucan, and the most ancient seat of learning in the Peninsula. Under the dominion of the Romans, it possessed a celebrated university; and Casiri has recorded the names of nearly one hundred and seventy writers, natives of this city, to prove that its literary reputation did not decline under its Arabian sovereigns. The city was founded, according to Strabo, by Marcellus, during the civil wars between Pompey and Cæsar. It attained its highest pitch of grandeur, however, under the Moors, when, if we may credit the assertions of their historians, it contained, with its suburbs, no fewer than sixteen hundred mosques, nine hundred baths, 80,455 shops, and 262,300 houses of various classes, with a population of not far short of a million. In the civil wars which took place towards the latter end of the tenth century, not only was a great part of these buildings demolished, but

* About twenty or thirty acres were allotted by Government to each family, under the obligation of remaining on the spot ten years; during which time they were exempt from taxes, and were then to have the land made over to them in fee, on payment of a small quit-rent. The colony had been founded about eight years before Swinburne travelled; and some hundreds of the Germans, he says, had died through poverty, intemperance, bad food, and change of climate. La Carlotta had only sixty inhabitants in 1791, but the district contained 600. Luisiana had only 240.

the traces of some of the quarters were obliterated. A great part of the town is said to have been destroyed in 1589 by an earthquake. In the sixteenth century, the population had fallen to 60,000 souls; and in 1803, it did not exceed 35,000. The entire population of the kingdom of Cordova, according to the census of 1787-8, was only 236,000; but that of 1803 raised it to 383,226 souls. Of its ancient grandeur, the city has preserved nothing except a vast enclosure filled with houses half in ruins, and the famous mosque built by Abdulrahman in the eighth century, which owes its partial preservation to having been converted into a cathedral. The see is very ancient. Osius, its bishop, attended the first council of Nice, as legate of the holy see.* It is suffragan to Toledo. The city contains fifteen other parish-churches, forty convents, two colleges, and twenty-one *hospicios*.

On the side of Madrid, Cordova has nothing very striking in its first appearance; but, approached from the Cadiz side, it presents a gently-sloping amphitheatre along the right bank of the Guadalquiver. The plain in which it is situated is of great extent, bounded, on the south, by swelling hills cultivated to their very summits, and, on the north, by a chain of rugged mountains, the beginning of the Sierra Morena. The whole country, "being well wooded, well watered, and well cultivated," cannot, Mr. Townsend says, "be surpassed either in riches or in beauty." He came from Madrid, and the contrast it

* "—Osius, the ancientest bishop that Christendom then had, the most forward in defence of the Catholic cause, and of the contrary part most feared,····with whose hand the Nicene creed itself was set down and framed for the whole Christian world to subscribe unto."—HOOKER'S *Eccl. Pol.* book v. § 42.

presented to the bare and rugged tracts which he had just left, made it appear a most enchanting spot. Here, for the first time since he had left Barcelona for the capital, he again saw the fig, the orange, and the palm flourishing in luxuriant abundance. Mr. Swinburne speaks of the country in similar terms of admiration; and we shall avail ourselves of his description of the city as the fullest, though not the most recent account.

"The environs are delightful, and present a rich variety of woods, hillocks, and culture, vivified by abundance of limpid water. The flat land produces olives and corn; and much of it is laid out in gardens, where the fruit-trees grow to a remarkable size, and seem perfectly clean and healthy. The upper grounds are overrun with evergreen oaks and pines, which the farmers grub up in the good spots to plant olive and carob-trees in their stead. The farm-houses are built in the midst of enclosures and orchards of orange-trees. The Guadalquiver runs before the town, which it has worn into a perfect half-moon. A bridge of sixteen arches, defended by a large Moorish tower, leads from the south into Cordova; and near the end of the bridge stands the mosque, now the cathedral. The walls of the town are in many places just as the Romans left them.

"The streets are crooked and dirty. Few of either the public or the private buildings are conspicuous for their architecture. The new hospital for the education of orphans, has something bold and simply noble in its cupola and portico. The palace of the Inquisition and that of the bishop are extensive and well situated. I little expected to see in an inland town of Spain, such elegance as was displayed here by the nobility in

their equipages; very handsome English and French carriages, smart liveries, and excellent horses. The women seem to be in general handsome: some we saw on the walks, were extremely beautiful.

"The streets round the mosque are narrow and ill calculated for affording a general view; but, indeed, there is nothing very showy on the outside. The walls are plain enough and not very high; the roof is hid behind battlements cut into steps. On the east side, the whole length is divided by buttresses into thirteen divisions, and there is about the same number on each of the other three sides. The doors in many of these compartments are ornamented with stucco of different colours. On the north side is a lofty belfry, a modern building, that has made a total alteration in the appearance of the front. Seventeen gates admit you into the church and cloister. The cloister, the court that served the Mahometans for their ablutions, and as a place to leave their slippers in before they entered the holy house, is an oblong square of 510 feet (the length of the church) by 240. A portico of sixty-two pillars environs it on three sides, about twenty-five feet wide. The middle is taken up with three handsome and copious fountains, groves of orange-trees, and some towering cypresses and palms, which form a most delightful retreat in the sultry hours.

"The grand entrance of the church is rather wider and loftier than the rest, and the parts are more decorated. Nothing can be more striking than the first step into this singular, rather than beautiful edifice. To acquire some idea of it, you must represent to yourself a vast, gloomy labyrinth, like what the French are so fond of in their gardens, a fine

*quincunx.** It is divided into seventeen aisles, or naves, each about twenty feet wide, by rows of columns of various marbles, viz. blue with white veins, yellow, red, red veined with white, gray, and Granadine and African green. These pillars are not all of the same height; for the Arabs, having taken them from Roman buildings, served them in the same manner as Procrustes did his guests. On the short ones, they clapped monstrous capitals and thick bases: those that were too long for their purpose, had their base chopped off, and a diminutive, shallow bonnet was placed on their head. However, the thickness of the shaft is pretty equal throughout, about eighteen inches diameter; and the capitals are generally barbarous imitations of those of the Corinthian order. A couple of arches, one above the other, rising from the columns, run along the rows; and from the same base springs an arch that forms the roof of each aisle.

"By several alterations and additions, the Moors had divided the whole mosque into four parts, marked out by two lines of clustered pillars crossing each other at right angles. Three of these portions were allotted to the populace and the women; the fourth, in the south-east angle, was reserved for the nobility and clergy. In this last quarter was the *Zancarron*, or holy chapel, where they deposited the books of the law. The door of it faced the great gate looking down the principal aisle. The ornaments and architecture of this sanctuary, and of the throne of Almansor, which is in front, at the distance of six intercolumniations from it, are very different from those employed in the other parts. Two ranges of columns that support

* Mr. Townsend was "exceedingly delighted" with the cathedral. "Its numerous pillars, arranged in quincunx, appeared like a grove of saplings.

the screen before this *penetrale*, are about six feet high; the upper ones of red and white marble, the lower of green, with capitals most minutely carved and gilt. The roof of the dark inner sanctuary is said to be of one block of marble 18 feet wide. If so, it is not only curious for its size and quality, but also for the ingenuity of the architect, in placing it in so perfect an equilibrium, as to remain unshaken for so many ages. The manner of casting the arches, grouping the columns, and designing the foliages of this screen and of the throne, which is an exact repetition of the screen, is very heavy, intricate, and barbarous, unlike all the Moorish architecture I saw at Granada. Indeed, it is many centuries more ancient than any ornamental work of that place. Behind this chapel and on each side of it, were the lodgings of the dervishes, which now serve for chapter-house, sacristy, and treasury. The church is extremely rich in plate.

"It is scarcely possible to ascertain the exact number of columns in the mosque, as they originally stood, because great changes have been made, many taken away, displaced, or built up in the walls of chapels, and several added when the choir was erected in the centre of the whole. Were this choir in any other church, it would deserve great praise for the Gothic grandeur of the plan, the loftiness of the dome, the carving of the stalls, (which is said to have occupied twelve years,) and the elegance and high finishing of the arches and ornaments. But in the middle of the Moorish mosque, it destroys all unity of design, darkens the rest, and renders confused every idea of the original general effect of the building. Many chapels stuck up in various parts between the pillars, interrupt the enfilade, and block up the passage. The worst of all is a large chapel of the Virgin,

which closes the main aisle exactly in the middle; and the throne of Almansor is now occupied by a poor piece of legendary painting.

"I can imagine no *coup d'œil* more extraordinary than that taken in by the eye, when placed in such spots of the church as afford a clear reach down the aisles at right angles, uninterrupted by chapels and modern erections. Equally wonderful is the appearance, when you look from the points that give you all the rows of pillars and arches in an oblique line. It is a most puzzling scene of confusion. Light is admitted by the doors and several small cupolas; nevertheless the church is dark and awful. People walking through this chaos of pillars, seem to answer to the romantic ideas of magic, enchanted knights or discontented, wandering spirits."*

This mosque is called by the Spaniards *La Mezquita*, from the Arabic *masgiad*, a place of worship. Among the Moors, it is said to have been known by the name of Ceca; and it was held in so high veneration, that pilgrims from all parts of Spain and Barbary came to visit it.† The spot on which it was founded, was the site of a Christian church, dedicated to Saint Vincent; and it is not improbable, that that church had originally been a heathen temple. The columns in the mosque are supposed to have been taken from a temple of Janus. It was begun by Abdulrahman, the sovereign of Cordova, in the year 786, and finished by his son Hisham, about 800. Succeeding khalifs, however, added to it, so that the whole edifice was the work of eight monarchs of the house of Ummaiya (or Moawiyah). It was originally an oblong building,

* Swinburne, vol. ii. pp. 53—6, 86—94.

† Hence the speech of Sancho in Don Quixote: "*Dexadnos de andar de Ceca en Meca.*"

510 feet by 420 in breadth, with a flat roof resting upon arches, which did not rise more than 35 feet above the pavement, and borne up, according to one Arabian writer, by 1,409 marble pillars, forming nineteen aisles from east to west, and twenty-nine from north to south.* The twenty-one gates were plated with brass curiously embossed, and the folding-doors of the principal entrance were plated with gold. Upon the highest cupola, which was covered with copper, were three pomegranates, two of gold and one of silver, surmounted by a fleur de luce of the more precious metal. The tower or minaret was 72 cubits in height. Four thousand seven hundred lamps burned in the mosque every night, consuming annually nearly 20,000 lbs. of oil; and 60 lbs. of aloes-wood, and 60 lb. of ambergrease were required for the perfumes.

The ancient palace of the Moorish sovereigns has been converted into stables for the royal stud of horses, the finest and best regulated in Andalusia. These stables contained in 1792, 612 horses of all ages, whose genealogy was carefully preserved, and the name and age of each written over the stall. The horses of the kingdom of Jaen are esteemed the best breed. The Alcazar, another Moorish palace, was occupied by the Inquisition. The bridge over the Guadalquiver is a Moorish superstructure on a Roman foundation. These comprise all the remaining monuments of the Saracenic capital. The manufactures have shared in the general decay: there are now only some trifling ones of ribands, lace, hats, and baize. The leather for which this city was once so famous, no longer gives employment to its

* Mr. Swinburne thinks, that there could never have been more than seventeen, and he states the number of columns at 778. Double columns were reckoned as two.

*cordwainers.** Its literary glories have in like manner completely passed away: the Goths have succeeded to the Moors.† Cordova stands in lat. 37° 52′ 13″ N., long. 4° 45′ 53″; it is 84 miles N.E. of Seville, 112 N.W. of Malaga, and about 210 S.W. of Madrid.

Between three and four miles to the north of the city, "under Mount Alarus," there formerly stood, if the Arabian historians may be believed, a palace built by the Khalif Annasir, at the instigation of his favourite mistress Azzahra, and named after her, which was the most stupendous and magnificent ever erected since the days that the genii toiled for King Solomon. The description of it seems borrowed from Arabian fable. It was begun in the year 936, but, in about seventy years after its erection, was pillaged and greatly injured by a rebel army. A few ruins at a place called *Cordova la Vieja* (Old Cordova), are supposed to indicate the site of this transitory wonder.

From Cordova, Swinburne proceeded across the Sierra Morena, and through the bare, arid plains of La Mancha, to the ancient capital of the Castiles. Of this Traveller's lively narrative, we shall now avail ourselves in taking a reluctant leave of the south of Spain,—the fertile and once populous kingdoms of Andalusia.

* Cordwainer, which we obtain from the French *corduannier*, corrupted into *cordonier*, is in fact derived from *cordouan*, leather brought from Cordua—Cordova.

† The bibliomania once reigned at Cordova, which was the paradise of booksellers. When a learned man died at Seville, and his books were to be sold, they were usually conveyed for that purpose to Cordova. When a musician died at Cordova, and his effects were to be disposed of, it was the custom to send them to Seville.

FROM CORDOVA TO TOLEDO.

"THE fine vale of the Guadalquiver, which runs between two ridges of hills, is covered with hanging woods and olive-yards. Several clear streams traverse the plain, and fall into the river. The ancient raised road, be it Roman or Moorish, was always most acceptable to us, whenever we got upon it, for it is a fine hard gravel, above the level of dirt and water. Every brook had once its bridge; but scarcely one in twenty now remains. For two days we travelled up the river. The country it waters is very rich and beautiful, the plains charmingly streaked with rows of olive-trees, towns and castles occurring along the banks, the northern hills darkened with woods, and all the distant eminences of the south green with corn. This luxuriance of vegetation and fatness of soil rendered the roads abominably deep. The cliffs along the river side swarmed with flocks of a most elegant bird called the *abejaruxa*, or bee-eater. It is about the size of a blackbird, the back of a light brown shaded with burnished gold, ending towards the head in a pale yellow; mixed with a greenish blue about the beak, which is long, black, sharp, and straight; the throat yellow; the breast of a fine blue, with a narrow black line down it; the upper part of the tail azure, the under brown; the wings of a brownish yellow, surrounded with a blue stripe, tipped with black. At *El Carpio* is a Moorish mill or engine, with three huge wheels, which raise the water to a great height, to enrich a large level tract. The landscape near is very pleasing. At Anduxar,* we took leave of the Roman

* From Andujar, the direct road to Madrid is for the most part the same as that taken by Swinburne. Another road leads S.W.

road, and of the river, of which, however, we had now and then a distant peep from the heights, and entered the *Sierra Morena*, the chain of mountains that divides Castile from Andalusia, rendered famous by the wars of the Christians and the Mahometans; but perhaps better known as the scene where the immortal Cervantes has placed the most entertaining adventures of his hero. As we were near the eastern extremity, the land, though very high, and commanding a vast prospect to the south, did not in the least resemble a ridge of mountains, such as the Alps, the Pyrenees, or many others. It did not appear much more broken and elevated than many parts of England which are well inhabited and cultivated. The journey was very agreeable up the course of the *Rio de las Piedras*, a clear, roaring torrent, tumbling over a bed of rocks through glens of beautiful woods. The wastes are covered with a profuse variety of flowering shrubs, particularly many varieties of the cistus, among which the gum-cistus, or rock-rose, is the handsomest. They gather manna from it in the spring by beating the bushes with small twigs, to which the viscous substance which exudes from the plant adheres. Sumach also grows in great abundance on these hills. It is cut down in August: the leaves, flower, and stalk are

to Antequera, distant nineteen Spanish leagues; and a third to Granada, through Jaen. The latter city, (distant six leagues,) once the capital of a small kingdom, and now an episcopal see, contains less than 30,000 inhabitants. It is a walled town, situated in a fertile and well-watered valley, at the foot of a mountain of marble, a league from the river Guadalbera and two from the Guadalquiver. Andujar is the first town in Jaen on coming from La Mancha: it contains five parish-churches, ten convents, a castle of high antiquity, and above 6,000 families. M. Bourgoing styles it one of the richest and most ancient cities in Spain, but it is reckoned insalubrious. It is said to have borne the names of Illiturgis and Forum Julium. It trades chiefly in silk.

all pounded together, and used in lieu of oak-bark in dressing hides.

"We now entered the colony of *La Carolina* and its dependencies, planted eight years ago by the king, in a very extensive tract of woody, mountainous country. The first settlers were Germans; but, from eating unwholesome herbs, and drinking too much wine and brandy, above half of them died; and now the inhabitants are a mixture of Germans, French, Savoyards, Catalonians, and other Spaniards. The tract of land, now in cultivation and full of villages, where there was nothing before but forests, the retreats of banditti, extends at least three leagues in length, and, I believe, very little less in breadth. They talk of 10,000 families being already settled here. La Carolina, the capital of all these colonies, stands on a fine hill, that towers over the whole settlement, and, indeed, over most part of the provinces of Granada and Cordova. For the sake of overlooking the rest of the plantations, they have placed it on a spot deficient in wood and water, and reduced themselves to the necessity of digging an incredible number of wells for the purposes of drinking and watering their gardens. The whole town is new from the foundations, for there was not a cottage there eight years ago. The streets are wide and drawn in straight lines. The houses are upon a uniform plan, without the least decoration. The church fronts the principal south road, and a tower, placed at each angle, marks the extent of the town, which is to be an exact square. The market-place and another square are very spacious and showy. All the flat on the crown of the hill is laid out in kitchen-gardens, and planted with avenues of elms, to serve hereafter for public walks. Three hundred Catalonian manufacturers came to settle here

in the course of last year (1775).* We found here an excellent inn and a good dinner, and regaled ourselves upon excellent cow's milk and butter, to which we had long been strangers; for, though they have cows in many parts of Spain, they seldom milk them,

* The founder of these settlements was D. Pablo de Olavidé, a Peruvian, who, under the patronage of the Conde d'Aranda, was made *assistente de Sevilla*. "While in this employment, he conceived the idea of introducing agriculture and arts in the deserted mountains of the Sierra, where rapine and violence had for ages established their dominion. The difficulty was to procure settlers. One Turrigel, of Bavaria, contracted for 6,000 husbandmen; but, instead of men trained to agriculture, he brought only vagabonds, who all either died or were dispersed." Settlers were then invited (on the conditions already mentioned) from all parts of Germany. Their numbers in 1786, according to Government returns, were 7,868 adults, of whom the husbandmen were 1,784, day-labourers 411, and artisans 172. "Considering that all these were assembled and established in less than seven years," adds Mr. Townsend, "we must admire the energy and zeal of Olavidé. They have been collected at a vast expense from distant countries, and enjoy singular immunities; yet, the colony is far from prospering,"—owing principally to "the want of a market for their surplus produce." M. Bourgoing, however, assigns other reasons. "The flourishing state into which they were brought by D. Pablo Olavidé, did not long continue after his disgrace. The moderate sums allotted for their support, were not punctually paid; their zeal slackened, and their operations were interrupted. Besides this, the ministers were too hasty in exacting taxes from the new colonists, in order to shew the court that this establishment was capable of indemnifying it in a few years for the sums advanced. The German colonists have mostly disappeared. Those who remained were gradually amalgamated with the Spanish natives; and for these twelve years past, there has not been a priest here who spoke the German language. Of late, however (1794), this interesting colony has begun to justify the encouragement bestowed upon it. The merit of such a creation can be fully appreciated only by those who have beheld this district in its state of depopulation and sterility." Mr. Semple says, that they still preserved (in 1805) many of the manners and customs, and even much of the complexion and language of the original colonists. "All the walls were whitewashed, and every utensil appeared bright and clean. The whole family was attentive to my

but keep them for breeding, and fattening in their old days for slaughter.

"A little north of *La Carolina* we passed through a new village, called *Las Navas de Tolosa*, from the old name of the defile in the neighbouring mountains. We crossed the Sierra Morena at the pass called *El Puerto del Rey*. The road is far from bad, though steep; but the mountain is as dreary and disagreeable as can be. In the days of Cervantes, there were, perhaps, noble woods to cover all the present nakedness, as here and there some venerable pines and chesnut-trees remain, sad monuments of ancient forests. All La Mancha before us seems to be a bare corn country, ugly and tedious beyond expression.

"We perceived a very severe alteration in the climate as soon as we descended the Sierra Morena and entered La Mancha. From the beginning of summer (April 27th), we were in a manner thrown back to the last months of winter. In Andalusia, the vines were all in leaf, and their fruit set, the flowers of the shrubs falling off to make way for the seed. On the northern side of the mountains scarcely a fresh leaf was to be seen, or a bud in the vineyards, and the poor starved bushes had just a flower or two blown. The weather was cold and raw. In a word, it is difficult to conceive of so sudden and so thorough a change of seasons as that which we experienced in this journey.

wants; and at supper, instead of a ragout of oil and garlick, they set before me a German mess of fried bacon, eggs, and good cabbage. Heaven rest the soul of the patriotic physician who settled these honest Germans amid the mountains of the Sierra Morena; for since my coming to Spain, I have not made so good a supper."—See TOWNSEND, vol. ii. p. 290. BOURGOING, vol. iii. p. 77. SEMPLE, vol. i. p. 128.

"La Mancha is an immense plain, intersected by different ridges of low hills and rocks, without an enclosure of any kind, except mud walls about the villages; and really, I can almost say, there is not a tree to be seen from the Sierra Morena to Toledo, nor from the banks of the Tagus to Madrid. A few dwarfish evergreen oaks, huddled together in nooks of hills, and some stumpy olive-plants, scarcely deserve the name of trees. All this vast tract of open country is cultivated in corn or vines: there cannot be an uglier. The villages are large; few or no single houses, and not a *venta* that I could fix upon for the scene of any action in Don Quixote. We lay at *Puerto Lapiche*, a small village mentioned by Cervantes. The houses are built with mud and gravel. The women cover their heads with coloured handkerchiefs, and their necks with laced palatinas.

"A few miles off the road are seen the *Ojos de la Guadiana*,* where the river, after running eight leagues under-ground, rises up to day, and thence takes its course towards Estremadura. We passed over the subterraneous river at the Venta de Quesada, where the well in the yard communicates with it.

* M. Peyron says: "It has been pretended, that the river Guadiana runs under-ground for several miles, and that the road lies over it, which, it is asserted, gave occasion to a Spaniard; who was a slave in Africa, to say, that his king was one of the most powerful monarchs in the world, and that, among other wonders to be found in his dominions, there was a bridge seven leagues long. But this bridge is a mere fable, according to the best geographers, who assure us that the Guadiana does not really flow under-ground, but only runs between the windings of some high mountains which conceal it from the sight for a considerable distance, after which it again appears at the lakes called *Los Ojos de la Guadiana*." If M. Peyron be correct, it is not a little singular, that not only Swinburne, but both Laborde and Bourgoing should have adopted the popular error.

Straw, or any kind of light stuff, dropped into the well, is hurried away with such rapidity by the stream, that you will not bring up a single straw, though you let down the bucket almost instantaneously."

TOLEDO.

"TOLEDO," continues Swinburne, "is the strangest city imaginable in point of situation. The Tagus, after winding at large through a fine plain, comes at last to be wedged in between two ramparts of high, steep rocks. The passage is very narrow; and before the river gets out again into a broad bed and open ground, it almost returns to the place where it entered the defile. On this rocky peninsula stands the city, exceedingly ill built, poor, and ugly. The streets are so steep that no stranger in his sober senses would venture up or down them in a carriage.

"The *Alcazar*, or ancient palace, is a noble and extensive building, and had recently undergone a thorough repair at the expense of the archbishop, who has also made a new road to Aranjuez. The architecture is chaste and unaffected. The inner court is very grand. Its colonnade of granite columns, of the Corinthian order, makes a noble appearance. The chapel is lofty and narrow, with a balcony in each story of the house that leads into it. The stables are under the kitchens and offices, and are large enough to contain a considerable number of horses. The upper story is one open gallery for playing in, above 80 yards in length. In the middle stories are several large halls, the most spacious of which measures about 160 feet by 36.

"The cathedral has nothing particularly beautiful

on the outside above the common run of Gothic churches. It is not to be compared with many we have in England. The steeple is in the ugly style of the Flemish and German spires, a heap of blue turrets piled one upon another. The inside is well lighted and cheerful, neither heavy nor confused with too many ornaments. The decorations added of late years are not in the best taste, but in richness of gilding are unrivalled. The wealth of the archbishop and chapter displays itself in the profusion of gold lavished on the walls. They have gilded the iron rails, the Gothic arches, and even drawn lines of gold to mark the joints of the stones with which the pillars of the choir are built. The groupe of angels, called *El Transparente*, which is fixed behind the choir, and esteemed by the Toledans the glory of their church, is at best but a clumsy, ill-designed monument, remarkable only for the fineness of the marble and other materials."*

This cathedral, one of the most ancient sacred edifices in the peninsula, and which is still the metropolitan church of Madrid, has been, like that of Cordova, a mosque;† and long after Toledo had been taken from the Moors by Alfonso VI. in 1085, it retained that form, until the reign of Ferdinand the Saint. "The greater part of it is certainly very

* Bourgoing terms it, a wretched piece of sculpture, which disfigures, instead of embellishing the church.

† Laborde states, that it was first a church under the Gothic kings, the date of its original consecration being A.D. 630. The exterior, he says, is disgraced by the mean and incongruous façade. The church is 348 feet in length by 174, and has five aisles, diminishing in height from the nave: the centre is 138 feet in height. They are formed by arches resting on 84 groupes of columns. "Considered as a whole, this edifice is neither noble nor magnificent, being disfigured by the position of the choir."

ancient," says Mr. Semple; "but, about three hundred years ago, it was partly rebuilt, and this rebuilding or beautifying has been executed by some one ignorant of the principles and true beauties of the Gothic architecture; so that it now exhibits a jumble of styles, which renders it inferior to Westminster Abbey or York Minster. The roof, however, is simple and elegant; but they totally deprive the whole of its ancient and venerable appearance, by daubing all the interior with whitewash, besides loading the walls with statues, shrines, relics, paintings, and gilded crucifixes." Several of the chapels are remarkable for their monuments. In the choir are the tombs of four kings of Castile, commonly called *Los Reyes Viejos*, the ancient kings; and a magnificent chapel, called *de los Reyes Nuevos*, contains those of ten Castilian sovereigns. The cloister is of vast extent and fine proportions. Besides its cathedral, Toledo contains twenty-five parish-churches,* sixteen monasteries, twenty-three nunneries, and fourteen hospicios. Several of these edifices are ancient, and some are handsome. Mr. Semple was particularly struck with that of San Juan de los Reyes,—a beautiful Gothic church, not chargeable with the same defects as the cathedral. It belongs to the Franciscans, and was built by Ferdinand and Isabella. Laborde says, that "it has nothing remarkable except the iron and chains that cover the outside of the walls, and which were worn by the Christians found in slavery at Granada at the time of the conquest;"—a doubtful legend. Bourgoing mentions the hospital of San Juan Battista as exhibiting, in the beauty and judiciousness of its proportions,

* Laborde says, seventy-nine churches,—which must evidently be a mistake.

a proof of the good taste of the founder, Cardinal Pavera.

"At Toledo," adds the last-mentioned writer, "the traveller may also admire the remains of an ingenious machine, invented by an Italian, to raise the waters of the Tagus to the city. Near these ruins are some others still more ancient, which must have formed part of an aqueduct designed to convey water to the height of the Alcazar, from springs seven or eight leagues distant;—a legacy at once useful and magnificent, by which the Romans have marked their residence in more than one place in Spain. We also recognise in the environs of the city, the traces of one of their ancient roads and the remains of a circus. Thus, in turn, have the Romans, the Arabs, the Goths, and the Spaniards under Charles V. contributed to the embellishment of Toledo. We cannot say so much for the modern Spaniards. Houses unoccupied, magnificent buildings falling into decay, few or no manufactories, a population reduced from 200,000 souls to 25,000, the environs naked and barren,—such is the melancholy picture presented to the traveller whom the reputation of Toledo has attracted within its walls..... Deserted, narrow, and winding streets, destitute alike of affluence and industry, ill agree with the idea we should form of a city, which has been honoured with the title of imperial ever since it was taken from the Moors, which disputes pre-eminence with Burgos in the cortes of Castile, has long been considered as the capital, and still contains a variety of monuments to attest its ancient grandeur."

Toledo has suffered repeatedly from the fury of civil war. Thrice it was besieged by the Moors during the first thirty years of the twelfth century, but in every instance without being taken. But, in 1467, it was

laid waste by fire and sword, and several of its districts were razed to the ground. The same sanguinary scenes were renewed in 1641. It owes its depopulation, however, chiefly to the ruin of its manufactures, together with the whimsical creation of Madrid. The manufactures of Toledo were formerly numerous and flourishing. At the commencement of the seventeenth century, its woollen manufactures, though in a declining state, afforded occupation to 38,250 individuals. Its silk manufactories were equally important; and a considerable branch of its trade was supplied by the fabrication of needles and of swords, Toledo blades* being once not less famous than Cordova leather, or than Xeres wine, and Seville oranges, and Malaga raisins are now. An attempt was made by the venerable prelate already mentioned, towards the close of the last century, to revive several of these branches of industry. The Alcazar was transformed into a sort of house of industry; and a handsome edifice, about a quarter of a league from the city, was allotted by the crown to a sword manufactory. Since then, a generation has passed away, and desolating wars have taken place. The plunderer has again visited Toledo; not the Moor, but the Gaul. "The treasures and wealth of this cathedral," says an English officer who visited it in 1809, "inferior, perhaps, only to those of

* It has been thought, that the excellence of the Toledo steel may have been owing originally to Damascus workmen. Virgil, however, is supposed to allude to the excellence of the Spanish steel in his first Georgic:

At chalybes nudi ferrum—

rendered by Dryden,

"And naked Spaniards temper steel for war."

And Diodorus Siculus states, that the Celtiberians give such temper to their steel that no helmet can resist their stroke.

Loretto, have disappeared.* They have been torn forth by the daring hand of plunder. Many of the best pictures this church could once boast of, have been removed; but in the cloisters are several fine paintings by Bayeux (and Maella), whose designs and colouring are very pleasing. The day of the pomp, pride, and power of this cathedral is gone by. Six hundred ecclesiastics once belonged to the service. The present number of officiating priests is inconsiderable; nor are they now either powerful or wealthy. The memory of Cardinal Ximenes is greatly venerated in Toledo, and a prayer for his soul is repeated daily at the close of high mass. I walked from the cathedral to the Alcazar, a palace built on the site of the ancient residence of the Gothic kings by Charles the Fifth, and long occupied by him. Its grand staircase and spacious gallery, no longer crowded with guards and courtiers, are now dirty, deserted, and silent. This edifice, however, though neglected and decaying, still wears a stately and imposing aspect; and its handsome front, immense quadrangle, and elegant colonnade declare it to have been the pride and ornament

* "The treasures of this cathedral," says Townsend, "struck me with astonishment. *La Custodia*, an elegant silver model of the cathedral, by Enrique de Arfe, weighs 22,000 oz., and took fifty-five ounces of pure gold for gilding. It contains a multitude of pillars, and more than two hundred little silver images of exquisite workmanship. In the centre of this edifice is placed a shrine of massive gold, weighing fifty pounds: another, which occasionally supplies the place of this, contains a statue of the infant Jesus, made of pure gold, and adorned with eight hundred precious stones. In four separate closets are four large silver images standing on globes of silver, each two feet in diameter, representing Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, with their several emblems, given by Anne of Newbourgh. The grand silver throne on which is placed the Virgin, wearing a crown, and adorned with a profusion of the most costly gems, weighs fifty arrobas (1,250 lbs.) In the chapel of the Virgin is an altar covered with gold and silver."—TOWNSEND, vol. i. p. 300.

of a happier period. Its situation is very commanding. It stands on the edge of a rocky precipice, nearly perpendicular, at the bottom of which, but full five hundred feet below it, the Tagus flows. As I toiled through the steep, narrow, inconvenient streets, I never felt one movement of impatience; for the extreme antiquity of this city gives it an irresistible character of interest; and the *religio loci* always operates most delightfully on the fancy. Hannibal won this spot for Carthage; Romans dwelt in it; Gothic kings reigned in it; Moors have possessed it; and some of the turreted walls still surrounding it were built by them; Spaniards, with their blood, last purchased, and still hold it. What a flight for the imagination to travel back,—to conjure up the various scenes acted in the city, and to see sovereigns, warriors, and prelates, whose mouldering dust now sleeps beneath your feet, pass in review before you!"* "From its situation," remarks Mr. Semple, "it is certainly better adapted than Madrid to be the metropolis of the empire. Before the use of artillery, its local advantages were many and valuable. And notwithstanding its present state of decay, when we reflect that Livy mentions it as a town existing more than two thousand years ago, it is not improbable that it may still exist, when Madrid, the mere creation of caprice and despotic power, shall have dwindled to a village, or stand, like Palmyra, a landmark in the desert."

Toledo is situated upon the right bank of the Tagus, twelve leagues from Madrid, and seven from Aranjuez. The river was formerly navigable, and Laborde says, might again be rendered so with little

* Recollections of the Peninsula, pp. 201—4.

trouble and expense. "In 1588, boats passed from Toledo to Lisbon; and the quay below the town, known by the name of the *Plazuela de las Barcas*, is still in a perfect state. These voyages were totally suspended in the reign of Philip III." There are two bridges here over the Tagus. That of Alcantara (*i.e.* the Bridge), which is of almost terrific height, is of Roman foundation: it has three arches, on one of which appears the inscription CÆCILIA MARCELLA, H. S. E., and is guarded by a handsome gate. It has been repaired by the Moors, and again in 1258, after it had been partly destroyed by a flood. About 200 paces from this bridge, on the road to Aranjuez, commences a noble avenue a quarter of a mile in length, and branching out to the banks of the river, which forms the principal promenade. There is another alameda on the road to Talavera; but both are at an inconvenient distance for pedestrians. The situation of Toledo renders it extremely hot in summer; and there are neither wells nor fountains in the city to afford the usual luxury of the Moorish towns. Water is brought from a distance on asses. Laborde gives a very repulsive description of the place. According to him, it is ill-paved, dreary, and altogether disagreeable. There are no spectacles, no place of public resort, few gentry among the residents; the trade is circumscribed to a few shops; the grandees are lawyers; priests, friars, and students constitute its principal population; in fact, it is destitute of all pretensions to beauty or majesty and every social attraction. This splenetic description, however, is by no means quite correct, for there is a theatre; and the English officer was present also at a ball given in the archbishop's palace. M. Bourgoing is not in a

much better humour with Toledo. He thus speaks of the little garden-houses of the citizens in the environs. "They would never forgive me, were I to pass over in silence their *cigarrales*, or small country-houses, which have some resemblance to the *bastides* of Marseilles, only they are less ornamented and more numerous. Here, in the heat of the dog-days, they retire after dinner to seek coolness and repose in the shade of the orchards; but they cannot reach them without traversing the scorching soil of some burnt up meadow, or climbing some rugged hill: yet, these are the gardens of Eden to the inhabitants of Toledo."

From the ancient capital to within half a league of Madrid, the roads, in Swinburne's time, were as bad as in any part of the kingdom, and the country extremely ugly. "I do not imagine," he says, "that the most pitiful city in the Peninsula can make a more despicable figure, than the metropolis of all the Spains does from the opposite hills, as you approach it on the south side. Neither tree, villa, nor garden is seen until you arrive at the avenues of the town. The corn-fields run up close to the houses. In short, the whole landscape around is the barest and most melancholy I ever beheld. But as soon as the trees of the walks shut out the prospect of the neighbouring country, the appearance of Madrid is grand and lively." Before we enter the capital, however, we must bring up our other Travellers.

The route to Madrid usually taken by travellers, is from Bayonne, by St. Jean de Luz. Mr. Townsend went by way of Barcelona; Mr. Semple from Lisbon, proceeding southward from Madrid. We shall avail ourselves of their narratives, however, in describing

somewhat more minutely than Swinburne has enabled us to do, the tract of country lying between the capital and the southern provinces.

FROM CORDOVA TO MADRID.

THE elevated plain of the two Castiles and La Mancha, to which on every side the traveller has to ascend, may be pretty correctly considered as the centre of the peninsula formed by the Bay of Biscay, the Atlantic, and the Mediterranean.* The ascent from the western coast is generally in terraces; for, though the traveller has sometimes to descend into valleys, it is constantly obvious that a higher country lies before him. The same is evidently the case with regard to the other coasts, as appears from the courses of the principal rivers, which all rise towards the centre of Spain, and fall in every direction, except the northern, into the Mediterranean or the Atlantic. That none of the great rivers fall into the Bay of Biscay, is owing to the direction of the high mountains of Asturias and Biscay, which run almost parallel with the coast. Hence, the streams which flow down their northern declivities, having comparatively a small extent of country to traverse, never collect a volume of water sufficient to form rivers of any note.

* "The interior of Spain forms a vast plain, which, elevated 300 toises above the level of the ocean, is covered with secondary formations, grit-stone, gypsum, sal-gem, and the calcareous stone of Jura. The climate of the Castiles is much colder than that of Toulon and Genoa; for its mean temperature scarcely rises to 15° of the centigrade thermometer (59° Fahr.). The plain of La Mancha, if placed between the sources of the Niemen and the Borysthenes, would figure as a groupe of mountains of considerable height."—HUMBOLDT, *Pers. Narr.* vol. i. pp. 17, 22. See also p. 10 of our first volume.

Such are the Navia, the Pravia, the Cares, the Rio de Suances, and numerous others. At equal distances from the summits, the streams which flow northward and those which take an opposite course will be found, perhaps, of equal importance; but the former soon join the sea, while the latter, winding through a long extent of country, contribute to swell the mighty waters of the Ebro, as it traverses the whole breadth of Spain to the south-east. In travelling from Lisbon to Madrid, and from Madrid to Cadiz, the traveller describes two equal sides of a triangle, each about 400 miles in length, of which the tract of coast from Lisbon to Cadiz may be considered as forming the base. In this route, he crosses three principal rivers, the Tagus, the Guadiana, and the Guadalquiver, all flowing to the Atlantic, each having its peculiar character. The Tagus, with a rapid descent, seems to hold its impetuous course, of more than four hundred miles, chiefly at the bottom of a long, deep, narrow valley, which it has perhaps worn for itself in the course of ages. The banks of the Guadiana, on the contrary, are, for the most part, of a more yielding and sandy nature; and in those parts where the soil is softest, the bed of the river naturally enlarges, and the current, spreading over a wide surface, becomes less rapid: thus, by the wise laws of nature, its fury prepares bounds for itself. The Guadalquiver, the favourite stream of the Arabian poets, partakes more of the nature of the Guadiana than of that of the Tagus: its banks are generally of a moderate height, too often bare, but in many parts traversing extensive pasture-lands. The towns on this river attest the former greatness of the Moors. While the Tagus may boast of Toledo and

the "doubtful honour" of Lisbon, and the Guadiana of Merida and Badajoz, the Guadalquiver has Andujar, Cordova, and Seville.

"From Badajos to Madrid," says Mr. Semple, "not a single town or village, near which we passed, had the air of neatness or of thriving. Vast tracts of the finest soil are left uncultivated; and a general appearance of wretchedness is spread over a country which, under proper administration, might be rendered the finest in Europe. Travelling from Madrid to Cadiz, we observe, on the contrary, that no sooner have we gained the summit of the Sierra Morena, and begin to descend to the south-west, than the country begins to wear a more pleasing appearance. The villages are neater, the houses better built, and the fields better cultivated; but, above all, the inhabitants seem more cheerful, better clothed,* and better fed. Such is the case, more or less, throughout Andalusia."†

M. Peyron tells us, that La Mancha is the most cheerful country in Spain; that is, as he explains himself, the province in which the inhabitants sing and dance the most. "Their songs and seguidillas," he adds, "are peculiar to that part of the kingdom;

* "In Andalusia, the cloak and hat are of the same form as those of the more northern provinces, but the under dress is much more gay. The breeches have handsome gilt buttons of filagree work all along the seam from the hip to the knee, and the white cotton stocking is bound under it by a silk cord and tassel. The jacket is also ornamented profusely with gilt hanging buttons, and is made of stuff, silk, or cloth, according to the taste or means of the wearer. The waistcoat is generally of a gaudy pattern or plain white; and the middling and less affluent orders take peculiar pride in displaying a snow-white shirt, with a neatly plaited frill and an open collar. They very seldom wear a neck-cloth of any sort. Their dress is eminently becoming."—QUIN'S *Visit*, p. 296.

† Semple, vol. i. pp. 200—205.

and to singing and dancing, the Manchegas add the merit of poetry.....The stranger is astonished at seeing a labourer in the dress of Sancho Panza, and wearing a broad leathern girdle, dancing with grace, precision, and measure."* There is no labourer or female peasant, he tells us, who is not well acquainted with Don Quixote and Sancho; and in the *venta* of Quesada, there is a well which still bears his name. Laborde gives a statement in flat contradiction to his learned countryman, but, as is usual with him, not a little at variance with itself. Thus, he tells us, the people differ little in their manners from those of Castile, but are still more grave, formal, and solemn, taking no pleasure in any sort of dissipation or even

* "I was surprised to find, (at El Viso, at the foot of the Sierra,) the difference which a few leagues had made in the appearance of the people. An old man was seated at the door of the *posada*, who was dressed in a dark-coloured cloth waistcoat and breeches; the breeches tied at the knee, and hanging over the tie to the calf of his leg; black stockings and *montora*, with a cloak of the same coloured cloth as his waistcoat. He had a thin face, sallow complexion, long black hair, and a grisly beard of some three weeks' growth; his deportment was grave and solemn, and his countenance pensive and severe. Though he was the landlord of the inn, he paid little attention to me, and it was with some trouble that I drew him into conversation; however, at length, I found him very conversant in the affairs of the village; but his ideas did not carry him many miles beyond it. Most of the men of the town were clothed in the same manner, with this dark-coloured cloth, which is made of the undyed wool of black sheep, each family fabricating a sufficient quantity for its own use. The women wore jackets and aprons of the like stuff, with a kind of linsey-woolsey petticoat, red stockings, beads and many trinkets about their necks, with their black hair tied behind, the smarter girls wearing silver combs. Every one seemed to have a more sedate appearance and more mysterious air than I had seen in Andalusia. I have been told, and I find it true, that, to read Don Quixote with satisfaction, a man must visit this province; for the people are almost as romantic now as in his days."—DALRYMPLE'S *Travels* (1775), p. 29.

of diversion; yet, they are mild, peaceable, and truly good-humoured, as well as laborious and frugal; nevertheless, owing to the deadness of trade, the people are miserable; scarcely any thing is to be seen but the traces of wretchedness; and a great number of the country people are in want of bread three parts of the year. Mr. Semple, on the contrary, "could not help noticing that the towns and villages through which he had passed," between Ocaña and Mudela, were in general "neater and better built than those on the road from Lisbon to Madrid;" and he praises the bread and wine he met with in the posadas. Thus do travellers differ. One fact, indeed, mentioned by Laborde, is a decisive refutation of his statement respecting their extreme misery. "La Mancha," he says, "is less populous than formerly, as is evident from the ruins of which the towns and villages are full. The depopulation, however, has been infinitely less than in New Castile; for, in La Mancha, you find only eleven places formerly inhabited which are now abandoned, whereas in the former province there are no fewer than 194. The real population, according to the survey of 1787-8, amounted to 206,160 persons." Thus, in point of fact, La Mancha appears to have been less subjected to the causes of depopulation, and may therefore be presumed to have suffered less misery, than many other parts of Spain. The province contains 111 parishes, two cities, (Ciudad Real, the capital of Upper Mancha, and Ocaña, the chief town of Lower Mancha,) 121 towns, 46 villages, and 78 convents. It is 43 leagues long and 33 broad, lying between New Castile on the north, Valencia and Murcia on the east, Cordova and Jaen on the south, and Estremadura on the west.

La Mancha is partly surrounded with mountains,

belonging to the chain anciently known as the *Montes Orospedani*. The most considerable of these mountains is the Sierra d'Alcaraz, running from north to south towards the eastern part of Jaen. Then, turning westward, they form the grand lateral range of the Sierra Morena, or Brown Mountains (the *Montes Mariani* of the Romans), which extend as far as Estremadura, dividing La Mancha from Andalusia. These mountains begin a few miles from Mudela in coming from the north, and nothing can exceed the bleakness and barrenness of their appearance; either covered entirely with brown heath, or presenting at intervals masses of rock and the shattered sides of mountains, disclosing their inmost strata.* "But it is not till we have ascended considerably," says Mr. Semple, "and into the heart of these mountains, that we see all their grandeur. This is principally between the Venta de Cardenas, four leagues from Mudela, and the small village of Santa Elena, two leagues further. Here, travelling along excellent roads, we beheld beneath us, on the left, a deep valley strewed with immense masses of stone, while, on the opposite side, the rocks project with peculiar grandeur, rising almost perpendicularly from their bases to the height of 700 or 800 feet. Their dark grey surface is contrasted with the tall trees which clothe their base. A small stream runs in the bottom of the valley, and, in summer, hardly creeps among the broken rocks. It was now (October 25) a resistless torrent, tumbling down huge stones, and dashing them against each other with violence and a sharp noise. One circumstance was wanting to complete the sublimity of the

* "In the higher regions of the Sierra, we find the granite: but, as we descend, the schist again appears, with limestone and gypsum."—TOWNSEND, vol. ii. p. 290.

scene; but it was wanting only for a short time. Dark clouds collected rapidly on the summits of the mountains, the lightning began to gleam, the bursting thunders seemed to roll down the valleys, and the rain fell in torrents. Such was the howling of the wind and rain, that the noise of the torrent in the bottom of the valley was more faintly heard, and sounded as if removed to a greater distance. O for the pencil of a Salvator Rosa to sketch the pass of the Sierra Morena! What must it have been before these excellent roads were formed, and when numerous bands of robbers infested the mountains!* The small village of Santa Elena stands on the summit of the pass, and where, indeed, it may be said to end. From this height, there is an extensive view in every direction; and the traveller retraces with pleasure his first entrance into these mountains soon after leaving Mudela, until a constant ascent of nearly six leagues has brought him on a level with their summits. The

* Between fifty and sixty years ago, this district was the terror of travellers. "After having passed the town of El Viso, they ascended the Sierra Morena at the risk of their lives, over one of its most rugged and uneven precipices, called *Puerto del Rey*. Le Maur, a Frenchman, and long attached to the corps of engineers in Spain, was chosen by Count Florida Blanca, in 1779, to endeavour to render practicable a road more frequented than any in the kingdom. In spite of the difficulties presented by the ground, Le Maur constructed one of the finest high roads in Europe. This he accomplished by means of bridges and masonry, with which he faced the declivities on the one hand, while, on the other, he erected walls breast-high; feeble ramparts, it is true, but which enable the traveller to roll along the brink of precipices without danger and without apprehension. Such is the nature of the road until we arrive at Despeñaperros, a spot where the rocks approach so close as to form a kind of arch over the heads of the passengers. At the bottom of the valley runs a stream, the waters of which were intended to feed a canal projected by Le Maur. A little further on, we find the stage of *Las Correderas*, a cluster of cottages in the midst of the mountains."—BOURGOING, vol. iii. p. 76.

whole of this road is excellent, especially where it leads in a zigzag up the sides of the steepest hills. From Santa Elena we constantly descend towards the S. or S. S.W. by a road equally excellent, until we reach La Carolina, a distance of two leagues, during which small white houses with orchards continually present themselves, having an effect doubly pleasing after passing through such barren scenery."*

But we are now to travel northward, and having crossed the Brown Mountain, shall suppose ourselves to have passed through Almuradiel, the last village in the Sierra, and to have reached Santa Cruz de Mudela, the first town in La Mancha, commanding the view of a fertile plain.† A stage of two leagues from this place brings us to Val de Peñas, a town containing a fine square and upwards of 2,000 inhabitants,‡ and famous for the wine produced in the neighbourhood, reckoned some of the best in Spain. When properly kept, Mr. Semple says, it has a flavour between Burgundy and claret. The town lies in a valley "teeming with oil, wine, and wheat," and even the low sloping hills in the neighbourhood are green

* Soon after the commencement of the peninsular war, La Carolina was the seat of the central assembly formed by the *juntas* of Ciudad Real and the four kingdoms of Andalusia, who met to consult upon speedy measures for fortifying the gorge of Despeñaperros; "this pass of the Sierra Morena being considered," says Dr. Southey, "as the Thermopylæ where the progress of this new barbarian might be withstood."—*History of the Pen. War*, vol. i. p. 741. Dupont, however, had crossed the Sierra without opposition the June preceding; and the armies who had scaled the Pyrenees were not to be barricadoed out of Andalusia by the Sierra Morena.

† Near this village, Laborde says, there is a rich and productive mine of antimony. The old road led through El Viso, leaving Mudela on the left.

‡ So says Mr. Quin, in 1823. Mr. Townsend, in 1786, says 7,651 souls.

with cultivation. Four leagues further, over a level country, is Manzanares, a small but neat town on the banks of the Gijuela, a small stream which soon falls into the Guadiana: the land produces corn, saffron, and wine. When Mr. Townsend passed through this place in 1786, it contained, in 1800 families, 6,768 souls; "which proportion," he remarks, "is a sufficient index of their poverty: the houses are built with mud, and the poor are almost naked." Mr. Semple says, that the town carries on a considerable trade, and has an appearance of business; and Mr. Quin describes it as handsome, but estimates the population as low as 1600. The sanguinary conflicts of which La Mancha has been the theatre since Mr. Townsend travelled, sufficiently account for all such discrepancies. Villarte, three leagues further, on the banks of the Gijuela, was formerly a flourishing place, where the wool of the province was manufactured into coarse stuffs; but it was reduced to a heap of ruins by the French, on account of the resistance they met with from its inhabitants. They unroofed the houses, and shattered their walls with grape-shot; and since then, few of the houses have been rebuilt. The remnant of the town presented, in 1823, a most miserable aspect. The road continues over the same level country, well cultivated with wheat and olives, to Puerto Lapiche, (or La Pice), situated between two hills. The soil is a loose sand of quartz, which, wherever it is watered by *norias*, produces excellent corn: the rock is granite. Three leagues further is Madridejos, a neat little town, where Mr. Quin was struck with discovering "humble imitations" of the more elegant *patios* which occupy the centre of the houses in the south. The population is loosely stated by Laborde at 8,000, and he mentions a woollen manufactory.

For the next four leagues, to Tembleque, the country is flat but fertile, the corn growing to the very edge of the road. This town contained, in 1786, about 2,000 families and a monastery of Cordeliers. There was also a saltpetre-manufactory here. Near this town is a small lake, formed by the rains which descend in winter from the neighbouring hills, and which of course diminishes in size as the summer advances. Its banks are the resort of large flocks of wild fowl. Two leagues further over a naked plain, lead to La Guardia, a miserable town on the summit of a range of broken ground, to which Laborde assigns 4,000 inhabitants. It was formerly a place of strength, and was long defended by the Moors. At a distance, it presents the singular appearance of natural fortifications with regular outworks. To the north of this low range is a deep and fertile valley, in which are several high detached mounts with sharp summits. At the end of three leagues more, the traveller reaches Ocaña, the chief town in the Lower Mancha, situated on the summit of a steep hill. It is an ancient place, but contains nothing remarkable. There are four parish-churches, six monasteries, and five nunneries. In the days of its prosperity under the Grand Masters of the Order of St. Jago, it carried on a considerable trade in gloves. At a distance, it has still an imposing appearance, which is speedily dispelled on a nearer view. The population, in 1786, was nearly 5,000 souls.* Immediately below Ocaña, the traveller enters New Castile.

* Mr. Quin says, about 1,500 inhabitants; a palpable mistake, since he afterwards represents Tembleque as half the size of Ocaña, and Madridejos as half the size of Tembleque. Ocaña was the scene of a disastrous and obstinately contested battle in November 1809, between the Spaniards under Areizaga, and the

The Mesa (plain) of Ocaña, is the most fertile part of La Mancha, and the most corn is grown here; but, like the greater part of this province, it is entirely bare of timber. Scarcely a single tree is to be seen in some places for many leagues round. Near Ciudad Real, however, the country is very pleasant, covered, Laborde says, with vines, olives, and a variety of other trees, and the rich plain in which it stands, is said to be productive in fruit. This city, the residence of the intendant of La Mancha, is regularly laid out, with wide, well-paved streets, and its woollen manufactories and tanneries once rendered it a flourishing place. Its population is now reduced, Laborde says, to between 8 and 9,000 persons. The distance from Ocaña to Ciudad Real, is nineteen leagues; through Tembleque, Consuegra, and Fernan Cavallero, and by the *Ojos de la Guadiana*. Another road, "straight and level," leads from Ocaña to Murcia and Valencia, through Villatobas, Corral de Almaguer, Quintenar de la Orden, La Mota del Cuervo, Minaya, and Roda. Most of these places are in a decayed state. Woods of holm-oaks occur in some parts, but the land is for the most part bare of timber. On an eminence near La Mota del Cuervo, fourteen wind-mills call to mind the first exploit of the hero of Cervantes. But in fact, these are to be seen, Mr. Townsend says, in the vicinity of every village, as may be expected in a corn country, where there are no streams to turn a water-wheel.*

"There is not perhaps in all Europe," remarks M. Bourgoing, "a country more uniform than the twenty-

French under Mortier and Victor, which terminated in the total defeat of the former.

* They are all very small and low, and at a distance have an appearance not very unlike gigantic figures.

two tedious leagues between Tembleque and Almoradiel, and nothing can be more monotonous than the view of such a dreary horizon. For two, sometimes three hours, not a single human dwelling appears to relieve the eye. The view extends without interruption over immense plains, the vegetation of which has a gloomy appearance, more from the heat of the sun than from the nature of the soil. Some thinly scattered olive-plantations occasionally relieve the tedious uniformity. This sameness, however, does not prevail throughout the whole province. To the westward of Tembleque and Madridejos, are some extensive villages of a more lively appearance than these bare plains. Charles III. usually visited Yevenes, a village twelve leagues from Aranjuez, once in two years, to enjoy the amusements of the chase. It commands a beautiful and spacious valley covered with olive-plantations, on the opposite side of which the old castle of Consuegra rises from the top of a chain of hills." In fact, it is evident that La Mancha, though for the most part flat, bare, and uninviting, and in some parts exposed to drought from the want of rivers, is capable of becoming a fertile, flourishing, and populous province. It can hardly be supposed that the absence of timber is natural to a soil producing rich wine, wheat, barley, oats, and some of the finest olives. Laborde says, that a dwarf-chesnut is indigenous. The pine and the holm-oak are also found here; and near the towns are *alamedas* and orchards. It is probable, that the plains have been laid bare partly by the flames of war, partly by design. Under a good government, and with a better system of husbandry, by means of Moorish *norias*, and with English cottages and English hedge-rows, these fine plains might be made to smile with rural beauty and abundance.

Having now entered New Castile, at two leagues from Ocaña we arrive at the royal hunting-seat (*sitio*) of Aranjuez; the name of which, the Spanish antiquaries will have it, is derived from *Ara Jovis*, and we are to gather from this, that a temple dedicated to Jupiter once stood here. The valley of Aranjuez is one of the most delightful spots in the country: such, at least, is the impression it makes on a traveller coming from the parched and naked plains of La Mancha or New Castile. The Xarama flows along the hills which form the northern side, while the Tagus, entering it at the east end, winds along it for nearly two leagues, and then receives the tribute of the former stream. The road through the valley for the distance of nearly a league, is bordered with double rows of lofty elms, the resort, in spring, of nightingales who sing all the day long. The most luxuriant vegetation is every where exhibited, and the meadows preserve a perennial verdure. The palace, which is much in the style of an old French chateau, is finely situated. The Tagus, which runs at right angles with the eastern façade, after flowing along the parterre, forms an artificial cascade almost under the windows. A small branch which escapes from the cascade, approaches so near the walls, as to admit of royal angling from the terrace: then, uniting with the principal stream, it forms a delightful island, which is laid out in gardens. In one part of the grounds, a small dock-yard has been formed, where ship-building in miniature was carried on for the amusement of the royal owner. Further on is a kind of harbour, defended by a battery, where some gondolas and small frigates elegantly decorated lay at anchor, ready to afford their majesties

the pleasure of an aquatic excursion or of a naval combat.

"Great princes have great playthings."

In another part, a small lake has been formed, out of which rises a *kiosk*, and near it is moored a Chinese bark; but the effect is incongruous and petty. Nature, however, has every where done so much for this spot, and the rich variety of exotic trees and plants have succeeded so well, that the gardens altogether, though on a level surface, form, at the proper season, one of the most charming promenades in Europe. The vegetable treasures of both hemispheres contribute their colours and perfumes to the royal bowers.

"The situation of this palace," says Swinburne, "renders it one of the most agreeable residences I know, belonging to a sovereign prince. It stands in a very large plain, surrounded with bare, ugly hills,* but which are well hidden by the noble rows of trees that extend across the flat in every direction. The compartments between the avenues are railed off, and laid down in pasture and meadow for the supply of the large dairy of cows.† That part of the vale which stretches out towards the east, is left in a ruder state, and, except some few fields of corn, is mostly forest land, through which the Tagus winds in a deep, shady bed. The walks and rides along the banks, through the venerable groves, and under the majestic elms that overhang the roads, are luxuries unknown to the rest of Spain. The beauties of the scenery are en-

* They have since been planted.

† These cows were brought from Holland by order of Charles III. Buffaloes and camels were also brought here, and made to serve as beasts of burden; and at the same period, two zebras, two *guanacos* (Peruvian sheep), and an elephant might be seen sporting or feeding in a meadow contiguous to the road.

hanced by the flocks of many-coloured birds that flutter and sing on the boughs, by the herds of deer, (amounting, in 1776, to not less than 7,000 head,) and by the droves of buffaloes, cows, sheep, and brood-mares, that wander uncontrolled through all these woods. Wild boars are frequently seen in the evenings in the very streets of the town.

"The finest avenue, called the *Calle de la Reyna*, is three miles long, quite straight from the palace gate, crossing the Tagus twice before it loses itself in the thickets, where some noble, spreading elms and weeping poplars hang beautifully over the deep still pool. Near this road is a flower-garden for spring, laid out with great taste by Mr. Wall, during his ministry. The gay variety of flowers at this time of the year (May the 3d), is particularly pleasing to the eye; but its beauty soon fades on the approach of summer. As the weather grows hot, the company retire to the garden in an island on the Tagus, on the north side of the palace. This is a heavenly place, cut into various walks and circular lawns, which in their primitive state may have been very stiff and formal, but in the course of a century, nature has obliterated the regular forms of art. The trees have swelled out beyond the line traced for them, and destroyed the enfilade, by advancing into the walks or retiring from them. The sweet flowering shrubs, instead of being clipped and kept down, have been allowed to shoot up into trees, and hang over the statues and fountains, to which they were originally meant to serve as humble fences. The *jets d'eau* dash up among the trees, and add fresh verdure to the leaves. The terraces and balustrades built along the river, are now overgrown with roses and other luxuriant bushes, hanging down into the stream, which is darkened by the large trees

growing on the opposite banks. Many of the statues, groupes, and fountains are handsome, some masterly, the works of Algardi. All are placed in charming points of view, either in open circular spots, at a distance from the trees, or else in gloomy arbours and retired angles of the wood."*

The embellishments of Aranjuez are modern. The first monarch who established his residence here, was Charles the Fifth, who began the building of the palace inhabited by his successors. Ferdinand VI. and Charles III. added each a new wing. Under Ferdinand VI., Aranjuez had scarcely any thing to shew but the palace. Some ruinous houses, scattered over an uneven piece of ground, at some distance from the royal habitation, served for the dwellings of the attendants upon the court and the ambassadors.† These have given way to houses uniformly built with elegant simplicity. The principal streets are shaded with two

* Swinburne, vol. ii. pp. 128—132.

† The Marquis de Grimaldi, sometime prime-minister, was the author of the plan upon which the new village was built. He had filled a diplomatic situation at the Hague, where, says Bourgoing, he conceived the idea of founding a Dutch town in the centre of Castile. "The village formerly consisted," says Swinburne, "of the palace, its offices, and a few miserable huts, where the ambassadors and the attendants of the court endeavoured to lodge themselves as well as they could, but always very uncomfortably: many of the habitations were vaults half under ground. What determined the king to build a new town, and to embellish the environs, was an accident that happened at the nuncio's. A coach broke through the ceiling of his dining-room, and fell in upon the table. The court then began to apply very considerable sums to the purpose of erecting proper dwellings for the great number of persons who flock to the place where the sovereign resides. Nearly ten thousand are supposed to live here during two or three months in spring. The king keeps one hundred and fifteen sets of mules, which require a legion of men to take care of them. Half a million sterling has been laid out at Aranjuez since the year 1763; and it must be acknowledged, that wonders have been performed. Several

rows of trees, at the foot of which runs a clear stream of water. All of them are perfectly straight and very wide; too broad, Bourgoing says, in proportion to the lowness of the houses and the heat of the climate. The village is separated from the palace by an extensive but irregular square, decorated with a fountain. A piazza on each side, almost entirely covered, runs along its whole length, beginning at the end of the principal streets, and forming a part of the enclosure of this square, till it unites with the adjoining buildings of the palace. The royal chapel is new, and built in good style. There are besides it three churches in the *Sitio:* the most modern belongs to a Franciscan monastery. Opposite the church is a royal hospital. The palace contained, in 1800, upwards of 400 pictures, among which were several by Guido, Guercino, and Poussin, it having been enriched with the spoils of St. Ildefonso. Since then, the French plunderers have been here. Aranjuez has been repeatedly lost and won, sharing the fate of Madrid; and in 1823, the gardens were falling to decay. The late king, who preferred Aranjuez to all his other palaces, used to visit it early in January, and remain there till the end of June. It then becomes a very undesirable and indeed unhealthy residence. "As the dog-days approach," says Bourgoing, "when the hot air stagnated in the valley is loaded with the exhalations of a muddy and sluggish river, and with the nitrous

fine streets drawn in straight lines with broad pavements, a double row of trees before the houses, and a very noble road between them, commodious hotels for the ministers and ambassadors, great squares, markets, churches, a theatre, and an amphitheatre for bull-feasts, have been raised from the ground. Neatness and convenience have been more studied and sought for than show in the architecture; but altogether, the place has something magnificent in the *coup d'œil.*"—SWINBURNE, vol. ii. p. 133.

vapours taken up by the sun from the hills between which the Tagus flows, then is this vale of Tempe pregnant with disease and death. Every person then removes from Aranjuez, seeking a more wholesome atmosphere upon the neighbouring heights, particularly in the little town of Ocaña; and Aranjuez, which, during May and June, was the rendezvous of all who are eager for pleasure or for health, containing a population of 10,000 souls, now becomes a desert, where those alone remain who are prevented leaving it either by their avocations or their poverty."

A wooden bridge over the Tagus leads from Aranjuez along the beautiful alameda, to a handsome bridge over the Xarama, erected in 1761. Here the traveller with reluctance ascends by a gentle slope from this beautiful vale. At the end of two leagues he reaches Val de Moros (Valley of the Moors), a small town formerly celebrated for its trade, as well as for having been for some time the residence of the Moorish kings, its founders. The vicinity is rich in oil, wheat, and wine. Several small villages are seen in the course of the next league, leading to the small town of Pinto, situated in an agreeable plain, which is believed to be the most central part of Spain. At length, at the end of three leagues further over an open plain, generally bare, but cultivated, the traveller crosses the shallow stream of the Manzanares by the magnificent bridge of Toledo, and soon arrives at the gates of

MADRID.

Madrid, like St. Petersburgh, owes its origin as a capital to political considerations and the caprice of the sovereign. Its site being nearly in the centre of Spain, it has been considered as the best adapted for the foundation of a new metropolis, although it pos-

sesses no other local advantages.* The air, indeed, is reckoned pure, but the climate is variable and far from genial; the cold of winter being extremely severe, and the summer heat overwhelming. By going only thirty or forty miles southward, many advantageous and beautiful situations might have been chosen, either on the banks of the Tagus, or on the hills of Toledo. But it would seem that the royal founder was determined to fix his capital on a site which no Roman, Gothic, or Moorish sovereign had thought worthy of preoccupying. Till Philip II. removed his court to this place, Madrid was only an obscure town, in a naked and sterile district, destitute alike of trees and verdure: it belonged to the archbishops of Toledo. As if in contempt of the noble river which washes the ancient capital, Madrid is built on the banks of the Manzanares, one of its tributaries, which in summer is a mere rivulet creeping through a wide bed of sand. Overlooking the defects of the situation, Madrid must be admitted to be one of the finest, though at the same time one of the dullest cities in Europe. The houses are lofty and built of stone; the streets are well paved and clean; and the public edifices, not being blacked with smoke, look as if they were newly erected. Next to the palaces and churches, the greatest ornaments of the city are its gates, resembling so many triumphal arches, and the *Prado*. The erection of these gates was the glory of Charles III., who has

* The choice of this position for the capital "serves to display," remarks Mr. Semple, perhaps somewhat too sarcastically, "the Spanish idea of greatness of mind, as consisting in choosing advantageous mathematical points, without regard to other circumstances, and then forcing nature to bend to their views." Other travellers have made a similar remark on the national peculiarity observable in their public works,—an unbending spirit, not always under the guidance of sagacity.—See vol. i. p. 114.

taken due care to record his name upon them in long inscriptions; but it has been remarked, that he forgot to add walls to them. "Beautiful gates," says Mr. Semple, "are placed here and there in a miserable wall which a few three-pounders would batter down in an hour:* so strangely are magnificence and poverty here blended together." The gate of Alcala (leading towards Saragossa) is particularly magnificent. "The order of the structure is Ionic; and it derives no small part of its noble effect from the situation in which it is placed. When the French attacked Madrid in 1808, their artillery exercised much ingenuity in endeavouring to deface the ornaments and columns of this gate. They fired through it repeatedly, and the marks of balls are still to be seen on the outside part of the structure, where they succeeded in breaking some of the capitals, and mutilating the statuary.

"The stranger," continues Mr. Quin, "who catches a first view of Madrid upon entering by the gate of Alcala, is apt to form high expectations of its extent and magnificence. He sees before him the long, wide street of Alcala, formed on both sides by a line of princely houses, and having a slight but graceful bend, which gives it rather the appearance of a vista in painting, than of reality. Upon advancing a little, he finds himself in full view of the *prado*, or public walk, which extends to a considerable distance on his right, and, on his left hand, reaches to a boundary which his eye cannot perceive. This latter part of the *prado* it is which is most frequented. The central walk, which is very wide, is called the *salon*.

* The wall sufficiently answers its design, if Dalrymple be correct: "it is enclosed with a view to prevent the introduction of the various articles of subsistence, &c., without paying the impost."

At each side of the *salon*, there are several narrow walks, which, being thickly shaded by lofty elm-trees, give the *prado* the appearance of a noble avenue to some royal palace. The space between the extremity of the *salon* and the gate of Atocha (leading to Aranjuez), which is very nearly a mile, is also abundantly planted with elms laid out in walks, and, as well as the *salon*, and the other parts of the *prado*, decorated with fountains, which are embellished in an excellent style of workmanship.

"Adjoining the *prado* are public gardens, called *Las Delicias*....These are chiefly frequented in summer, because their walks are more umbrageous than those of the *prado*, and they are cooled by a large basin of limpid water, round which are fountains that ever yield a pure and salubrious spring, the greatest luxury of a warm climate. Near these are the botanical gardens, also open to the public. Immediately beyond the basin of *Las Delicias* are to be seen some remains of the royal palace of *El Retiro*, once so famous for the extent and beauty of its gardens, its woodland shades, its fish-ponds, fountains, theatre, and other various curiosities. It was turned into a fortress by the French, who levelled all the trees around it, and made a desert of this once beautiful situation. Upon Ferdinand's return, he ordered this palace to be repaired; but little progress had been made when the Revolution broke out, which prevented him from pursuing his wishes. No injury, however, was done to good taste by the occurrence of this impediment, as the style in which the new buildings were commenced is Chinese. One or two of them are finished, and, so far as they go, resemble parts of the palace at Brighton. By some good fortune, the equestrian statue of Philip IV. was preserved from

the rage of the modern Vandals. It still remains in the grounds of *El Retiro*, and deserves never to perish.*

" On the fine Sunday afternoons of winter, between two and five o'clock, the *prado* is generally fully attended. The ladies are all, with perhaps no more than a dozen exceptions, dressed in black silk gowns and shawls of various colours, but mostly violet. They appear in their hair, having no other covering on the head than the very slight one of a black or white lace veil, which is gracefully attached to the hair-knot on the top, so as to shew a gold or tortoise-shell comb, and falls freely over the shoulders: sometimes it is let down over the face; but generally it is folded back over the forehead, and drawn together under the chin by the hand, thus advantageously shading the countenance. This dress is so becoming, that, in contemplating it, one scarcely feels the want of variety. Every woman looks well in it; and when the figure and countenance are really handsome, they shine with double lustre in this national costume. The handsomest women in Madrid are mostly from the provinces. The genuine Madrilenians are less remarkable for their beauty than, perhaps, those of any other province. The men appear almost universally enveloped in large cloaks, which give them a gravity of aspect perfectly in keeping with the serious, pensive turn of their minds. The hats of the gentlemen are like those worn in England. When speaking to each other, their gesture is more varied

* This statue was cast at Florence. The posture of the horse curvetting, supported by his hind feet and tail, is very ingenious; and it appears difficult to conceive, Swinburne remarks, how the artist could contrive to preserve the equilibrium of such a mass entirely thrown out of its perpendicular.

and even more passionate than that of the French. They speak with great distinctness of articulation, and at the same time with amazing fluency. " The mornings and evenings of the winters in Madrid, are usually very cold. In England, a cold winter is considered as salubrious; here it is the contrary; for Madrid is seated so high above the level of the sea, that its atmosphere is very thin; * and a cold northern wind, which seems scarcely strong enough to extinguish a lamp, pierces to the heart, and not unfrequently freezes the very sources of life. Pulmonary complaints, brought on by this excessive cold, are common, and so rapid in their progress, that the sufferer is carried to his grave in three or four days. Sometimes, these imperceptible blasts act on the limbs exposed to them like a palsy; and they are the more dangerous as they chiefly haunt the atmosphere immediately after a brilliant and warm sunshine has left it. Hence, at this season, the Spaniards are seen muffled up to the eyes in their cloaks. By thus covering the lower part of the countenance, they breathe a warm air, a precaution almost indispensable to their safety.

" The street of Alcala, superb in every other respect, is inconvenient for pedestrians on account of the narrowness of the footway and the roughness of the pavement. In snowy or rainy weather, this inconvenience is much increased, as the footway is placed exactly under the pipes which convey the water from the roofs of the houses. These pipes project a little from the parapets, and the collected rain falls from their heights on the footway below; the simple

* Madrid is situated as high above the level of the sea as Inspruck, in one of the highest defiles of the Tyrol.—See vol. i. p. 10, and vol. ii. p. 59.

addition of a perpendicular conduit either not having been thought of, or having been deemed too expensive. A want of cleanliness is also as observable in the streets of Madrid as in those of Paris. The ante-hall of the principal houses is generally left exposed to every sort of passenger. Sometimes a poor old woman establishes in it her little stall of bread and fruit and asses' milk; but even this is no safeguard against its violation.* Beyond the front door, which is generally open, there is an interior one, which is as generally shut. The visiter pulls a bell-rope, which hangs near the door, on which a servant appears at a small square, grated aperture in the door, and demands his name or business. In the higher order of houses, a porter attends in the ante-hall, from which the stairs directly ascend. The higher classes live up stairs, the ground-floor apartments being allotted to the use of the servants, or stored with lumber.

"After leaving the street of *Alcala*, the only magnificent one in Madrid, you enter a kind of square, called *Puerta del Sol* (Gate of the Sun). It was formerly one of the gates of entrance to the capital, but since the erection of the street of Alcala, and other additions on that side, it is now almost in the centre of Madrid, and is used as the exchange. In the mornings and evenings, this place is crowded with persons, who attend, however, less for commercial purposes, than to talk about the news, and lounge away an hour or two. The street of *La Montera*, opening

* The nuisance alluded to is inside the porches of the houses, for the streets of Madrid are extremely clean. Few towns, Laborde says, pay such attention to this object: and Swinburne, after describing the three principal streets terminating in the *prado* as excellently paved and clean even to a nicety, adds, "so, indeed, are most of the streets of Madrid."

from the *Puerta del Sol*, is also much frequented by loungers. There are in it several gay and handsome shops, but they are not remarkable for richness. The trade of Madrid is limited to its own population (about 142,000), and is therefore inconsiderable for the metropolis of such a country as Spain. A little business is done in the morning: less in the evening. From one to half-past three in the afternoon, the shops are all shut, as then the proprietors and their families are at their dinner, or taking their *siesta*." *

The *Plaza Mayor* † is nearer the centre of the city. It forms a long, rectangular area, 370 feet in length and 287 in breadth. The sides are ornamented with piazzas, supported by pillars of freestone. The houses are all five stories high; and the rows of windows being all in the same line, and provided with uniform iron balconies, there is something striking in the *coup d'œil*. In summer, all the windows are shaded with curtains thrown across the balconies.

Madrid stands on several low hills, in the midst of an immense plain, bounded, on the side of Old Castile, by the mountains of Guadarama; on every other side, it seems to have no other boundary than the horizon. The city stands in lat. 40° 25′ 7″ N., long. 3° 33′ 8″ W. It is reckoned to be a hundred leagues from the frontiers of France on the side of Bayonne, one hundred from the frontier of Portugal, and one hundred from the Straits of Gibraltar; 650 miles

* Quin's Visit to Spain, pp. 112—118.

† This *plaza* by no means warrants, according to Bourgoing, the enthusiastic commendation of the Spaniards. When illuminated, however, it exhibits a grand appearance. Formerly, the *autos da fe* were celebrated in this place, with all their tremendous apparatus. It was also the theatre of the bull-fights, and is used as a market-place.

S.S.W. of Paris, and 850 W. by S. of Rome. The most ancient part is nearest the river; and here it presents only narrow streets, crooked lanes, and blind alleys, like those in the old city of Paris. To the north and east of this, receding from the river, the streets are wider, and affect some degree of symmetry. This portion of the city, including the *Plaza Mayor*, terminates at the *Puerta del Sol*. At length, when Philip II. removed his court to this city, the nobility erected palaces beyond the former limits; and the *Puerta del Sol* is now the centre of the whole. In 1786, Madrid contained, according to Mr. Townsend, in its fifteen parishes, 7,398 houses, 32,745 families, 147,543 individuals, 66 convents, 16 colleges, 18 hospitals, five prisons, and 15 gates built of granite. Laborde states the population, in 1788, at 156,270 souls, including 8,618 nobles, 576 priests, 1,892 monks, 820 nuns, 595 advocates, 257 clerks, 727 students, 17,273 domestics. But, including the garrison, consisting of from 8 to 10,000 foreigners, and occasional residents, it might amount, he supposes, to 200,000 persons. The births, in 1788, amounted to 4,897; the deaths, to 5,915. In 1797, the former were reckoned at 4,911, the latter at 4,441. Since then, the population has been continually fluctuating. Mr. Semple estimates it, in 1805, at 250,000 souls. Mr. Quin, without giving his authority, in 1803, at about 142,000. Mr. Swinburne thus describes its appearance in 1776.

"If you except the royal palaces, there are few buildings in Madrid worthy of attention; nor do I believe there is in Europe a capital that has so little to shew as this. Having never been the see of a bishop, it has, of course, no cathedral, nor, indeed, any church that distinguishes itself much from the common run of parishes and convents. Allowing some

exceptions, I think I may safely pronounce the outward architecture of them all to be barbarous, and their manner of ornamenting the inside, as bad as that of the worst ages. Most of them were erected or retouched during the term of years that elapsed between the middle of the seventeenth century and the year 1759, a period in the history of Spain when all arts and sciences were fallen to the lowest ebb. The degeneracy of manners, the want of public spirit, the vices in the political system under the three last princes of the Austrian line, the wars, too, that shook the very foundations of their throne for the first ten years of this century, kept all the polite arts grovelling in the dust; and when they ventured to raise their heads, and court the favour of the sovereign, there seems to have been a total want of able professors to second their efforts, and assist them in returning to the paths of good sense and true taste. No mad architect ever dreamed of a distortion of members so capricious, of a twist of pillars, cornices, or pediments so wild and fantastic, but what a real sample of it may be produced in some or other of the churches of Madrid. They are all small, and poor in marbles as well as in pictures. Their altars are piles of wooden ornaments heaped up to the ceiling, and stuck full of wax lights, which more than once have set fire to the whole church. The tombs of Ferdinand VI. and of his queen, Barbara, in the church of the Visitation, are almost the only sepulchral monuments of any interest.

"The first king that made any long abode in Madrid, was Henry IV.* Before his reign, it was

* Laborde states, that Alfonso VI. is *said* to have laid the foundations of the royal palace; that it was sacked by the Moors in 1109; overthrown by an earthquake in the reign of Pedro the Cruel;

but an insignificant place, with a small castle for the convenience of the princes who came to hunt the boar in the environs, which were then as woody as they are now naked. Its situation on a hill overlooking many leagues of country, open on every side to a wholesome circulation of air, and abundance of good water, induced the Emperor Charles the Fifth to build an ample palace here, which he intended to make his chief residence, as he thought the climate best adapted to his constitution. The sovereign being once fixed at Madrid, the nobility soon abandoned their hereditary castles and houses in other cities, to follow the court. They were under the necessity of settling in the houses they found ready built; and, for that reason, added to the supine indifference that seized the Spaniards during the last two-thirds of the seventeenth century, and nearly half of this, most of the great families still continue to inhabit vast ranges of ugly fabrics, not distinguishable from the common houses in the streets, except by their large dimensions. The palaces of the grandees, that contain either statues or pictures of value, are few in number.

" The old palace was burnt down to the ground in 1734; and Philip Juvara was commissioned by Philip V. to give a plan for rebuilding it in the most splendid manner. The model he made is still in existence, but was rejected on account of the immensity of the size and the greatness of the expense, as well as of the want of sufficient room to place it; the king being

partly rebuilt by Henry of Transtamare, and completed by Henry IV. Charles the Fifth made it his frequent abode; and his son, Philip II., removed the seat of government hither in 1563. In the Succession war, it maintained its loyalty to Philip V., though twice deserted by that monarch on the approach of his rival, in 1706 and 1709.

determined, on account of the air, to have it rebuilt on the exact spot where the old one had stood. Juvara dying before he could prepare a second design, his disciple Sacchetti produced that which has been carried into execution. Both his and his master's plans have the defect of being clumsy and confused in the windows, pilasters, and ornaments: where they have aimed at simplicity, they have sunk their architecture under a load of stone, and where they have studied to be rich and light, they have generally given in to the capricious, rather than the beautiful. It is all of white stone, each of the fronts being 470 feet in length by 100 in height. This pile towers over all the country, where nothing intercepts the view for many miles. The entrances and ground-floor appear more like those of some mighty fortress, than of the peaceable habitation of a powerful monarch, a hundred leagues removed from his frontiers. The range of large glazed arches round the inner court, resembles the inside of a manufactory. This is the more unpardonable, as they had at no great distance, in the Alcazar of Toledo, as elegant a colonnade as the nicest critic could desire. The beautiful circular court of Granada might have suggested noble ideas to the architect; but at that time, perhaps, the very existence of such a thing was a secret at Madrid.*

* Mr. Townsend speaks of this edifice in widely different language: "It is impossible to view the new palace without the most exquisite delight. It presents four fronts, each of 470 feet in length, and 100 feet in height up to the cornice, enclosing a quadrangle of 140 feet. These fronts are relieved by numerous pillars and pilasters, and over the cornice is a balustrade to hide the leaden roof. Within the balustrade, on pedestals, are placed a series of the kings of Spain, from Ataulfo to Ferdinand VI."—*Travels*, vol. i. p. 258. These statues were subsequently removed to the immense vaults of the palace by order of Charles III.

"I know of no palace in Europe fitted up with so much royal magnificence. The ceilings are *chef-d'œuvres* of Mengs, Corrado, and Tiepolo. The richest marbles are employed with great taste in forming the cornices and socles of the rooms, and the frames of the doors and windows. What enhances the value of these marbles is, the circumstance of their being all produced in the quarries of Spain. The great audience-chamber is one of the richest I know. The ceiling, painted by Tiepolo, represents the triumph of Spain. Round the cornice the artist has placed allegorical figures of its different provinces, distinguished by their productions, and attended by their inhabitants in the provincial habit. These form a most uncommon picture, and a curious set of *costumi*. The walls are incrusted with beautiful marble, and all around are hung with large plates of looking-glass in rich frames, from the glass-manufactory at St. Ildefonso, where they cast them of a very great size. A collection of pictures by the greatest masters of the art, adorns the walls of the inner apartments.

"At the bottom of the palace-yard is an old building, called the *Armeria*, containing a curious assortment of antique arms and weapons, kept in a manner that would have made poor Cornelius Scriblerus swoon at every step. No notable housemaid in England has her fire-grates half so bright as these coats of mail. They shew those of all the heroes that dignify the annals of Spain; those of St. Ferdinand, of Ferdinand the Catholic, his wife Isabella, Charles the Fifth, the great Captain Gonsalo, the King of Granada, and many others. Some suits are embossed with great nicety. The temper of the sword-blades is quite wonderful; you may lap them round your waist like a girdle. The art of tempering steel in Toledo

was lost about seventy years ago, and the project of reviving and encouraging it, is one of the favourite schemes of Charles III., who has erected proper works for it on the banks of the Tagus." *

Since Mr. Swinburne travelled, considerable improvements have taken place; but these again have been succeeded by disastrous changes. On the invasion of the Peninsula by the troops of Napoleon in 1808, Madrid was taken possession of by Murat. The Spanish troops in the capital at that time amounted to only 3,000, while in and about Madrid the French had 25,000, who occupied the Buen Retiro, and the heights of Casa del Campo; besides which they had 10,000 in Aranjuez, Toledo, and at the Escurial. Hopeless as was resistance, yet, on the 2d of May, when the last members of the royal family were departing, the inhabitants rose *en masse* against the invaders. The origin of the insurrection is not known; but the alarm and impulse having been given, every man of the lower ranks, who could arm himself with any kind of weapon, ran to attack the French. "There is no other instance upon record," says Dr. Southey, "of an attempt so brave and so utterly hopeless, when all the circumstances are considered. The Spanish troops were locked up in their barracks, and prevented from assisting their countrymen. Many of the French were massacred before they could collect and bring their force to act. But what could the people effect against so great a military force, prepared for such an insurrection, and eager, the leaders from political, the men from personal feelings, to strike a blow which should overawe

* Swinburne, vol. i. pp. 162—177. The most conspicuously placed, Townsend says, is the armour of Montezuma.

the Spaniards, and cause themselves to be respected? The French poured into the city on all sides; their flying artillery was brought up; in some places, the cavalry charged the populace; in others, the streets were cleared by repeated discharges of grape-shot. The great street of Alcala, the Puerta del Sol, and the great square, were the chief scenes of slaughter. In the latter, the people withstood several charges, and the officer who commanded the French had two horses killed under him: General Grouchy also had a horse wounded. The infantry fired volleys into every cross street as they passed, and fired also at the windows and balconies. The people, when they felt the superiority of the French, fled into the houses; the doors were broken open by command of the generals of brigade, Guillot and Daubrai, and all within who were found with arms were bayoneted; and parties of cavalry were stationed at the different outlets of Madrid, to pursue and cut down those who were flying from the town. A part of the mob, seeking an unworthy revenge for their defeat, attacked the French hospital; and some of the Spaniards who were employed within, encouraged at their approach, fell upon the sick and upon their medical attendants. But these base assailants were soon put to flight.

"At the commencement of the conflict, Murat ordered a detachment of 200 men to take possession of the arsenal.* Two officers happened to be upon guard there, by name Daoiz and Vellarde, the former about thirty years of age; the latter, some five years younger, was

* "This building had been the residence of the British ambassador, Sir Benjamin Keene, in the middle of the last century. There he died, and there he was interred, for there is no burial-place for Protestants at Madrid, and the body of a heretic could not be suffered to pollute a Catholic church!"

the person who had been sent to compliment Murat on his arrival in Spain. Little could they have foreseen, when they went that morning to their post, the fate which awaited them, and the renown which was to be its reward! Having got together about twenty soldiers of their corps, and a few countrymen who were willing to stand by them, they brought out a twenty-four pounder in front of the arsenal, to bear upon the straight and narrow street by which the enemy must approach, and planted two others in like manner to command two avenues which led into the street of the arsenal. They had received no instructions; they had no authority for acting thus; and if they escaped in the action, their own Government would, without doubt, either pass or sanction a sentence of death against them for their conduct; never, therefore, did any men act with more perfect self-devotion. Having loaded with grape, they waited till the discharge would take full effect, and such havoc did it make, that the French instantly turned back. The possession of the arsenal was of so much importance at this time, that two columns were presently ordered to secure it. They attempted it at the cost of many lives; and the Spaniards fired above twenty times before the enemy could break into the neighbouring houses and fire upon them from the windows. Velarde was killed by a musket-ball. Daoiz had his thigh broken: he continued to give orders sitting, till he received three other wounds, the last of which put an end to his life. Then, the person to whom he left the command offered to surrender; while they were making terms, a messenger arrived, bearing a white flag, and crying out, that the tumult was appeased. About two o'clock, the firing had ceased every where, through the personal interference of the Junta, the

Council of Castile, and other tribunals, who paraded the streets with many of the nobles, and with an escort of Spanish soldiers and Imperial guards intermixed. It might then have been hoped that the carnage of this dreadful day was ended. The slaughter among the Spaniards had been very great. This, however, did not satisfy Murat. Conformably to the system of his master, the work of death was to be continued in cool blood. A military tribunal, under General Grouchy, was formed, and the Spaniards who were brought before it, were sent away to be slaughtered, with little inquiry whether they had taken part in the struggle or not. Three groupes of forty each were successively shot in the Prado. Others, in like manner, were put to death near the Puerto del Sol and the Puerto del S. Vicente, and by the church of N. Señora de la Soledad, one of the most sacred places in the city. In this manner was the evening of that second of May employed at Madrid. The inhabitants were ordered to illuminate their houses,—a necessary means of safety for their invaders, in a city not otherwise lighted; and through the whole night, the dead and the dying might be seen distinctly, as in broad noon-day, lying upon the bloody pavement. When morning came, the same mockery of justice was continued; and fresh murders were committed deliberately, with the forms of military execution, during several succeeding days." *

On the 20th of July, 1808, the intrusive king entered Madrid, the battle of Rio Seco having opened the way to the capital; but he had not been here many days, when the news of the battle of Baylen, which led to the evacuation of Andalusia, compelled

* Southey's Peninsular War, vol. i. pp. 246—50.

him to consult his safety by retiring to Vittoria. In the following December, Napoleon entered Madrid in person, to re-establish the royal fugitive on his precarious throne. The inhabitants made every preparation to defend the place; and Morla, the governor, made a shew of resistance. An attack was commenced on the Buen Retiro, which had been fortified with some care; and a breach being made in the walls, the place was carried, but not till after a thousand Spaniards had fallen in defending it. The French were repulsed from the gates of Fuencanal and Segovia; but the other outlets were won, and the fall of the city would have been inevitable, though the conflict would have been dreadfully sanguinary, had not Napoleon, anxious to avoid incurring the odium of destroying the capital, suspended the attack, and allowed Morla to capitulate. On the 22d of January following, after the abandonment of Galicia by the English army, Joseph the First re-entered Madrid amid the "symphonies" of a hundred pieces of artillery; and a *Te Deum* concluded the solemn mockery of his re-instalment in the throne. Here he now for some time maintained his court, till the battle of Vittoria, on the 21st of June, 1813, led to a definitive liberation from the French yoke. In the revolution of 1820, Madrid took an early part, and Ferdinand was compelled to accede to the popular demand for the constitution of 1812. Another French invader has since then occupied the seat of the fugitive Constitutional Government; fresh horrors have desolated the city; and Ferdinand has returned, the absolute tyrant of a humbled and enslaved people.

Mr. Quin gives us a picture of Madrid as it was in 1823. "There were at one time," he says, "no fewer than 146 churches and chapels in Madrid, 33

monasteries, and 29 nunneries. Such have been the changes wrought on these buildings and establishments by the all-plundering hands of the French and the reforming laws of the Cortes, that there are very few of them at present worth visiting. The royal palace also bears traces of the French invasion. It appeared to me a much handsomer building than the Tuilleries. It is entirely of stone work; the gates and doors are of mahogany.....The two additional wings commenced by Charles III. spoil, however, the harmony of the edifice, and being in an unfinished state, disfigure the general appearance of a palace which would otherwise deserve to be styled the handsomest in Europe." This traveller's description of the carnival of February 1823, is too characteristic to be omitted.

"Little would any person who had seen the streets of Madrid during the carnival*, imagine that at this period, Spain was harassed by internal factions, threatened with a foreign invasion, and reduced almost to the verge of national bankruptcy. The jubilee of this festive season is displayed chiefly in the number, diversity, and gayety of the masques, which animate the principal streets. About noon, they begin to make their appearance, traversing the streets in groupes, and between four o'clock and half-past five, they all meet in the Prado, which is crowded with visiters, and they perform such antics as are suitable to the characters which they represent. On the first day, there was a slight sprinkling of these masques on the Prado. The most amusing fellow amongst them was a shoemaker, who carried a rule of an immense size; with this machine in his hand,

* "Sunday, 9th, Monday, 10th, and Tuesday, 11th of February."

he claimed the privilege of approaching the handsomest ladies in the Prado, in order to measure their feet. They complied with the operation, particularly those who had delicately shaped feet to display, with the utmost good-nature. A number of women, who were collected in the middle of the street of Alcala, raised an incessant shout of laughter, mingled with attempts at singing, while they tossed a stuffed figure of Sancho in a blanket. The representation of this faithful follower of Don Quixote, when whirled aloft in the air, excited irrepressible mirth; and the shout was doubled when, by the awkwardness of the women in tossing the figure, it fell upon some of the bystanders. No man was permitted to assist them in this operation, as time out of mind it belongs exclusively to the other sex. It is impossible to give an idea of the enjoyment which poor Sancho created. It was a scene of downright fun, shout after shout, talk, laughter, song, such as the weeping philosopher himself could not have resisted, had he witnessed it.

"At night, there was a masquerade at the Teatro del Principe, and so great was the demand for admission, that at half-past ten, when the doors were opened, not a ticket was to be had, except from the retailers — persons who buy up a number of tickets in the morning, at the common price, one dollar each, and at night sell them for two, and sometimes even three dollars. It was calculated, that at least eighteen hundred persons were present, and of these, perhaps, not more than fifty were without masks. There is this difference between a Spanish and an English masquerade, that, at the latter, scarcely any person is seen dressed in character, who does not at the same time attempt some exhibition in which that character is developed. A hermit assumes the language of the cell, a doctor

offers his prescriptions, and a poet pesters every body with his rhymes. But at a Spanish masquerade, the character reaches no further than the dress; and, under different disguises, all meet for one purpose, that of spending the whole night till morning dawns in dancing. Indeed, it can scarcely be said that, in the generality of the dresses, any character is intended to be represented. The object seems to be to effect the most complete concealment by the comic aspect of the masks, and by dresses which have little relation to their features. The voice too is disguised, and there is kept up a constant din of feigned tones and squeaking salutations. The dances follow each other in the order of country-dances, rigadoons, and waltzes; and as this is an amusement to which the Spaniards are passionately attached, one may imagine the spirit with which it was maintained till a late hour the following morning. Several persons of distinction were present, who, under cover of their masks, mingled without fear of discovery in the joyous scene, and frequently danced, for aught they knew, in the same circle with their wives or husbands, though perhaps not exactly intending such a rencontre.

"It is impossible to avoid praising the urbanity and decency which presided over the amusements of the night. Not the slightest incident occurred to disturb the harmony of the meeting, crowded as it was. An excellent band occupied the orchestra, and the different successions of the dances were arranged by two or three officers, whose dictates were instantly obeyed, as law, by every part of the company. There were guards of soldiers in attendance; but, from the great order which prevailed, their presence seemed almost unnecessary. In the coffee-room, refreshments were served at a moderate price.

"The number of masks on the Prado on the second day (Monday) was very considerable. In the evening, several ladies and gentlemen attended Lady A'Court's tertulia in fancy dresses. The young Marquis of Santa Cruz appeared very elegantly dressed as a Moorish prince. The naturally dark Spanish countenance becomes this dress exceedingly. His mother, the marchioness, who is yet in the prime of life, and who, before her marriage, was considered the most beautiful woman in Spain, was arrayed in a vest and turban of silver tissue, which set off her person to great advantage. The young Marchioness of Alcanisas presented herself in the ancient dress of Andalusia, which, without being costly, is extremely beautiful. Her two younger sisters appeared also in provincial dresses, which became them remarkably well, particularly that of the youngest, who was dressed as a Mallorcine, or native of Majorca. The Dutchess of Frias was attired as Cleopatra, with a long, flowing, white veil, her bosom starred with diamonds. Several others of the company were fancifully arrayed: amongst the ornaments were a profusion of diamonds, and elegantly wrought gold and silver crosses, the favourite decorations in all Catholic countries. Lady A'Court, who was attired in a rich lace dress, presided with her usual dignity over this animated and elegant scene. The company began to pour in at ten o'clock. Soon after that hour the rooms were crowded, and dancing commenced. It was an extremely interesting sight, to view the various Spanish provincial dresses, set off by so many fine forms, mingling together on this gay occasion. The Spaniards seemed to enjoy it much, and to the foreigners who were present, it was productive of equal delight. The com-

pany did not separate till a late hour the following morning.

" On the third and last day of the Carnival (Shrove Tuesday), ' all the world and his wife,' to use a Spanish saying, were out. There were at least a thousand persons of both sexes, young and old, masqued, who traversed the Prado in groupes ; a task which they would have found difficult enough, on account of the vast crowd which attended, if every disposition had not been shewn to accommodate them. One of the first groupes which appeared was headed by a watchman, who held before him an old iron lantern. Some of this groupe were dressed in a very fantastic manner. Another groupe was headed by a musician, who played on a broken old guitar with one string. In another quarter were seen Don Quixote and his man Sancho. One mask excited great amusement, who had a stuffed figure so attached to him that he appeared to be riding upon a man's back. In the conception of these and innumerable other masks, a great deal of the spirit of broad comedy prevailed. But a groupe of five masks, one of whom was seated on an ass, his face turned towards the animal's tail, afforded the greatest amusement of all. By an inscription placed on his hat, it appeared that he was intended to represent a ' Diplomatist of Verona.' He held in his hand some sheets of blank paper, and he observed a most important silence. On his right hand he was attended by a mask, the representative of the Regency of Urgel ; and on his left, the Russian and Prussian ambassadors. The King of France was stationed at the ass's tail. They were received with shouts of laughter wherever they appeared. An old-clothes man, with a bag on his shoulder, and hat of

rush matting, with a leaf a yard wide, presented also a droll appearance. From the Prado he pursued his way into the streets, stopped before the balconies where he saw any ladies, viewed them for a while through his immense tin eye-glass, and then ran off to another part of the street. A mask with the face behind, giving the idea of a man walking backwards, shook the sides of all the old women with laughter. Some grave masks appeared on horseback; others in caleches, giving curious ideas of contrasts; and, in fact, all Madrid seemed to have taken leave of their senses on this occasion. It was observable, however, that in all this crowded scene, not the slightest disturbance occurred, no altercation of any sort, no picking of pockets (as would have happened in London if such a scene were exhibited there), and, above all, not the least approach to indecorum was to be discovered. Every body appeared to be actuated by an innocent spirit of mirth; and, immense as the crowd was, the police deemed it unnecessary to take the least precaution for securing public order. The weather was delightfully fine.

"At night, the masquerade at the Teatro del Principe was crowded. The theatre was not cleared until eight o'clock on the morning of Ash Wednesday. This being the first day of Lent, the Prado presented a very different aspect from that of the last three days. A penitential stillness reigned in the streets, and the churches were crowded with those persons who, during the Carnival, were perhaps the gayest of the gay. The theatres were all ordered to be shut during the Lent, as no public amusements of any sort were permitted, except musical concerts, which were conducted upon a minor scale, at an assembly-room called the Cruz de Malta. In the course of the Lent, however,

this rule was a little relaxed for the first time, as operas were allowed to be performed twice a week."

Among the few objects of literary or scientific interest which the Spanish capital presents, the royal cabinet of natural history claims to be noticed. In the same edifice, which forms one of the chief ornaments of the street of Alcala, are held the meetings of the Academy of Fine Arts, founded by Philip V.* This fine museum is open to the public on certain days in the week, and every person of decent appearance is gratuitously admitted. "The collection of animals, birds, ores, spars, and other articles of natural history, is not," Mr. Semple says, "superior, perhaps, to those of many other countries; but the curiosities from America, which are shewn apart, are such as can no where else be found. Not only the skins of animals and birds peculiar to that continent are here preserved, but also the arms, dress, and utensils of the ancient Peruvians and Mexicans. Among these may be observed the great standard of the Mexicans, the drinking-cup of Montezuma, formed of a single precious stone, and his golden sceptre." There is the skeleton of a nondescript animal, apparently larger than the elephant, which was dug up at Buenos Ayres. The royal library, formed in 1712, is also open to the public: it amounted, many years ago, to upwards of 100,000 volumes, exclusive of a large collection of manuscripts.

Before the revolution of 1812, there were only two

* This double appropriation of the building is happily expressed in the inscription: *Carolus III. naturam et artem sub uno tecto in publicam utilitatem consociavit anno M.DCC.LXXIV.* A new building for the museum was begun many years ago, near the Prado, which promised to surpass in architectural beauty every edifice in Madrid; the architect's name was Villanueva.

newspapers published in the capital. One of these, the *Diario*, consisted merely of government ordinances and advertisements: it was small and badly printed, but had a sale of about 2000 daily. The other, the *Gazéta*, was the Spanish Moniteur. The expansion of the public mind which followed the subsequent changes, appeared from the number of political pamphlets which issued weekly from the press,—"some of them written with eloquence, irony, and humour, that would not have disgraced the best age of Spanish literature,"—also, translations, in a cheap form, of several English and French political works, and a considerable number of short-lived periodical journals. The *Espectador* (Spectator), the principal official journal of the Constitutional Government, and the organ of the Freemasons, had a daily sale of about 5,000: with the exception of the articles contributed by San Miguel, it was heavily written. The *Universal* was a ministerial paper, which affected to support the cause of the Moderates, and was partly supported by the *Afrancesados* (Bonapartists): of this paper, during the ministry of Martinez de la Rosa, above 7,000 were sold. The *Indicador* was at first the Morning Post of Madrid; it then became the organ of the Landaburian Society, which led to its being merged in the *Patriota Espanol*, a short-lived paper, supported by the *Communeros*. The *Zurriago* (Scourge) was an occasional publication in the form of a small-sized pamphlet, written with peculiar acrimony and democratic virulence: its sale varied from 5,000 to 14,000. The *Telegrafo* appeared four times a week, printed on ballad-paper, price one half-penny. Of provincial papers there were many; but the only one of any reputation was the *Liberal Guipuscoana*,

published at St. Sebastian.* All of these, it is presumed, have been suppressed or discontinued since the fall of the Constitutional Government, and Madrid has relapsed into gloom, formality, and apathy.

Under the old regime, which is now re-established in the person of the absolute king, almost the whole population of Madrid might be considered as a mere appendage to the court, which regularly shifted, according to the different seasons of the year, to San Ildefonso, the Escurial, and Aranjuez, and its absence was immediately felt. In order to check the ancient feudal spirit, the whole of the Spanish nobility were required to reside in the capital; and what was at first the effect of a political arrangement, became at length so much established by fashion, that banishment to the country was deemed a grievous punishment. "From this great concourse of nobility," says Mr. Semple, "the manners even of the lower classes partake of much urbanity, mixed, however, with an attention to punctilios. If two porters meet, they do not fail to salute each other with the title of *señor* and *caballero*. All ranks are jealous of giving the wall in walking the streets, and duels have not unfrequently taken place on this account. Assassinations are, however, less frequent, considering the population, than in most of the great towns in Spain."

In their diet, the citizens are temperate and uniform. The universal and regular dish for all classes is the *potcheiro*, a stew of meat with an excellent species of large pea which grows in the utmost perfection near San Ildefonso. With by far the greater part of the population, this forms the whole dinner, and is truly a national dish, being regularly served every day

* Quin, pp. 206—10.

at the king's table, as well as at that of the poorest mechanic. Another favourite dish is called *gazpacho*, consisting of bread, oil, vinegar, onions, salt, and red-pepper mixed together in water. With such a mess, a Spaniard of the lower class appeases his hunger for the whole day. To these national dishes may be added, the *sopa de gato*, or soup-meagre, made of bread, oil, salt, garlick, and water; and *migas*, crums of bread, fried with oil, salt, and pepper. On the latter, or on rice with a sausage or a bit of pork-lard boiled in it, the Spanish troops have subsisted for months, during the first Peninsular war, without a murmur. In almost all the dishes, except the *potheiro*, oil is greatly used, and that not of the best quality.* Two other chief ingredients in Spanish cookery are, the *tomata*, or love-apple, and the green pepper pod: the former stewed, and the latter boiled and eaten with bread, form, in their seasons, very material articles of food among the lower classes. The only three decent inns in Madrid are kept by Italians. The markets are scantily supplied with meat,—beef and veal from Aragon, mutton from Toledo and Leon, pork from Estremadura, game from Old Castile and other districts, and fish from Valencia,—but plentifully with vegetables and fruit from Valencia and Aragon, flour from Old Castile, and wine from La Mancha. The grapes, melons, peaches, and cherries, are delicious.

* "The oil of Valencia is excellent, but is never met with on the roads; and an Englishman is astonished to find that, except at Madrid, he cannot obtain at any price such good oil as is commonly used in London. There are some landlords that draw their wine and their vinegar from the same cask; but all of them draw the oil for their lamps and their ragouts from the same jar."—SEMPLE, vol. i. p. 71.

During dinner, the Castilians drink plentifully of wine diluted with water, and a few bottles of French wine terminate the repast; coffee is then served up, after which the company retire to take their *siesta*. Fresh parties are formed in the evening, either for the prado, the theatre, or *tertulias*. "In the use of wine," says Mr. Semple, "they are certainly temperate; and a drunken Spaniard, even of the lowest class, is scarcely ever seen in the streets of Madrid. To atone for this, they smoke immoderately, and at all hours, from their first rising to their hour of going to bed. They do not use pipes, but smoke the tobacco leaf itself rolled up, or cut small and wrapped in a slight covering, such as paper, or the thin leaves of maize. Great quantities of tobacco thus prepared are imported from the Havannah, under the name of cigars, in slight cedar or mahogany boxes, containing a thousand each. Those wrapt in the leaf of maize are called pachillos, or little straws, and are chiefly smoked by the women, for whose use also others are formed of white paper, ornamented with a kind of gold wire. I have seen women of some rank playing at cards, and smoking these pachillos. The great dutchess of Alva, one of the most sensible and noble-spirited women that Spain has produced for many years, was fond of using them. The amusements are now much the same as in other parts of Europe, and contain little that is national, since the suppression of the bull-fights by the late king. Humanity was the motive alleged for this suppression; but it is said to have been occasioned by the people loudly expressing their dissatisfaction at some orders given by him relative to the management of a fight where he was present. The murmur was called a mutiny; despotism was alarmed; and either to shew his fears or his power, the king at once forbade this

favourite diversion of the Spanish people. The heat of the climate discourages athletic exercises; walking on the prado, riding in carriages, cards, smoking, and billiards, are therefore the principal amusements of the inhabitants of Madrid. Their theatres are seldom thronged but on the representation of a new piece; and the public taste is certainly here not very correct, and often applauds not merely buffooneries, but indecency. Translations from Kotzebue and the German dramatists have also found their way to the Spanish boards; and although favourably enough received, have not been crowned with that madness of applause which some years ago disgraced the public taste of England. They are fond of dramas taken from their own history; and I have seen a Spanish audience kindled into a momentary enthusiasm by the representation of the brave actions of a Cortez, or a Pizarro; or melted into tears at the sight of Columbus in chains, whilst he related what he had done for his country, and reproached an ungrateful court for his unrewarded services and unmerited sufferings. The play is generally followed by a dance of one or two persons, and is either the fandango or the bolero. The former is not very decent; but the latter, in which the dancers keep time with their castanets, is pleasing. The people are astonishingly fond of both, and, although the dance lasts but a very short time, appear often to derive more pleasure from it than from the whole play. The dress of the female dancers is that of the Andalusian women, carried to excess in ornaments, spangles, and fringes, but producing a rich and seductive effect."

"The religious processions are managed here with great magnificence, and may indeed be termed one of the principal amusements of the people. Sometimes

it is the relique of a martyr, sometimes of a female saint, and even of an apostle, or a primitive father of the church. The invaluable skull, or arm, or finger is carried through the streets, encased in gold, and covered with a canopy, and the people throw themselves on their knees as it approaches them. But great is the joy when the entire body of a saint, or a whole bag of holy bones, is the subject of the piece. Notice is publicly given of the streets through which the procession is to pass, and the balconies are hung with rich carpets and velvet curtains, at the same time that they are crowded with women dressed in their finest clothes. First marches a band of music playing solemn tunes; then choristers, who chant anthems; and they are followed by a long, double row of monks, with lighted tapers in their hands, and generally clothed in white. A little boy, and sometimes a man, walks alongside of each of the monks, and catches the wax which drops from the tapers; and it is indeed astonishing how much is thus collected in the course of a single procession. At length appears the holy relic, carried by six or eight sturdy priests, on a shrine of massy silver, and shaded from the night air by a rich canopy of silk. A priest precedes it, swinging a silver censer, which throws out clouds of perfume, and walking backwards, that he may not seem to shew any disrespect to the sacred bones. A company of soldiers, with fixed bayonets, closes the procession; and happy are they who are chosen for this service, not only on account of the holiness of the office, but also because they are paid a quarter of a dollar each. A vast crowd of both sexes, and of every age and condition, follow the whole with heads uncovered. I saw the relics of Santa Barbara thus carried and thus attended. It was on the very

same day and hour, some thousand years ago, as every body well knows, that she was carried up into heaven, being a particular favourite of the Holy Virgin. Fortunately, she left behind her all her clothes, even to the shoes on her feet, and the jewels in her hair, and which, it needs not be doubted, have ever since been scrupulously preserved. The place of the body was supplied by the image of a handsome young woman, richly dressed, reposing on a couch of silver, and her head encircled with golden rays; but I was astonished to find that female dress had undergone so little variation in Spain for these last thousand years. Santa Barbara might have gone to court without being stared at; and even her shoes, which were of red Morocco leather, I should have imagined had been made only a few days before, had not two long rows of tapers, a band of soldiers, and a kneeling multitude sufficiently proved that they could not be less than a millennium old. A church had been previously illuminated and prepared for her reception; and rockets were fired in constant succession, until she was safely lodged before the grand altar. Here she lay in state, until at least one-fourth of the population of Madrid had passed in review through the church, and paid their devotions at her shrine."

The standard of morals in the capital cannot be expected to be higher than in the southern cities. Mr. Townsend states, that jealousy is never discovered on the part of a modern husband, but fickleness in a lady towards her *cortejo* is disreputable. "As soon as any lady marries, she is teased by numerous competitors for this distinguished favour, till she has fixed her choice. If the lady is at home, he is at her side; when she walks out, she leans upon his arm; when she takes her seat at an assembly, an empty

chair is always left for him; and if she joins the country-dances, it is commonly with him." The husband is completely nobody at home, seldom visible, or, if visible, often a perfect stranger to those who visit in his family. The *tertulias* are given by the ladies, and an introduction to the lady of the house is all that is requisite to give a free admission. Friendship apart from passion, domestic virtue, and the charities of life, cannot be known where such a system prevails. The old Spaniard whom we meet with in novels, was a more respectable personage. Altogether, Mr. Southey says, this is "an unpleasant town,"—at least to an Englishman. "The necessaries of life are extravagantly dear, and the comforts are not to be procured. In summer, the heat is intolerable, and in winter, the cold is very severe; for the soil round the city produces nitre in great abundance, and the Guadarama mountains are covered with snow. You have then the agreeable alternative of being starved for want of a fire, or suffocated with the fumes of charcoal. Farewell Madrid! I shall say of thee with the Portuguese poet (Pedro da Costa Perestrello),

> *'Quien te quiere, no te sabe;*
> *Quien te sabe, no te quiere.'*
> He who likes thee, does not know thee;
> He who knows thee, does not like thee." *

Madrid has, properly speaking, neither suburbs nor environs. Immediately after passing through most of the gates, the traveller enters on a desert, and looks in vain, except toward the Manzanares, for woods, or even trees,† for pleasant villages or farm-houses. The

* Southey's Letters from Spain, &c., vol. i. pp. 201, 12.

† "It would be easy," remarks Laborde, "to re-introduce foliage into a country that was once covered with wood, and has

few hamlets seen at a distance in various directions, have a dull and melancholy appearance. Of the few favoured spots in the vicinity, the greater part belong to the crown. Such is the *Casa del Campo*, to the east of Madrid, on the opposite side of the river; the *Zarzuela*, two leagues north of Madrid, celebrated for its gardens; and the royal hunting-seat of the Pardo, situated between two hills on the left bank of the Manzanares, two leagues from the capital, and embosomed in forests, to which the Castilian monarchs used to repair before the court was transferred to Madrid. "The Manzanares," says Mr. Semple, "although in summer a mere rivulet, is yet of great importance to a large city, situated in the middle of an arid country, and in a warm climate. As the heat of the summer increases, it is carefully husbanded, and led into narrow channels, where several hundreds of washerwomen are constantly seen employed. In one of these channels, square holes are dug, and little huts covered with mats are erected over them. These are the baths of Madrid, and as the stream, though small, keeps perpetually running through them, they may well supply the place of more elegant edifices. In the month of September, these are struck, one after another, unless perhaps a solitary one remains until heavy rains among the hills swell the Manzanares into a torrent, and in a night's time sweep away all vestiges of these summer structures. These, however, seldom come unawares. For several days, large clouds collect on the summits

since been cultivated with wheat and barley. There are few vineyards, though the soil is most happily adapted to such plantations." Dillon assigns as one reason of the notorious antipathy of the Castilians to trees, that the farmers object to them as attracting and harbouring birds.

of the Guadarrama mountains, and announce by their thick darkness and vivid flashes of lightning, the heavy rains which are falling near the sources of the river. The distant thunder is faintly heard to roll among the valleys, and a few drops of rain even reach as far as Madrid: but in the morning, the air, which for several days has been oppressive, becomes cool and refreshing, and the inhabitants, with some satisfaction, desire a stranger to go and see their river, the Manzanares.

"The most interesting walk in the neighbourhood of Madrid is on the north side; for, although the country is perfectly open, yet, the range of the Guadarrama mountains, the nearest of which are about twenty miles distant, presents at all times a grand object. If the sky is clear, we contemplate with pleasure their bold outlines, the deep shades which mark their valleys, and their prominent distant cliffs, enlightened by the sun. Their appearance is still more interesting when shrouded, almost to their bases, in clouds and rolling storms; and in winter, their summits are covered with snow. Of a different nature is a walk of a few miles along the borders of a canal planted with trees, and not worthy of being mentioned, except as the only one of its kind near the city. This canal was begun with great eagerness and great magnificence. It was destined to open a communication between the capital and the eastern provinces, but particularly with the rivers which take their rise in the mountains on the borders of Arragon; namely, the Tagus, running to the westward, and the Guadalaviar and the Xucar, which fall into the Mediterranean, opposite to the islands of Ivica and Majorca. Reservoirs were sketched out among the Guadarrama mountains, to collect and preserve the winter rains;

several miles of the canal were dug, furnished with two or three locks, and planted along the borders with trees; but, by some fatality, the project is still incomplete, or rather has been abandoned for a new one. The traveller toward San Ildefonso or Segovia beholds the ruins of immense mounds across the valleys, destined as reservoirs; or, if at Madrid, may walk a few miles under the shade of trees, along the banks of a stagnant canal; and he has then seen all that exists of this mighty project, the advantages of which to Spain were to have been incalculable. A third walk is along the great road leading to San Ildefonso and the Escurial. It runs for some distance along the Manzanares, shaded by trees; and, after walking a few miles, we arrive at a small wood, the only one near Madrid. Here the citizens, both men and women, resort on their holidays in great numbers, forming cheerful parties under the shade of the trees, where they come and eat their dinners with a better relish than at home. As the Spanish women of all ranks are wholly free from reserve, they sing, and laugh, and joke with the passing stranger, whom they never fail to offer a share of their repast."

THE ESCURIAL.

THE grandest monument raised by the Spanish monarchs, one of their favourite places of resort, and their final home, is the Escurial; more properly, the palace and monastery of San Lorenzo, distant seven leagues from Madrid.* The road for the first

* Escurial is properly the name of the village, which is about a mile from San Lorenzo. Different etymologies have been assigned; among others, *Esculetum*, a beech-grove, and *Scoria*, the dross of iron-forges: but Casiri says that the word is Arabic (which is

three leagues over the desolate plain, is wholly uninteresting. The forests of El Pardo and La Zarzuela are left on the traveller's right hand. The road then crosses a mountain, from the top of which is obtained the first view of the palace; and thence descends into a basin, surrounded by hills of the wildest aspect, and covered with large stones or brushwood, with few signs of cultivation. On approaching the Escurial, the road improves; and after entering the first gate, which is about a league from the palace, it is evident that pains have been taken to render the land more worthy of being included in the royal demesne. It is, however, so marshy and rocky as to produce scarcely any thing but stunted trees. "The beautiful and sacred bird, the stork," may often be seen marching here in all the pride of his snow-white plumage, and in conscious security. "The choice which Philip II. made of this sandy, rugged situation," remarks M. Bourgoing, "well coincides with the savage, morose character ascribed to that prince." We shall avail ourselves of Mr. Quin's visit to this place, as the latest description.

"The edifice, popularly called 'The Escurial,' consists of a palace and a convent. But the title of palace belongs, in truth, more to the convent than to that part of the building which is appropriated to the royal residence. It unites a regal costliness and design with religious gloom: it is an abode fit for a kingly monk, who wished to withdraw occasionally from the cares of the throne, and to relieve or restrain the projects of an ambitious mind, by the solitude of the clois-

far more probable), signifying the rocky place. The quarry from which the stone was obtained with which the edifice is built, is in the vicinity; and this circumstance is said to have been one of the motives for choosing the situation.

ter and the affecting ceremonies of religion. To such an establishment a number of monks was necessary, in order that the hood and habit might give a character to the scene; that the royal solitary might have opportunities of observing them move through the cloisters; that the high altar might be decorously served, the processions fully attended, the hymns and psalms chanted by an adequate choir, with the assistance of organs; and that the matin and vesper bells might soothe his wearied spirit.

"Such a king was the founder of this royal monastery, Philip the Second, who dedicated it to St. Lorenzo, in consequence of a particular devotion which he paid to that martyr, and of his success in the memorable battle of St. Quintin against the French arms, on the 10th of August, 1557, the festival of St. Lorenzo's martyrdom. In the plan of the convent, that of a pantheon was included, in pursuance of the will of the emperor Charles V., in which his remains and those of the empress were deposited, in order that frequent masses might be said over their tombs for the repose of their souls. The edifice was begun in 1563, and finished in 1584. It stands in an elevated situation, between the declivities of two mountains which divide the two Castilles, and forms a rectangular parallelogram, measuring, from north to south, seven hundred and forty-four feet, and from east to west, five hundred and eighty. Its elevation is in due proportion: it is built chiefly of granite in the Doric order, the roofs covered with slates or lead, with the exception of the roof of the temple, which is of granite. The towers, domes, spires, gates, doors, and windows, are constructed with a uniformity which, upon the first view of the Escurial, gives it rather a heavy appearance. Its plan is in imitation of a grid-

iron, in reference to the torture suffered on that utensil by the martyr to whom the convent is dedicated. The royal residence forms the handle, and the feet are designated by the four towers in the corners of the edifice.

" The original architect, Juan Bautista, avoided placing the four façades directly opposite the four points of the compass, in order to protect the building from the four cardinal winds, which of all others are the strongest, and particularly so in this situation. The principal front, in which is the general entrance, looks towards the west. Over the gate is a statue of St. Lorenzo, vested as a deacon, and holding a book in his left hand, and in his right a gridiron of gilt bronze. The whole building consists of three principal parts: the first, which occupies the whole diameter of the parallelogram from west to east, comprehends the grand entrance, the patio or square of the kings, as it is called, and the temple. The second comprises the southern side, which is divided into four cloisters, and contains the cells of the conventual monks, and is therefore more particularly called the convent. The third part corresponds to the northern side, and is appropriated to the palace and two colleges.

" On entering by the great western gate, the visiter finds himself in the square of the kings, so called from six statues of scriptural kings, which are in front of the temple. They are at least twice as large as life; and it is a curious circumstance, that the six statues, as well as that of St. Lorenzo, already mentioned, were cut out of the same block of stone. It is more curious still, that as much of the block yet remains as would furnish materials for seven more statues equally large.

" Beneath these statues is the principal entrance to the temple, which is a very noble building, and impresses the mind with a stronger feeling of religious solemnity and awe than any sacred edifice I have ever seen. It consists of three aisles. In the middle aisle, over the principal entrance, is the choir, which looks towards the high altar; and at the sides are several small chapels. The roof is vaulted, and there are eight compartments of it, exquisitely painted in fresco by Lucas Jordan. The most interesting subjects of these paintings are, the conception, the birth of Christ and adoration of the angels, and the prediction of the mysteries of our redemption by the four sibyls. The floor is formed of squares of white and grey marble, alternately arranged. The whole building is three hundred and twenty feet long by two hundred and thirty feet wide: the height in proportion. It is constructed of the best granite, and in the Doric order.

" The aspect of the great altar, which is at the eastern side of the temple, is extremely imposing. It is ascended by nineteen steps of red-veined jasper marble, which elevate it to a majestic height. The altar-piece is composed of eighteen columns of red or green jasper, in the intervals between which are fifteen bronze statues gilt in fire, together with eight large and original paintings. The bases and capitals of the columns are of gilt bronze, and they form four compartments, which are in the four different orders of architecture—the Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite. Behind the great altar is the sacrarium, where the tabernacle is placed. The steps leading to the altar, on which the tabernacle reposes, are formed of jasper inlaid with white marble. The walls

are painted in fresco with scriptural subjects, analogous to the ministry of the place, — such as, the Israelites gathering the manna, and the last supper. The custodia, which is now deposited there, is a small temple of gilt wood. The precious tabernacle which formerly belonged to it, was taken away and broken up by the French. It enclosed a small custodia, which was ornamented with a profusion of gold and precious stones.

" At each side of the great altar in the temple are oratories for the king and other members of the royal family. Over these oratories are two small and curious chapels; in each of which are five figures larger than life, of bronze gilt in fire, which are said to be good resemblances of the royal personages whom they represent. The principal figure in the chapel, on the gospel side of the altar, is that of Charles V. in an imperial mantle, with his head uncovered. He is on his knees, his face turned towards the great altar, and his hands joined in the attitude of prayer. On his right hand is the empress Isabel; behind, his daughter Maria, also in an imperial mantle; and in order after her are Eleanora and Maria, sisters of the emperor. On the wall of this chapel there are several inscriptions, among them the following: —' *Hunc locum si quis posterorum Caroli V. habitam gloriam rerum gestarum splendore superaveris, ipse solus occupato, cæteri reverenter abstinete.*'—' If any of the posterity of Charles V. exceed in splendour the wonted glory of his achievements, do you alone occupy this place; all others reverently keep away.'—In the chapel on the epistle side are figures of Philip II.; his fourth and last wife Ana; on his right hand, behind her, his third wife Isabel; on her right his first wife Maria,

princess of Portugal, and her son Don Carlos behind her; all in the same material and attitudes as those on the opposite side. The temple is decorated with forty paintings, including those of the great altar, by different masters.

"From the temple, Padre Miguel conducted me to the pantheon, which is immediately under the great altar. We entered by a door of rich wood, and after descending a flight of twenty-five steps, we came to a landing-place, where is found the entrance to the principal staircase of the pantheon. Over the door is a slab of black Italian marble, upon which is an inscription in letters of gilt bronze, importing that the vault is sacred to the mortal remains of the Catholic kings, that it was directed to be constructed by Charles V., planned by Philip II., begun by Philip III., and finished by Philip IV. Over this marble, at each side, is a bronze figure of Italian workmanship: that on the right represents human nature as perished, in signification of which a crown is falling from her head, and a sceptre from her hand, and on a small tablet is written, *Natura occidit.* The other figure is Hope, signified by the inscription, *Exaltat Spes*, and a torch of bronze. Passing through this superb entrance, we descended by a staircase of thirty-four marble steps, the landing-place, roof, and sides cased with jasper marble highly polished, and hung with two massive bronze gilt candelabras. The pantheon, where the remains are deposited, is a circular vault of thirty-six feet diameter by thirty-eight feet in height. The materials of which the pantheon and chapel adjoining it are formed, are jasper and other marbles of fine polish, filled with ornaments of gilt bronze, in the composite order of architecture; and in all their parts the greatest uniformity and symmetry are observed.

In the sides of the pantheon, to which but a very feeble light is admitted, are twenty-six niches, in which are deposited as many sepulchral urns of black marble, with bronze gilt mouldings, supported on lions' claws of bronze; and in the front of each is a bronze gilt plate, on which are inscribed the name and titles of the persons whose remains it encloses. The relics mouldering here are those of the Emperor Charles V., of Philip II., Philip IV., Charles II., Luis I., Charles III., Charles IV., the Empress Isabel, Ana, fourth wife of Philip II., Margarita, only wife of Philip III., Isabel of Bourbon, first wife of Philip IV., Maria Ana of Austria, second wife of Philip IV., Maria Luisa of Savoy, first wife of Philip V., Maria Amalia of Saxony, only wife of Charles III., Maria Luisa of Bourbon, only wife of Charles IV. In this principal pantheon only crowned kings are interred, and such queens as continued the succession. The other queens, together with the princes and princesses, are deposited in another less splendid and more crowded vault, which is called the pantheon of the Infantes.

" It is not unworthy of remark, that although the construction of a sepulchral chamber for the remains of his august progenitor, his own, and those of other kings his successors, was one of the principal objects which induced Philip II. to build the Escurial, yet he gave his attention chiefly to the monastery. The original vault which he had constructed was a small one of common stone, without light or ornament, with a dark, narrow, winding staircase. This defect he acknowledged when he said, that 'he had raised a habitation for GOD, and that his son might, if he wished, make one for his bones and those of his fathers.'

"From the pantheon, we ascended to the principal library, which is situated over the porch in the square of the kings, and occupies a great extent on that side of the building. The floor is of white and grey marble, and the ceiling is admirably painted in fresco with subjects analogous to the place. In one compartment, Philosophy is shewing the terraqueous globe to Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and Seneca, all in colossal figures; and below the cornice is the school of Athens, divided into the two sects of Stoics and Academics. In another, Grammar, enthroned on clouds, surrounded by children with books and papers in their hands, presents to them a wreath of flowers to excite emulation. Beneath the cornice the sons of Noah are seen building the tower of Babel, where God confounded their language, and gave them different dialects; and on the opposite side is represented the first school that was ever formed in the world, as far as we know, in which, by order of Nebuchodonosor, the Israelite and Chaldean boys were collected, in order to learn the Babylonian idiom and other sciences. A third compartment is assigned to Rhetoric, in which are introduced Isocrates, Demosthenes, Cicero, and Quintilian. Cicero is pleading for Rabirius, accused of treason, and the painting represents the emotions which his eloquence kindles in the hearts of the judges, and the liberation of the prisoner. Arithmetic, dialectics, music, geometry, astronomy, and theology, have each their separate compartments, and the *tout ensemble* is magnificent. Along the middle of the room are ranged seven tables, two of porphyry, and the other five of marble, which sustain spheres, terrestrial and celestial globes, according to different systems. The book-cases are ranged on both sides, between the windows, and

contain printed books in all languages. They are mostly bound in parchment; upon their edges, which are all gilt, the titles are written, and for this reason, as well as for that of enabling the librarian to take them out and put them in again with greater facility, the books are placed with the edges outwards. Amongst the curiosities of this library, is preserved with much care a large folio volume, in which the four gospels and certain productions of the holy fathers are written in letters of gold. It was commenced by direction of the Emperor Conrad, and finished in the time of his son, Henry II., and is, therefore, at least 780 years old; yet the letters appear as fresh as if they were recently executed. The pages are beautifully illuminated. Another curious volume is also shewn, which contains the Apocalypse exquisitely written. At the beginning of each chapter, there is an illuminated representation of its contents.

"Over this library there is another apartment equally extensive, which is chiefly appropriated to manuscripts in Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, Latin, and other languages. Amongst these are several very ancient Bibles in different languages, particularly a Greek copy a little injured, which belonged to the Emperor Cantacuene. Not the least curious of these treasures is an Alcoran. The total number of the manuscripts is at present estimated at 4,000; and that of printed books, in both libraries, at 24,000. Their number was at one time considerably greater, but several of the former were consumed in a destructive fire which occurred in the Escurial in 1671; and when the intrusive king was in Madrid, he ordered the printed books to be removed to the convent of the Trinity in that capital. Upon the

restoration, they were conveyed back to the Escurial, but upwards of ten thousand were found missing.

" From the libraries we descended to the sacristy, which, estimating it by the treasures it contains in paintings, may be considered the most valuable apartment in the building. Amongst these are several works of Leonardo da Vinci, Carlo Veronese, Titian, Raphael, Guido, and the Spanish Raphael, Murillo. It would have required at least a week to examine these and all the other paintings in the convent, with the attention which they deserve; but there is one picture in the sacristy, which, from its divine execution, claims particular notice. It is called La Perla, or The Pearl, as indicative of its superiority to all the others. It is five feet high, by three and three quarters wide. The Virgin has her right hand around the Child, who is sitting in her lap, and rests one leg on the right knee of his mother; the other being extended, the foot gently presses the little blankets in a cradle, out of which he appears to have been just taken, glowing with life and infantile loveliness. The left hand of the Virgin rests on the shoulder of St. Anne, who is upon her knees near her. The infant St. John is offering some fruits, in his garment of camel-skin, and the Child makes a motion to take them, at the same time turning his laughing face to his mother, who is looking on St. John. On one side of the picture is seen an opening of light in the horizon, in front of which are a river, a town, and various little figures. On the other side there are ruins of an edifice, in the shade of which St. Joseph stands contemplating this beauteous scene. It is painted on pannel by Raphael; and for its better preservation, it is usually covered with a green silk curtain, which is drawn

aside by the father, when he wishes to shew the greatest ornament of his convent.

" In the southern front of this sacristy is preserved with great devotion, and amidst sumptuous ornaments, a consecrated host, the history of which is said to be as follows. At some period, not well ascertained, in the sixteenth century, a party of Zuinglian Dissenters entered the cathedral church of Gorcum, in Holland, threw this host on the ground, and repeatedly trampled upon it, till it was rent in three places. Whilst they were yet trampling upon it, one of the Zuinglians perceived that blood came forth from the three rents, which may still be seen. He was struck with such a strange appearance, and went out to communicate it to the dean. Both proceeded to the church, and taking up the host with fearful respect, they carried it to Malines, where they deposited it in a convent of Franciscan friars. There it remained for a length of time, greatly venerated. From thence it was transferred to Vienna, and afterwards to Prague, where it remained for eleven years, until Philip II. obtained it from Rodolphus II. Emperor of Germany. It was deposited amongst the relics in the temple, until Charles II. erected a peculiar altar for it in the sacristy, whither it was removed in 1684. Upon the invasion of the French, the monks, fearful that the enemy would profane it, concealed it in one of the cellars of the monastery, where it remained until the liberation of the country, when it was restored to the altar, where it is still preserved. Although such a length of time has elapsed since its original preparation, it is yet as free from corruption as if it were but just consecrated. Such is the history of the ' Santa Forma,' as it is piously called by the monks, and they believe it to be true.

"Besides the sacristy, there are the principal lower cloisters, the chapter hall, the prior's hall, the vicar's hall, the old chapel, the principal upper cloister, the hall of morality, and other apartments, in which there are upwards of two hundred and fifty pictures, very many of them by the best Italian and Spanish masters. I had not time to take more than a hasty view of so many works, and shall, therefore, omit any further notice of them.

"One of the most magnificent things in the convent is the principal staircase. It is composed of two parallel flights of steps, each step being formed out of a single block of stone. The vaulted roof, with its fine fresco paintings, is, however, the great object of a stranger's attention. In the middle is a representation of the Trinity seated on a throne of splendid clouds, and surrounded by hosts of angels. On one side are the Virgin and other saints with the insignia of the Passion. Lower down are St. Lorenzo and several princes and kings. Charles V., in his imperial robes, is seen presenting the crown of Germany in one hand, and that of Spain in the other, and behind him is Philip II. with a globe in his hand. Below the cornice is an animated representation of the battle of St. Quintin, the history of which occupies a portion of three sides of this lofty hall.

"After going through the convent, there is little either in the palace or the college that can detain a visiter; and he passes through them with a feeling that they are scarcely worth seeing."*

Few edifices, Laborde remarks, have given rise to so great a variety of opinions as the Escurial. By

* Quin, pp. 260—271.

almost all Spaniards, it has been regarded as the eighth wonder of the world. Swinburne says: "The orders employed are Doric and Ionic; but the outward appearance of this vast mass is extremely plain, and I am sorry to say, in my eyes, extremely ugly. With its narrow, high towers, small windows, and steep, sloping roof, it certainly exhibits an uncouth style of architecture; but the domes, and the immense extent of its fronts, render it a wonderfully grand object from every point of view.* The best side to see it from (for I tried them all) is about half a mile down the hill, on the Madrid road, as you are then so much below it, that the building hides the bleak mountain which presses very close upon it behind. The green fields and woods behind it make a good contrast, and set it off to the best advantage. The church, which is in the centre of all, is large, awful, and richly, but not affectedly ornamented. The cupola is bold and light." M. Bourgoing says: "Such a prodigious pile has unquestionably a very imposing air, but it by no means comes up to those ideas which its reputation might suggest. The architecture is not splendid: it has the grave simplicity suited to a convent, rather than the magnificence of a royal mansion. The west front is the only part which has an elegant portico. This principal entry is never thrown open to the Spanish monarchs or the princes of the blood, except on two solemn occasions: one of these is, when they

* "The building is an oblong of 640 feet (Townsend and Quin say 740) by 580; so that, allowing besides 460 for the projection of the chapel and the king's quarter, the whole circumference amounts to 2,900 Spanish feet. The height up to the roof, all round, is 60 feet, except on the garden side, where more ground has been taken away. The square towers at each angle, are 200 feet high. There are 200 windows in the western front, and 366 in the eastern."—SWINBURNE, vol. ii. p. 224. The dome is 360 feet in height.

are carried to the Escurial after their birth; and the other, when their remains are carried out to be deposited in the vault which awaits them.....The most obvious defect in the architecture of the Escurial is, that the principal objects are misplaced..... Stripped of its valuable collection of paintings, if the court did not annually display its magnificence here, it would be nothing more than a prodigious convent, more remarkable for its enormous bulk and massive proportions, than for the elegance of its decorations." Mr. Semple, on the other hand, says: "I know not what traveller has given it as his opinion, that the building is very splendid in its interior decorations, but exceedingly heavy as a whole. I never yet have seen a building so simple, without the least heaviness." At all events, it is, in M. Laborde's most convenient and all-comprehending phrase, a *superb* edifice. Some writers have gone so far as even to speak of an immense park attached to the Escurial; while Mr. Semple, at once more accurate and more imaginative, was transported at the sublimity of its situation, in a spot, as it were, abandoned by nature, amid wild and barren mountains. "For my part," says Bourgoing, "I have seen nothing in the environs of the Escurial, but thinly scattered woods full of small rocks, intersected with meadows which are rarely green, and peopled with deer; for there is no walled enclosure, no park, properly so called, and nothing exhibiting that character of pomp and grandeur by which you might be apprised of your approach to a royal habitation." Lastly, Mr. Townsend says: "The Escurial, as a residence, is far from pleasant. Were it low and sheltered, like Aranjuez, it would be agreeable in spring; or, were it elevated, hanging to the north, and covered by thick woods, like San Ildefonso, it

might be delightful as a retreat in summer; but, exposed as it is to the full stroke of the meridian sun, and raised up near to regions covered with eternal snow, without shelter, and destitute of shade, it has no local charms at any season of the year. The ministers, foreign and domestic, give good dinners, and do every thing they can to make this solitude supportable; but, as few ladies can be accommodated here, the assemblies want that gayety which they alone can inspire." In fact, Mr. Quin seems to be very correct, when he describes it as an abode fit only for a royal monk,—for a king of Spain.*

FROM MADRID TO SEGOVIA AND BURGOS.

THE mountains amid which the Escurial stands, form a natural boundary between New and Old Castile. They consist, Mr. Semple says, chiefly of granite, immense blocks of which are seen on approaching the small town of Guadarama, distant thirty miles from Madrid. Towards the summits, these mountains are bare in some parts, in others, covered with forests of oak, beech, and cork-trees. Some tracts are distinguished by pine-forests, which, although they approach the other species of wood, are still so clearly separate, as to mark a radical difference in the soil. "After reaching the summit, we see below, an astonishingly deep valley, the sides of which would be almost too steep even for goats, were they not covered with pines and lower bushes. The valley

* See, for further details, Swinburne, vol. ii. pp. 222—236; Bourgoing, vol. i. pp. 205—229; Laborde, vol. iii. pp. 144—155; Townsend, vol. ii. pp. 119—123; and if these will not suffice, the pompous descriptions given by the Abbé de Vayrac and M. Colmenac, and the Tour of the Abbé Ponz, in seventeen volumes, one of which is wholly occupied with a description of this monastery.

has all the appearance of an enormous crater. The road to the bottom is cut in a zig-zag form, and supported in many parts by stone walls or terraces. There are also several handsome fountains near the road, where the traveller may stop to refresh himself under the shade of trees." The snow was still very deep on the summits of these mountains when Swinburne crossed them on the 10th of June. Leaving the Escurial on the left, the road ascends by the *Puerto de Fuenfrio* (cold spring). From this elevated pass, the whole country towards Segovia appears as level as the surface of a lake, and extended like the ocean; but, as the traveller descends into the plain, he sees the mountains rise before him. The aspect of the scenery near the summit is majestically wild; and some of the views which now and then open over the plains of Old Castile, the town of Segovia, and the palace of Rio Frio, are extremely picturesque.

"In a deep recess, open and exposed only to the north wind, stands San Ildefonso, enjoying the freshness, and gathering the fruits of spring, when all to the south of these high mountains, fainting with heat, are engaged in reaping and collecting the autumnal crops.* This change of climate in the space of eight leagues, (the distance from the Escurial to San Ildefonso,) induced Philip V. to build a palace here. San Ildefonso occupies three sides of a square, the

* "The earliest fruits are but just ripe in August at St. Ildefonso; carnations and roses then adorn the parterres; September is the season for strawberries, raspberries, currants, and barberries; and snow lies on the mountains till the beginning of June.....Owing to its lofty situation, the night air, even after the hottest summer's day, is so piercing, that it makes precaution necessary, to guard against its sudden and pernicious effects."—DILLON'S *Travels*, p. 109.

two wings of which being joined, each by a long range of buildings designed for the king's retinue, and closed in at the bottom by iron gates and rails, the whole forms a beautiful and spacious area. The principal front, 530 feet in length, is to the south, looking to the garden; and through its whole extent, the apartments communicate with all the doors on the same line." "The palace," Swinburne says, "is patchwork, and no part of the architecture is agreeable." The gardens, which occupy a ridge rising to the south, are laid out in the formal French style, with clipped hedges and straight walks. The trees are poor, starved limes, for the soil is too shallow, and the rock too compact, to allow of their striking deep root. To plant them, square beds were blown out of the rock with gunpowder, and then filled with earth, and they are only kept alive by watering. The quantity of fine water is one great recommendation of the place. A romantic brook rolls over the rocks at no great distance from the town, through a large tract of thickets, affording his majesty the amusement of fishing. A walk has been made for a mile or two along the bank. "The water-works surpass all I ever saw," says Swinburne, "not excepting the finest at Versailles. The *jets d'eau* send forth a stream as clear as crystal, and it falls around like the sweetest, finest dew.....The most remarkable are eight fountains, dedicated to the principal heathen deities, and adorned each with its proper emblems. In one, Diana appears, attended by her nymphs, who are hiding her from Acteon. In another is seen Latona with Apollo and Diana, surrounded by sixty-four jets of water. The most surprising is Fame seated on Pegasus, with a trumpet to her mouth, throwing up a stream of more than two

inches in diameter to the height of 132 feet.* But the most pleasing sight is the *Plazuela de las Ocho Calles*, where eight walks unite, each with its fountain in the centre, and where eight other fountains under lofty arches, supported by Ionic pillars of white Italian marble, form an octagon, adorned with images of Saturn, Minerva, Vesta, Neptune, Ceres, Mars, Hercules, and Peace, standing round it, and Apollo with Pandora in the middle. The statues are all of lead, varnished in imitation of brass. Besides fountains innumerable, here are vast reservoirs and falls of water, so disposed as to contribute much to the beauty of the place." One of the reservoirs at the foot of the mountain is allotted solely to the fountain of Diana. The larger one, by which the other waterworks are supplied, is a very pretty lake called *El Mar*.† "When we consider," continues Mr. Townsend, "that the whole of the garden was a barren rock,‡ that the soil is brought from a great distance, and that water is conveyed to every tree; when we reflect upon the quantity of lead used for the images, and of cast iron for the pipes, with the expense of workmanship for both,—we shall not be surprised to hear that this place cost nearly six millions and a half sterling."

* Mr. Semple says, fifty feet, and that it is visible at Segovia, ten miles distant.

† The reservoirs, Mr. Semple says, do not, however, furnish water sufficient to make all the fountains play more than two or three times a year, one of which is always fixed for the great feast of St. John.

‡ The mountain is granite, but on the top is found a mixture of clay and fine sand, which being mixed with decayed vegetable matters, forms a light coating of earth which just covers the rock. At a short distance from the palace, near the powder-magazine, a vein of quartz appears above ground, running N. and S. for about half a league.—DILLON, p. 112.

Below the town is the royal manufactory of plate-glass, which supplies the kingdom with looking-glasses. "The largest mirrors are made in a brass frame, 162 inches long, 93 wide, and 6 deep, weighing nearly nine tons." Bottles and drinking-glasses are also made here. In 1776, the number of men employed was 280, and twenty-seven mule-loads of fir-wood were consumed daily. The profits accruing to the crown were trifling; and the manufactory, Townsend remarks, proves a devouring monster in a country where provisions are dear, fuel scarce, and carriage exceedingly expensive. There was also a royal manufactory of linen here, employing fifteen looms, by which the king was positively a loser!

Two short leagues from San Ildefonso, through an uncultivated country, abandoned to the royal deer, lead to the episcopal city of Segovia, once celebrated for its woollen manufactories. It is built on two hills and in the valley which separates them. "The unevenness of the crown of the hill," Swinburne says, "gives a wild look to the city. Most of the streets are crooked and dirty, and the houses are wooden and wretched." In the year 1612, 25,500 pieces of cloth were made here, which consumed 44,625 quintals of wool, employing 34,189 persons. In 1786, the average quantity made was only about 4,000 pieces. In 1525, the city contained, in its twenty-five parishes, 5,000 families. In 1786, they were reduced to 2,000. Besides the twenty-five churches, there were one-and-twenty convents. The cathedral is described by Swinburne as one of the handsomest churches in Spain, but Townsend speaks of it as having no great pretensions. It exhibits a mixture of the Gothic and the Arabian styles, and is nearly upon the model of the great church at Salamanca. The interior is cha-

racterised by a majestic simplicity rarely seen in the Spanish churches. In one of the chapels is a Descent from the Cross in *mezzo-relievo*, by a disciple of Michael Angelo, finished in 1570. The Alcazar, or royal castle, is in good preservation. It occupies a commanding situation on a rock rising above the open country. "A very pretty river washes the foot of the precipice, and the city lies admirably well on each side of the brow of the hill. The declivity is woody, and the banks charmingly rural; the snowy mountains and dark forests of San Ildefonso composing an awful back-ground to the picture. Towards the town, there is a large court before the great outward tower, so well described by Le Sage as the prison of Gil Blas. The rest of the buildings form an antique palace, which has seldom been inhabited by any but prisoners* since the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, who were much attached to this situation. There are some magnificent halls in it, with much gilding on the ceilings in a semi-barbarous taste. All the kings of Spain are seated in state along the cornice of the great saloon. The royal apartments are now occupied by a college of young gentlemen cadets, educated, at the king's expense, in all the sciences requisite for forming an engineer. The grand-master of the ordnance resides at Segovia, which is the head establishment of the Spanish artillery. The mint is below the Alcazar, the most ancient in the kingdom. Copper only is coined here, which is brought from the mine of Rio Tinto, fourteen leagues from Seville."†

* The Alcazar was long used as a prison for the Barbary corsairs who fell into the hands of the Spaniards, but who were released on the conclusion of an alliance between the Court of Spain and the Emperor of Morocco.

† Swinburne, vol. ii. pp. 246—50; Townsend, vol. ii. pp. 115—18.

Segovia, Mr. Semple says, retains more traces of the Moors, than any town in this part of the Peninsula. The inn in which he put up had been a magnificent abode, built in the Moorish fashion round a *patio*. The castle must have been almost impregnable before the use of artillery. That the city was a place of some consideration in the time of the Romans, is evident from the aqueduct, supposed to have been built in the time of Trajan, and which is one of the most astonishing and best preserved Roman antiquities in the country. From the first low arches, at the point where it receives the rivulet, to the reservoir in the town, it is 2,400 Spanish feet in length. Its greatest height is 104 feet, where it is composed of a double row of arches, built of large square stones without mortar, over which is a hollow channel of coarser materials. "The spectator is terrified," says Bourgoing, "on comparing their diminutive base with their height." Swinburne says: "The aqueduct is not only an admirable monument of antiquity for its solidity and good masonry, which have withstood the violence of so many barbarians and the inclemencies of the seasons during so many ages, but is also wonderfully beautiful and light in its design. I do not think the Pont du Gard equal to it in elegance of proportions." Some wretched houses have been built against the pillars of the arches, which, rising to only a third of its height, exhibit to still greater advantage the grandeur and nobleness of its dimensions. A small convent, too, exhibits its pitiful architecture at the angle formed by its two branches. The style of the arches, 175 altogether in number, is the same as that of the bridge of Merida. Mr. Semple concurs in expressing astonishment "how such a mass of stones should hang together in the air for so many centuries." Near the

posada at which he rested, this Traveller noticed, half buried in the earth, and serving as a seat, an antique sculpture, in basaltic stone, of a huge boar, " clearly neither of Grecian, Roman, nor Moorish workmanship, but resembling in its style the two military figures which now stand at the entrance of the botanical garden at Lisbon." Rudely carved images of a wild boar, or some such animal, are to be seen built into the bridges of Salamanca and Ciudad Rodrigo, and also near the churches of Gallegos and San Felice on the river Coa in Portugal. Tacitus states, that the ancient Estii, a Sclavonic tribe who have given name to Esthonia, worshipped a divinity under this symbol, which they carried with them on all their expeditions; and a branch of this tribe are supposed to have passed into Spain, and to have occupied this part of Castile, extending themselves westward. At all events, this rude sculpture would seem to be a monument of the ancient Spaniards.

A distance of eleven leagues, one of the poorest and most depopulated districts in Spain, separates Segovia from Olmedo, through which lies the direct road from Burgos to Madrid. This is a decayed town on an eminence, in an almost boundless plain of rich corn-land and pasturage. It was formerly a place of strength, and has a thick wall about three quarters of a league in extent. " Its interior announces a ruined city, destitute of population and industry, and exhibiting symptoms of degradation and misery. Seven churches and seven convents, some brick-kilns, and some kitchen-gardens under the shade of the old walls, compose the whole fortune of the inhabitants." Soon after leaving Olmedo, the traveller passes the river Aldaja, the banks of which are prettily wooded; and after traversing a very sandy tract of forest land,

ascends a hill from which he discovers the plains of Valladolid, and the course of the Duero.

Valladolid is described by Swinburne "as a very large, rambling city, full of edifices, which, during the reign of Philip III., who made it his constant residence, were the palaces of his great officers and nobility. Being abandoned by their owners, who have followed the court in all its different emigrations, they are fallen to decay, and exhibit a picture of the utmost desolation. The palace of the king is so ruined, that I could with difficulty find any body to shew me the spot where Philip had resided. The private houses are ill-built and ugly. The great square, some streets built upon porticoes, many colleges and convents, are still grand, and denote something of the magnificence of a place that had been long honoured with the presence of its monarch. But, in general, Valladolid has the appearance of having been run up in a hurry to receive the court, and as if it had been meant to rebuild it afterwards at leisure, of more durable materials than bad brick and mud, the composition of most of its present houses. The Dominican convent, a Gothic edifice, is the most remarkable in the city. The university is in the last stage of a decline, and trade and manufactures are at as low an ebb. It is melancholy to behold the poverty and misery painted in the meagre faces, and displayed in the tattered garments of the common people: the women go quite bareheaded."

Yet, this is the second city of Old Castile, a bishop's see, and the seat not only of a university, but of a royal chancery. It stands at the confluence of the Esgueva and the Pisuerga, almost at the extremity of a large plain, surrounded with hills of gypsum and calcareous earth, the sides of which are generally

planted with vines, and the flat summits are sown with grain. The ancient name of the city was *Vallisoletum*. Here Charles the Fifth received the news that his victorious troops had taken Rome, and made the pope his prisoner; and in this city his successors held their court, till Philip IV. removed it to Madrid. In the time of the emperor, the population was estimated at 200,000 souls; it does not now exceed a tenth of that number. The city covers a very large extent of ground, and the numberless spires, domes, and turrets of its sacred edifices, give it still the appearance of a large metropolis; but a large portion of the ground within the walls is occupied with gardens, squares, and orchards. In 1786, the city contained fifteen parish churches, five chapels of ease, forty-six convents, six hospitals, seven colleges, 5,000 families, and 20,000 souls. Among the colleges, there are two for British subjects; one for the Scotch, and another for the English. The Scotch occupy the college of St. Ambrose, the oldest house of the jesuits in Spain, where St. Francis Borgia and many of the early and most distinguished members of the order resided. They have a magnificent country house near Baccillo, a village eight miles from Valladolid: it is finely situated on a wooded eminence overlooking the Duero and the whole plain; and there are some fine vineyards belonging to the college. They have also a college at Madrid, which is let as a mansion, and yields a considerable rent. The English college is more richly endowed. There are several corn-farms and vineyards belonging to it at Portillo, a village on an eminence, about four leagues from Valladolid, where there is a fine Moorish castle, enclosing a remarkable well-staircase, or spiral flight of steps, about

six feet wide, constructed of hewn stone, and reaching from the summit of the hill to the plain below, with landing places leading to subterranean apartments, each capable of containing fifty men.* The English college possesses also a delightful villa, with vineyards, orchards, and corn-lands, at a place called Viana, on the well-wooded banks of a clear stream, about half way to Portillo. The *Riberas de San Ambrosio*, and of *San Ignacio*, extensive orchards on the banks of the Pisuerga, at either end of Valladolid, formerly belonging to the Jesuits, are also the property of this rich establishment.

The university was founded by Alonzo XI., in the year 1346. When Mr. Townsend visited Valladolid, it had forty-two professors, and fifty doctors; and in the years 1784, 5, there had entered and been matriculated 1,299 students. At that time, the city had been much improved within a few years. M. Bourgoing confirms the account given by Swinburne of its previous state of delapidation and wretchedness. "In 1777," he says, "the first time I saw this city, I was disgusted with the filthiness which every where appeared, and by which all the senses were in turn assailed. Eight years afterwards I was less so; and in 1792, I found Valladolid not only much cleaner, but greatly embellished." The entrance is described by Mr. Townsend as highly imposing. "Upon passing the first gate, you find a spacious area (the *Campo Mayor*), bounded by seventeen convents. From hence, entering through the second gate, the city strikes you with every appearance of antiquity. The

* This excavation appears very closely to resemble the subterranean reservoir in the Dominican convent at Ronda.—See vol i. p. 295.

*Plaza Mayor** is spacious and venerable; yet, compared with the great body of the city, it is evidently modern. The cathedral, built by Juan de Herrera, is massive, heavy, and far from elegant. It has the Grecian arch, and the pillars in front are Doric.† The church and convent of San Benito are worthy of at-

* It is surrounded with three rows of balconies, in which, it is computed, 24,000 persons may be seated. Here were held the triennial bull-fights.

† This is, we presume, the new cathedral referred to by Bourgoing. "It is described," he says, "by the Abbé Ponz, as a splendid monument. I saw in it nothing but a mass of brown, dirty-coloured stones; a Doric order of the worst kind reigns in pilasters round the nave; and a high wall, forming the back of the choir, conceals from those who enter, the view of the rest of the church..... The churches of the Dominicans and of San Benito have to boast of the kind of beauty peculiar to almost all the sacred edifices in Spain; that is to say, they are spacious, and filled with altars overloaded with decorations and gilding: they contain, besides, some tombs of white marble, sculptured with admirable care. The works of sculpture, whether in wood or marble, may be referred to the era of the restoration of the arts in Spain; an age which produced Juan de Juni, Berraguete, Becerro, and other artists little known beyond the Peninsula, but who would have done honour to more enlightened times."—Vol. i. p. 50. Laborde states, that Herrera left the cathedral unfinished at his death, and that it has the appearance of being only half built. The fact is, that only one wing is finished. According to the original plan, it was to have been 400 feet by 240, in the figure of a cross, each wing having a tower surmounted with a cupola, and a larger dome was to have risen from the centre. The treasures of this church were inestimable. There was a *custodia* of solid silver, six feet high; also, a triumphal car of massive silver, on which the host was placed in a shrine of gold, enriched with most valuable jewels, and fixed in the centre of a small temple of silver, with pillars of beaten gold. On the festival of Corpus Christi, this car was paraded through the city, preceded by the different religious orders, and followed by the bishop and other civil and ecclesiastical authorities, the streets being strewed with flowers and lined with troops, and the houses in the line of march hung with tapestry. Such well-known treasures can hardly have escaped the French plunderers.

tention; but the public edifice most to be admired is the church of San Pablo (belonging to the Dominicans), near the palace, whether we consider the elegance of the whole, or the high finishing of the figures and ornaments in bas-relief, which, after a lapse of three hundred years, seem to have suffered little by their exposure to the weather. The quadrangle of the novices in this building deserves the highest praise. The king's palace, rather elegant than grand,* is still preserved; but all the palaces of the great nobility are going to decay. The buildings are chiefly brick, but some are of limestone. Among the materials, no inconsiderable quantity of granite, brought from the neighbourhood of Villacastin, at the distance of thirteen leagues, with many hundred pillars of the same material, remain as monuments of ancient splendour. At present, the poor are numerous, fed by the convents, and manifest the wretchedness of this once flourishing metropolis. It is fallen indeed; but on the projected canal we may evidently read *Resurgam.*" †

* The foundations and lower part of the walls are of hewn stone: the rest of the building is literally of mud, which, however, owing either to its nature or the climate, hardens with time till it becomes as solid as stone. We presume that it is made of earth and lime, *tapia real.*

† Among the other treasures of Valladolid, Laborde mentions a fine piece of sculpture in the church of San Pablo, by Gregory Hernandez, representing a Dead Christ; in the church of Las Angustias, a statue of the Virgin by the same artist; also a groupe representing the Virgin with the dead body of our Lord in her arms, and the two thieves; and in the church of the Carmelites, a statue of our Lord on Mount Carmel, of exquisite beauty, also by Hernandez. The house of the Inquisition is a large square building without ornament: over the gate is inscribed, *Exurge Domine, et judica causam tuam;*—" words," remarks the Catholic clergyman to whom we are indebted for some of our information respecting Valladolid, "in which its members might read their own condemnation, while they presumed to judge that cause for Him."

It has not yet risen, however; nor has the canal, we believe, which was to be finished in thirty years, been completed. "It has been attempted," says Bourgoing, "within these few years, to rouse Valladolid from the state of lethargy into which it has fallen. A school for drawing and an academy of mathematics were established; several of the streets were improved by the establishment of a police, and its environs, by promenades and plantations of chestnut-trees. On coming out of the *Campo Grande*, where new alleys have lately been planted along the Pisuerga, there are two leagues of excellent road towards Madrid, and eight towards Palencia, through a naked country; for the scarcity of wood which forced Philip III. to abandon Valladolid, has even increased since his time."* If the want of fuel was really the cause of

* The scarcity of wood began at length to attract the attention of the government in 1753; and an ordinance of the Council of Castile enjoined every inhabitant of the country to plant five trees. "In some places, however, malice, in others prejudice, particularly throughout Old Castile, dictated the insinuation that the trees attracted birds and other destroyers of grain; trees which began to thrive were cut down by passengers, and others perished for want of care. Almost every where the ordinance was neglected. At length, towards the latter end of the reign of Charles III., recourse was had to the most efficacious of measures, that of example; and already do a few orchards and clumps of trees interrupt the monotony of the horizon, enlivening with a little verdure the parched and naked soil of La Mancha and the two Castiles."—BOURGOING, vol. i. p. 44. In the plain or *campo* extending between Valladolid and Villadrigo, a little lavender, two species of Jerusalem sage, and meadow-ragwort, are the only plants the country affords. "All the territory of Campos," adds Dillon, "is so bare and destitute of trees, that the inhabitants are obliged, for fuel, to burn vine-stocks, straw, dung, and the few aromatic shrubs they can find. Their kitchens are like stoves, and they sit round them on benches, giving to these wretched hovels the emphatic name of *glorias*. A solitary elm or walnut-tree now and then appears near a church, a sure sign that water is not far from the surface, and that its roots

his deserting this city, in what a light does it place the administration of a country once covered with forests, and affording coal at no great distance from this ancient metropolis, to which it might easily be transported by a canal! "Out of the town," adds this Traveller, "in spite of the fertility of a country adapted for every kind of culture, and abounding in rivers, all is nakedness and misery. Within the city, the same baneful want of industry is observable. The only manufactures which have an appearance of flourishing, are those of woollens. The goldsmiths and jewellers have acquired a deserved renown, and there are still a great number of them in one of the most frequented parts of the city, but they are not above mediocrity."

The canal referred to by Mr. Townsend, was to begin at Segovia. "Quitting the Eresma, it crosses the Pisuerga near Valladolid, at the junction of that river with the Duero; then, leaving Palencia with the Carrion to the right, till it has crossed that river below Herrera, it once more approaches the Pisuerga; and near Herrera, twelve leagues from Reinosa, receiving water from that river in its course, it arrives at Golmir, from whence, in less than a quarter of a league to Reinosa, there is a fall of 1000 Spanish feet. At Reinosa, is the communication with the canal of Aragon, which unites the Mediterranean to the Bay of Biscay; and from Reinosa to the Suanzes, which is three leagues, there is a fall of 3000 feet. Above Palencia, is a branch going westward, through Beceril de Campos, Rio Seco, and Benevente, to

have partaken of it. When this happens, independent of every vicissitude of climate, other trees would thrive in like manner, and the country might be rendered shady and pleasant instead of being the most desolate in Europe."—*Travels*, p. 118.

Zamora, making this canal of Castile, in its whole extent, one hundred and forty leagues." In 1786, they had already completed twenty leagues of it, from Reinosa to Rio Seco, " which, with twenty-four locks, three bridges for aqueducts, and one league and a half of open cast through a high mountain, had cost 380,000*l.* sterling; about 4,320*l.* a mile."* The canal is nine feet deep, twenty feet wide at bottom, and fifty-six at top. When completed, " to say nothing of coals to be carried from the Asturias to the south, and of manufactures which might then be established in Castile, and find a ready market by the Bay of Biscay, the excellent wines of that sandy province, now scarcely paying for cultivation, would not only find a ready sale, but be held in the highest estimation; the oils would fetch their price, both for the table and for soap; and the corn which, in abundant seasons, proves the ruin of the farmer, would be a source of opulence, and stimulate his industry to fresh exertions. For want of such an outlet, provinces designed by nature to rejoice in plenty, and to furnish abundance for exportation, are often reduced to famine, and obliged to purchase corn from the surrounding nations."

Valladolid is deemed highly salubrious, though often

* Townsend, vol. i. pp. 367—369. Two thousand soldiers were employed on this magnificent undertaking, and as many peasants. They were paid " by the piece," the price varying according to the quality, the depth, and the distance. The qualities were distinguished into sand, soft clay, hard clay, loose schist, hard schist, and solid rock of three kinds; such as could be worked with pick and shovel, such as required wedges and sledges, and such as was worked by boring and blast. " When this canal is perfected," adds this Traveller, " which may be in less than thirty years, the world, perhaps, will have nothing to compare with it in point either of workmanship, of extent, or of utility."

visited by fogs exhaled from the Duero and the "stagnant waters" of the Esgueva. The country round the city, Mr. Townsend says, is a perfect garden, watered by *norias*. It produces excellent wine: there are a few olive-plantations, and the mulberry-tree has been cultivated with success. Madder is produced in some part of the environs, as well as near Burgos and Segovia; also in the Asturias, Aragon, Catalonia, and the southern provinces. Bourgoing says, that it is superior to that of any other country, the climate being peculiarly favourable to it. A beautiful species of thyme, oak of Jerusalem *(chenopodium botrys)*, and green wormwood cover the neighbouring plain.

"The admirers of the fine arts go a league to the north of this city, to the nunnery of Fuensaldanca, to see three paintings by Rubens." Two of these are representations of Saints Francis and Anthony; the third and principal one is the Assumption of the Virgin, which is considered by some connoisseurs as the finest and boldest production of that master.* All three were presented to this church by the Duke of Alba, who brought them from the Netherlands. Charles III., wishing to transfer them to the Escurial, offered to rebuild the nunnery on a larger scale, and with stone instead of *tapia*, and to double the revenues of the sisterhood, if they would part with these treasures. The reply given was, that his majesty might take, but they had it not in their power to give what he requested. They were consequently suffered to retain them in their possession. Half a league below

* This picture has been described to us by the gentleman referred to in a preceding note, as a magnificent production. The number of figures is very great, and the angels in the foreground are of colossal size, their attitudes exceedingly fine and wonderfully varied. But nothing can exceed the ecstatic appearance of the

Valladolid, on the other bank of the Pisuerga, is a superb monastery of the Geronimites (or Jeromites), containing a beautiful cloister by Herrera, embellished with paintings by Vicente.

On leaving Valladolid for Burgos, the road for half a league leads through a noble avenue of mulberry-trees, with cross walks, which serves as a promenade. It then enters on the naked plain, crossing the Pisuerga at the village of Cabeçon, which has the reputation of producing the best wine in the province. The soil is clay mixed with sand; the hills are of clay and marl. There is a great scarcity of wood; yet, the country, in Swinburne's opinion, wears a much more cheerful appearance than any part of New Castile. "The number of small towns or villages," he says, "is considerable, and on most of the hills are seen ruined castles or towers. We travelled up the Pisuerga for many miles through a broad vale, bare of trees, but tolerably well cultivated, crossing and re-crossing the river several times; the largest bridge is near Torquemada, of twenty-two arches. The houses hereabouts are built of sun-dried bricks. The next day we came to a much more agreeable country, better wooded, and more thronged with habitations. On every steeple we saw one or two storks' nests: these birds seem to be held in the same veneration here as in the Low Countries." The Pisuerga is crossed for the last

Virgin, who is fixing her eyes on her Divine Son in the clouds. The picture is sadly disfigured, however, to a Protestant, by a representation of the Eternal Father, "with locks as white as snow, throned, and leaning on a sceptre," while above is seen "the Mystic Dove." The colouring is particularly splendid. The upper part of the picture, which was square, not fitting the semi-circular dome, has been rounded off, part of the sky, and whole groupes of angels in the distance being cut away by the Gothic barbarians.

time at Quintana de la Puente, which takes its name from a stone bridge of eighteen arches. The road then crosses two rugged acclivities, the bases of which are washed by that river flowing from N. to S.,* and then descends to Villadrigo, a miserable village, though agreeably situated on the right bank of the river Arlançon, which is not lost sight of during the rest of the way to Burgos. The approach to that city, up a long valley, chiefly corn land, is rather pleasing. The castle, the ancient broken walls sloping down from it, and the cathedral a little below, form a very picturesque termination of the prospect. The distance from Valladolid to Burgos is 22 leagues, and 42½ from Madrid.

BURGOS.

The capital of Old Castile, is pleasantly situated on the right bank of the Arlançon, at the foot of an eminence, upon which an old castle displays its ruins, once the abode of the counts, and afterwards of the kings of Castile. The origin of the city cannot be traced with any certainty higher than the ninth century. It is built in a very irregular manner on the declivity, with narrow, crooked, uneven streets, and is surrounded with high walls. "Formerly," says Bourgoing, "this city was remarkable for its riches, industry, and commerce: it now presents the perfect

* According to Laborde, the Arlançon (the Burgos river) is joined by the Arlanza at the *venta del Moral*, a little below Villadrigo; and at Magaz, half way between Torquemada and Duenas, it receives the Carrion. Bourgoing places the confluence of the Arlanza and the Arlançon at Magaz; a little further on, he says, these two rivers are united to the Pisuerga, and then to the Carrion. It is the junction of these four rivers which, under the continued name of Pisuerga, skirts Valladolid, before falling into the Duero

image of poverty, idleness, and depopulation. It does not contain more than 10,000 inhabitants; (in its prosperity, it contained four times that number;) "and its only branch of trade is now confined to the carriage of wool, which is sent off for embarkation at the northern ports. Its manufactures, if we except that of leather, scarcely deserve mention. The magnificence of the cathedral forms a disgusting contrast with the rubbish that surrounds it. This imposing and well-preserved edifice is a *chef-d'œuvre* of elegance. It is almost opposite one of the three bridges which cross the Arlançon. One of its chapels contains a picture by Michael Angelo, representing the Virgin clothing the infant Jesus, who is standing erect upon a table. We recognise the air of nobleness and grandeur which that master knew how to give to his figures, with that vigour and correctness of design to which he sometimes sacrificed the graces.—Mr. Swinburne thus speaks of this fine edifice.

"The cathedral is one of the most magnificent structures of the Gothic kind now existing in Europe. But, though it rises very high, and is seen at a great distance, its situation, in a hole cut out of the side of the hill, is a great disadvantage to its general effect. Its form is exactly the same as that of York minster. At the western or principal front, are two steeples ending in épines; and on the centre of the edifice rises a large square tower, adorned with eight pinnacles. On one side of the east end is a lower octagon building, with eight pyramids, corresponding exactly to the chapter-house at York. We were struck with the resemblance between these buildings. Both were embellished with a profusion of statues; but, while most of those at York were destroyed in the first emotions of iconoclastic zeal, those at Burgos are still

in full possession of the homage of the country, and are consequently entire. Several of them are much more delicate than one would expect, considering the age in which they were sculptured. Santiago, the patron of this cathedral, stands very conspicuous on his war-horse among the needles of the main steeple; and the Virgin Mary is seated in solemn state over the great window of the west porch. The foliage-work, arches, pillars, and battlements, are executed in the most elaborate and finished manner of that style which has been usually called Gothic."

The church of San Pablo is also, according to Laborde, "a noble Gothic structure." The high altar is decorated with a groupe of figures, the size of life, representing the conversion of St. Paul. The Augustinian convent in the suburbs, near the gate of Santa Maria, is without any pretensions to architectural beauty, but has acquired both wealth and fame from the possession of a crucifix to which are attributed miraculous virtues. The figure is an exact outline of the human body, enveloped from the waist downwards in a kind of petticoat, full plaited, of the finest cloth. The tradition is, that it was made by Nicodemus; and it is the subject of many marvellous legends, which are always acceptable to vulgar credulity. All around it are seen the rich offerings of private individuals, distinguished nobles, and munificent kings. Some of these gifts are of silver, others of gold, and not a few are enriched with precious jewels. The front of the altar, the steps, and the balustrades, are all of silver, as are also the sixty chandeliers, each five feet high, and of proportionate bulk, ranged on the ground immediately below the altar. Of the same precious metal are those standing on the altar, intermixed with silver crowns and

crosses, emblazoned with precious stones. Eighty silver lamps, of a magnificent size, are suspended from the vaulted roof. The walls are hung with cloth of gold, but it is almost black with the smoke of lamps and incense.

Burgos was originally an episcopal see: it was erected into an archbishopric in 1574. It is a very extensive diocese, including 693 parishes. The city, though scarcely a vestige remains of its ancient splendour, still claims precedence in rank of all other cities in the two Castiles, Toledo alone disputing this point of punctilio. Burgos was the birth-place of two of the most celebrated military heroes of Spanish history; Ferdinand Gonzales, the first count of Castile, and the Cid Campeador.* In the reign of

* "Lusitania," says the canon in Don Quixote, "had a Viriatus, Rome a Cæsar, Carthage a Hannibal, Greece an Alexander, Castile a Count Fernan Gonzales, Valencia a Cid, Andalusia a Gonzalo Fernandez, Estremadura a Diego Garcia de Peredez, Xeres a Garcia Perez de Vargas, Toledo a Garcilasso, and Seville a Don Manuel de Leon." Don Garcia Perez de Vargas (called in the first volume of Don Quixote, Diego Perez de Vargas) was surnamed *Machuca* (the pounder, or bruiser), because having one day broken his sword in the heat of an engagement, he tore up an oak, or at least a massy branch, and did wonderful execution on the Moors, smashing and grinding them as with a flail. He is the hero of many a ballad; and mention has been made of him at page 2 of this volume, as the deliverer of Seville. The claim of Valencia to the Cid rests on his having won it from the Moors (see vol. i. p. 143), in consequence of which it for some time bore his name. There is a whole body of ballads concerning Fernan Gonzales, under whose name, in the tenth century, Castile first became a powerful and independent state. Dr. Southey's delightful "Chronicle of the Cid" has made Ruy Diaz still more familiar to the English reader; and "The Cid's Wedding" is the subject of one of the spirited ballads from the Spanish, by the editor of Don Quixote, in which there is an allusion to customs which still exist.

"Within his hall of Burgos, the king prepares a feast;
He makes his preparation for many a noble guest

Charles the Fifth, a triumphal arch in very good taste was erected in memory of the former; and more recently, Burgos has paid a similar tribute to the memory of the Cid, by raising a monument upon the spot where his house is supposed to have stood. In the centre of the new *plaza*, which is surrounded with uniform houses, but small and paltry in their appearance, is a bronze statue of Charles III., "badly designed and worse executed," and not otherwise remarkable than as being almost the only monument of the kind—the only one erected in honour of a Spanish sovereign—in the kingdom. The environs of Burgos are fertilised and embellished by the waters of the Arlançon, which meanders through luxuriant meadows, and has to boast of three very fine stone bridges within half a league of each other. A little below the city, it washes the walls of a famous nunnery called *Las Huelgas*, one of the most richly endowed in Spain. The nuns, Swinburne says, are all noble; and the abbess is almost a sovereign princess by the extent of her territories, the number of her prerogatives, and the variety of her jurisdictions. The convent is not a shewy building, and the situation is low and unpleasant. At the distance of half a league south-east of the city, is the

It is a joyful city, it is a gallant day;
'Tis the Campeador's wedding, and who will bide away?
"The king had given order that they should rear an arch,
From house to house all over, in the way where they must march;
They have hung it all with lances, and shields, and glittering helms,
Brought by the Campeador from out the Moorish realms.
"They have scatter'd olive-branches and rushes on the street,
And the ladies fling down garlands at the Campeador's feet;
With tapestry and broidery their balconies between,
To do his bridal honour, their walls their burghers screen" &c.

Carthusian monastery of *Miraflores*, in the church of which are the magnificent tombs of King Juan II. and his consort, and Don Juan their son. The choir and chapter-house are decorated with some ancient paintings. In the environs of Burgos, there are trees enough to serve as ornamental avenues and promenades; but there is a great scarcity of fuel, and this is one of the oldest countries in Spain.

From Burgos, the road to Bayonne leads over the lofty Sierra del Oca into the valley of Ebro, and by Vittoria and Tolosa to St. Jean de Luz. Before we proceed further northward, however, we shall throw together some general remarks on the two Castiles, and then avail ourselves of Mr. Townsend's account of the kingdom of Leon, with which that of Castile was so closely identified.

Old Castile, which may be considered as the cradle of the Spanish monarchy, forms an irregular triangle, the base of which, extending from the Asturias to Estremadura, is fifty-nine leagues in length, and its diameter from east to west, forty-three leagues. Its eastern point borders on Aragon; the river Ebro separates it on the north and north-east from Navarre; the Sierra d'Oca divides it on the north and north-west from the Asturias; Leon joins it on the west; and on the south it is bounded by New Castile. It presents a succession of plains, surrounded and intersected with lofty mountains, and copiously supplied with streams. Mineral springs, both hot and cold, are numerous.* Many of the mountains yield delicious pasture to immense herds of cows, especially the mountains of Santander and of Reynora, which

* The most celebrated are at Banos, near Bejar; at Barco de Avila; and at Arnedillo.

extend northward of Burgos to the Bay of Biscay. Innumerable flocks of sheep also winter in the plains, and during summer browse on the mountains. The soil is for the most part extremely fertile. In many parts, water is found at a few feet below the surface, so that, notwithstanding the heat of the climate and the dryness of the atmosphere, the crops seldom fail. The wheat and barley are of excellent quality; and some districts (especially the Burela and the Rioja) abound in luxuriant orchards and vineyards. The plains are, for the most part, bare, owing to the invincible antipathy of the Castilian husbandmen to plantations, and large tracts are suffered to remain an unprofitable waste; but this province might be rendered one of the most delightful and productive in the Peninsula. Such has been the depressing effect, however, of the withdrawment of the court and the decline of the manufactures, that the existing population, at the beginning of the present century, was estimated at less than 1,200,000 souls.* In the short space of fifty years, Laborde says, this province had lost one half of its former inhabitants. Old Castile once held the first rank in Spain for the diversity and extent of its manufactures; and the woollens of Segovia, Avila, and Medina del Campo were in request throughout the Continent. It now ranks as the last and lowest province both in manufactures and commerce. All the towns are in a state of decay. Some good roads have been made in particular districts; but the cross roads are precisely what they were four centuries back, and are scarcely passable on horseback. The only mode of conveyance is on

* In this estimate were included 146,000 nobles; 14,580 ecclesiastics, secular and regular; 3,210 nuns; 5,760 students; 1,865 writers and advocates; and 37,183 domestics.

mules. Besides Burgos, the capital, Old Castile contains seven episcopal cities, namely, Valladolid, Segovia, Calahorra (the birth-place of Quintilian), Soria, Osma, Siguenza, and Avila; 4,555 parishes, 390 religious houses, and three universities.

New Castile, comprehending the greater part of the ancient Celtiberia, is one of the largest provinces of Spain, being, exclusive of La Mancha, 56 leagues from N. to S. and 49 from E. to W., having Old Castile on the N., Aragon and Valencia on the E., Jaen and Cordova on the S., and Estremadura on the W. The principal towns, besides Toledo and Madrid, which have already been described, are, Cuença, an episcopal city; Alcala de Henarez and Guadalaxara in the Alcaria; Talavera de la Reyva; and Requena. The last three cities, Laborde says, subsist by their manufactures, Alcala, by its university, Toledo, by the clergy, and Madrid, by the court. The remarks made respecting Old Castile will apply with almost equal correctness to this province. Its general aspect is that of poverty and depopulation. Laborde states, that there are no fewer than 195 chapels, which perpetuate the names of hamlets that have long been left without an inhabitant. In 1787-8, New Castile contained 1,301 parishes, 375 religious houses, two universities, fifty colleges, and 940,650 inhabitants.*

The Sierra de Cuença, which runs between New Castile and Valencia, is considered as the most elevated land in Spain.† It is a mountainous district,

* Including 12,687 nobles; 11, 400 ecclesiastics; 2,845 nuns; 2,859 students: 2,120 writers and advocates; and 46,742 domestics.

† Mr. Townsend speaks of Daroca in Aragon as standing on the

affording excellent pastures, and diversified by extensive vales. Cuença (Concha), the capital, is built on a very steep acclivity, between two lofty mountains, and is divided by two narrow chasms, into which are precipitated the rivers Huecar and Xucar. There is a bridge over the former, the central piers of which rise 150 feet from the channel of the river; it is nearly 400 feet in length. The city contains thirteen parishes, six monasteries, six nunneries, and about 6,000 inhabitants. The cathedral is spacious, but very plain: it was founded by Alphonso IX. The city contains nothing of any interest. It is about 32 leagues east of Madrid, and 23 west of Requena, the frontier town towards Valencia, containing about 6,000 inhabitants: this town is well built, and stands in the midst of a very fertile district lying between the Cabriel and the Guadalaviar, and watered by numerous smaller streams which ultimately join the Xucar.

The routes from Madrid to Oviedo, to Corunna, to Lisbon, and to Bayonne, will complete our survey of this interesting country.

highest land. "We are here," he says, "on the highest land in Spain, with the water falling behind us into the Ebro, while immediately before us it runs into the Tagus."

* The mountains of Cuença invite the researches of the geologist. Laborde mentions several large caverns. One called *Cueva de los Griegos* (Cave of the Greeks), or Belvalle, near Masegosa, is forty feet in height and of unknown depth, and contains some remarkable stalactites. Not far off is the *Cueva del Hierro* (Iron Cave), supposed to be the remains of a mine: within it are several galleries and a fountain of fresh water. The *Cueva de Pedro Cotillas* is also supposed to have been a mine: it communicates with the summit of a mountain near Cuença, and contains some remarkable stalactites. Mineral springs are found in the *sierra* in various places. Another spacious cavern, called *Cueva de las Judias*, is found near Bonaco.

FROM MADRID TO OVIEDO.

THAT tract of country which lies on the left in going from Segovia to Burgos, is a deserted district, rarely visited by modern travellers. In this route, however, two cities occur, which are deserving of notice, were it only for the contrast they present to their ancient prosperity. These are the two Medinas, distinguished by the adjuncts, *de Rio Seco* and *del Campo*. Mr. Townsend, whom we are now to follow, travelled from Madrid to Oviedo in July 1786. At the end of about seven leagues, (a ten hours' journey,) he began to ascend the Guadarama mountains; and, in two leagues more, having passed the *Puerto*, reached a *venta* on the northern declivity. The next day, he passed through Villacastin, and at the end of seven Spanish leagues, (or, as he imagined, above thirty-five miles,) arrived at San Chidrian. He now entered on a vast plain of granite sand, very coarse, loose, and unprofitable, but which would evidently bear good elm and fir; and passing through Adinaro and two other villages, arrived at Aribalo (Arevalo), "a considerable city with nine parish-churches, eight convents, two hospitals, two royal granaries, forty-two priests, and sixteen hundred houses." The same sandy *campo* extends to the Adaja, which he crossed, and at three leagues from Aribalo, reached Ataquines, a miserable city of cottages, two hundred and seventy in number. Three leagues further over the plain brought him to Medina del Campo, in the kingdom of Leon.

This ancient town (to which Laborde assigns the classic name of *Methymna Campestris*) was formerly the residence and the birth-place of several monarchs,

and is invested with peculiar privileges. It is free from all taxes, and its inhabitants enjoy other immunities. Cardinal Ximenes made it one of his principal magazines for the military stores collected with a view to curb the great nobility; but when, in 1520, the commons of Castile sought redress of grievances, they seized this magazine, and defended the town with such obstinacy, that Fonseca was obliged to retire and leave them in quiet possession of the ruins. It is said to have contained at one time 14,000 families. Nine parish-churches, with seventy priests, seventeen convents, and two hospitals, still remained, in 1780, to attest its former importance, but there were not above a thousand houses left, and these were all of brick, irregular and low. The collegiate church, built of brick. " is much and deservedly admired for its roof." " Its celebrated fairs, its commerce as the great depot for the cloths of Segovia, the beauty of its edifices, the neatness of its streets,—all these," says Bourgoing, " have ceased to exist, except in the annals of history. Next to the churches, which the opulent and the slothful so largely contribute to keep in repair, the finest edifice of Medina del Campo is the shambles. Philip III., whose extravagant enterprises contributed so much to the degeneracy of Spain, has left this city at least a monument of his good-will." The Zapardiel, a little river or torrent which falls into the Duero between Toro and Tordesillas, divides the town into two parts. The surrounding country is naturally fertile; and it is evident, says Mr. Townsend, that the elm, the poplar, the mulberry, the vine, and the olive would flourish here.

Instead of pursuing the direct road to Tordesillas, distant four leagues, Mr. Townsend turned off through Valdestillas, over an undulating country, rich in corn

and wine, to Valladolid. Tordesillas (Torre-de-Sillas, *Turris Sillæ*), situated on the right bank of the Duero, six leagues to the west of Valladolid, was built in the time of the kings of Leon, and is styled by Laborde, ancient, handsome, and agreeable; it contains six parishes, one monastery, two nunneries, and a population of 4,000 persons. A little higher up the river, near where it receives the Pisuerga, stands the town of Simancas, where the archives of the monarchy were deposited by Philip II., and where, we believe, they still remain.

From Valladolid, Mr. Townsend ascended a limestone hill to the elevated plain on which, at the distance of between seven and eight leagues, stands Medina de Rio Seco. This city, once celebrated for its manufactures, and surnamed, for the opulence it derived from its fairs, *India Chica* (the Little Indies), is now reduced from a population of about 30,000 souls or 7,000 houses, to about 1,400 houses, and between 8 and 9,000 souls. There are three parish-churches, four monasteries, and three nunneries. "The churches are all good: that of S. Maria is elegant, with a lofty roof highly finished, and supported by well-proportioned pillars; the *custodia* is solid silver, and weighs more than a hundred weight." Of the castle, which sustained an unsuccessful siege from Henry of Transtamare in his war against Don Pedro the Cruel, the ruins alone remain. In 1786, the trade of Rio Seco was rather on the increase, and the manufactures of serge had begun to revive, owing to the influence of the canal. "From hence to Mansilla," proceeds Mr. Townsend, "a distance of eleven leagues and a half, the country is all level, open, rich, and productive of both corn and wine, abounding in villages, and occupied by husbandmen. The route we

took was through Cedinos, Vecilla, Alvires, Matallana, and Santas Martas. The first of these includes a hundred mud-wall cottages and two churches; Vecilla, one hundred and sixty such miserable habitations, with two churches. Mayorga has now only 650 such cottages; and although formerly it numbered 17,000, no traces of these remain: it is divided into eight parishes, and contains three convents, and one hospital. Alvires is wretched; Matallana still more so, Santas Martas but little better; and Mansilla has no room to boast. All are equally of mud-wall, and are mouldering away. Mansilla was once fortified, as may be seen by the round towers still remaining. It contains 400 families, one convent, and one hermitage. From Mansilla, the face of the country changes. On crossing the Ezla, we find meadows, enclosures, and a variety of trees, chiefly poplars, elms, and walnuts. Then, passing among hills composed of sand, clay, and gravel, rounded by fluctuating waters, we fall down upon a rich valley, at the head of which stands Leon, protected by high mountains from the north."

LEON,

Which once gave its name to an independent kingdom and a line of sovereigns, contained, in 1786, a population of only 1,500 families, with 6,170 souls, distributed in thirteen parishes, and 420 priests. Besides the cathedral, there are two royal foundations of San Isidro and San Marcos, nine convents, a *beaterio*, and a few hermitages and hospitals. "The cathedral," Mr. Townsend says, "is deservedly admired for its lightness and elegance. It is a Gothic structure, with a lofty spire, highly finished, not only with *basso-relievo* ornaments, but with open-work, transmitting light,

resembling the finest point lace or filigree. The windows are all of painted glass. In the sacristy is a silver crucifix, with its canopy supported by four Corinthian pillars, nearly seven feet high, the whole of silver. The silver mount on which it stands, is divided into compartments, each exhibiting some representation of the Passion, in *basso-relievo*. The custodia is more than six feet high, of silver elegantly wrought. The bishop's revenue is about 3,300*l.* sterling. The canons are forty, including always the king and the counts of Altamira. The *Casa Real de San Isidro* has sixteen canons regular of St. Augustine. In their church are deposited the bones of the patron saint in a large silver urn, and the bones of all the kings of Leon, from Alphonzo IV., surnamed the monk, to Bermudo III., the last king of Leon; together with the ashes of Ferdinand I., in whom the crowns of Castile and Leon were first united, and who died in the year 1067. Their library contains many valuable manuscripts. The *Casa Real de San Marcos* has a prior and sixteen canons, supported by a revenue of about 8,790*l.* per annum. The front of this religious house merits particular attention. Various pieces of sculpture in *basso-relievo* are elegant and highly finished. Two of these represent the Crucifixion and the Taking Down from the Cross But one of the most striking figures, with respect to design, execution, and expression, is San Jago on horseback. All the churches in this city, like those of Aragon, are crowded with pillars, and these pillars are nearly hid with most preposterous ornaments, such as vines, cherubs, angels, and birds, covered entirely with gold.

" Leon, destitute of commerce, is supported by the church. Beggars abound in every street, fed by the

convents, and at the bishop's palace. The surrounding country is bold and beautiful, but ill cultivated. It is watered by the Torio and the Vernesga, two little streams which unite below the city (and form the Ezla). In summer they are brooks, in winter torrents. With the rolling stones hurried down from the mountains by the impetuous raging of these torrents, on the sudden melting of the winter's snow, a considerable part of the wall is built, forming a valuable collection for the naturalist: among these are found limestone, schist, and grit.* The best marble is brought from Nozedo, Robles, and Lillo; the former two distant five, the latter, eleven leagues from Leon."

This city is said to have been founded prior to the reign of Galba. It was called by the Romans *Legio Septima Germanica*, from the Legion stationed there. It was the first town of importance recovered from the Moors, after which it continued to be for three centuries the residence of the Christian kings. The ancient palace is still to be seen; it has been converted into a cloth manufactory, now in a state of decay. The episcopal see is one of the most ancient in Spain: the bishop is suffragan to Compostella, but without being dependent on his jurisdiction. Laborde speaks of handsome squares and fountains in this city, but complains of its being detestably filthy. A heterogeneous asgemblage of dirty streets filled with beggars, splendid churches, and half-ruined family mansions, forms, in fact, all that remains of the famous city of Leon. Thus, every where in Spain, the church has absorbed the wealth of the country; and its pompous edifices tower, as if in mockery, over dismantled

* Laborde says, that a great part of the walls is of green marble.

castles, ruined palaces, decayed manufactories, and streets silent and depopulated. This city is 174 miles (56½ posting leagues) N.N.W. of Madrid.

The kingdom of Leon (for so it is still called) forms a long irregular rectangle, about 200 miles in length from N. to S., and its mean breadth from E. to W. about 170. It is surrounded by Asturias and Galicia, Old Castile, Estremadura, and Portugal. The Duero (or Douro) divides it into two nearly equal parts, besides which it is watered by numerous streams, which ultimately fall into that river. Among these are the Carrion, the Eresma, the Tormes or Rio de Salamanca, the Ezla, and the Pisuerga. It contains six bishoprics; four to the north of the Duero,—Leon, Palencia, Astorga, and Zamora; and two in the southern part,—Salamanca and Ciudad Rodrigo. Besides these, the chief places are Toro, Carrion de los Condes, Medina del Rio Seco, Tordesillas, and Benevente in the northern part; and south of the Duero, Medina del Campo and Alba de Tormes. The province is divided into four intendancies,—Leon, Salamanca, Toro, and Palencia,* in which were included, according to the census of 1788, 2,460 parish-churches, 196 convents, and 665,000 inhabitants: of these, 31,500 were nobles, 5,600 secular priests, 2,064

* The manner in which the military, judicial, financial, and ecclesiastical subdivisions cross each other in Spain, has led to much confusion. Zamora, though in the kingdom of Leon, has been for a long time the seat of the military government of Old Castile. In the map prefixed to Reichard's Itinerary, the province of Valladolid is made to stretch across Leon to Galicia; and we find it enumerated in some geographical works as a province of Leon, though the city of Valladolid is in Old Castile. The census of 1788, however, notices only the four intendancies of Leon, Palencia, Toro, and Salamanca, and we have adhered to this arrangement.

monks, 1,570 nuns, and 25,200 servants.* The towns (539 in number) are, Laborde says, half uninhabited, and there are no fewer than seventy-six deserted villages!

There is another route from Valladolid to Leon, by way of Palencia, towards which there has been made a new road of eight leagues. Palencia is eight leagues from Rio Seco, forty-five leagues from Madrid, and twenty-one from Leon. It is situated in a fertile territory, called *Tierra de Campos*, on the banks of the Carrion, near the borders of Old Castile. Its bishop is suffragan to Burgos. At the beginning of the thirteenth century, this city was honoured by being made the seat of the first university founded in Spain subsequently to the Moorish invasion; but, in 1239, it was removed to Salamanca. Besides the cathedral, there are four churches, eleven convents, two hospitals, and between 8 and 9,000 inhabitants, who are partly employed in manufacturing blankets, serge, and leather. Most of the edifices are said to be in the Gothic style: the most remarkable is the church of San Antolin, founded by King Sancho. Seven leagues over a level country† lead from this city to Carrion de los Condes, situated on the river of that name, in a fertile plain. This town was formerly strong, and is said to have contained at one time 12,000 inhabitants: it is now reduced to a very small population, although there are nine parish-churches, three monasteries, and nine nunneries. The counts of Carrion are often

* According to the usual reckoning of four to a family, this would make the nobles amount to not quite a fifth, and the ecclesiastics to 1 in 22 of the adult male population!

† Between four and five leagues from Palencia, the road crosses the canal of Campos.

mentioned as acting a distinguished part in the chronicles of Spain. Two roads now lead to Leon; one through the town of Saldagna, running along mountains: the other proceeds six leagues to Sahagun, situated in a plain on the eastern bank of the river Cea or Saha, which falls into the Ezla. The remains of its ancient walls, and a castle, attest its former importance; and there is a royal abbey of the Benedictine order, of high antiquity, with a magnificent church; also, a Benedictine nunnery and a monastery of Franciscans. The population is stated by Laborde at 4,000. From this town it is eight leagues to Leon.

To resume Mr. Townsend's route to Oviedo. From Leon, our Traveller ascended the valley of the Vernesga towards the mountains, and at the end of seven hours reached the village of *Terras de las Duenas*, where there is a nunnery. The next day, descending with the Luna, a little trout stream, the road wound through the gorges of schistous mountains, capped with marble, bare and rugged, often rising perpendicularly to the height of three or four hundred feet, and sometimes overhanging. In every little opening of the mountains, wherever a valley spreads wide enough to afford pasture for some cows, is found a village of from ten to twenty houses; "their numbers always bearing a proportion to the quantity of food." Flocks of goats here indicate the nature of the adjacent country. Some of these little villages are most romantically situated. That of Truovana, consisting of twenty-two miserable cottages belonging to the monks of the Escurial, is situated in a small plain, well wooded, well watered, and shut in by high mountains of marble, whose bare and rugged cliffs form a striking contrast with the rich verdure of the

meadows and corn-lands, and the smooth surface of the river which glides by the village. The elm, the poplar, the ash, and the wild barberry, are the indigenous productions of the soil. The fathers have here a farm-house, with a little mill, whose horizontal wheel is working day and night during the summer, to provide bread for two hundred shepherds who have the charge of their flocks, consisting of about 28,000 sheep, which in the summer feed on these mountains, travelling southward in the winter. "The oven is never cold, baking bread in the morning for the shepherds, and in the evening for the dogs." The shepherd-dogs are large and strong, well qualified to engage the wolves, who abound in these elevated regions, for which purpose they are armed with spiked collars. At Piedrafita, a little village of forty-six houses, Mr. Townsend was amused at seeing the women churning as they walked or stood chatting, by shaking the cream in a leather bag till the butter was completely formed. Snow still remained undissolved on these mountains on the 3d of August, not far from luxuriant crops of corn ready for the sickle. The basis of all the mountains is schist, every where covered with limestone, chiefly blue; the strata running in every variety of direction, and the rocks are "wonderfully rent." At the *Puerto de Somiedo*, where the waters part, are a few miserable cottages, which give name to the pass. Here, "ingulfed by stupendous rocks," the traveller begins to descend by a deep ravine into Asturias; and, as the country opens to the north, looks down upon mountains beyond mountains, resembling in their appearance the ocean vexed with a furious storm. Immediately before him, the little village of Gua looks as if about to be swallowed up by the impending rocks, which are

magnificent beyond description. Lower down, the little hamlet called *La Pola de Somiedo* occupies a small eminence surrounded by about fourscore acres of well-watered meadow, and shut in by limestone rocks of stupendous height, some naked and almost perpendicular, others covered with hanging woods;—the whole scene, with the little river, the goats leaping from rock to rock, and the cattle feeding peaceably below, is in the highest degree picturesque. In this charming village, however, neither bread, nor eggs, nor wine could be procured: both wine and meat are delicacies which the inhabitants seldom taste. The ravine through which the little river holds its course, alternately widens and contracts, being sometimes not more than two yards across, and never more than 600 feet; sometimes sloping, and leaving a few acres for cultivation, at other times steep and inaccessible except to goats; often rugged and bare, but not unfrequently thickly covered with oak, ash, beech, filbert, walnut, and chesnut, and that even where they have apparently no soil in which to fix their roots. The rocks themselves are beautiful, more especially where the smooth white marble is almost concealed by foliage. Nearer to the water's edge, the plum-tree, the mulberry, and the fig, vary the scene, marking the vicinity to some village. The way among the rocks is wild beyond all imagination, sometimes in the bottom and by the river's side, at other times climbing the steep ascent, or descending from the heights, beneath impending rocks on one hand, and on the brink of a precipice of two or three hundred feet on the other. Sometimes the river is pinched in between two rocks, and is out of sight; at other times a glimpse of it is caught sparkling among the branches of trees in the depth below; but, whether

visible or invisible, it is always heard roaring in the bottom. The track is in many places so narrow as to admit only of one mule; and the apprehension of danger too often counterbalances the pleasure which would otherwise arise from the romantic scenery. About two leagues from Pola de Somiedo, the limestone disappears, and is succeded by a finely granulated sandstone and silicious pudding-stone. At San Andres de Aguera, four leagues from Piedrafita, the ravine expands into a valley, and admits of more extensive villages. This parish, which is esteemed the best living in the gift of the bishop of Oviedo, contained 150 families, consisting of 700 communicants, besides children under ten years of age, scattered in nine little villages, two in the valley, and seven on the mountains. The births average thirty, and the burials twenty-five in the year. Their industry is most striking. The higher lands are sown with wheat, the lower lands with maize: not a spot is left uncultivated. The limestone rock when burnt is their principal manure. The price of as much land as a pair of oxen can plough in a day, about half an acre, is worth 11*l.* sterling per year; and this, they reckon, should yield a *fanega* of wheat, or 56lb. of bread, of 24 oz. to the pound. On the mountains, not only wolves, but bears and a species of tiger, are said to abound, and in winter they are all extremely ferocious: the shepherds are consequently obliged to drive their flocks into the villages by night.

From Aguera, Mr. Townsend descended for three leagues by the side of the same rapid stream which he had traced from its origin near the summit of this vast range, to a romantic spot called Belmonte. Then, leaving the ravine, he turned eastward, and after

ascending for an hour, reached the summit of a mountain, commanding a vast extent of pleasing country, resembling some of the richest English scenery. About the middle of the day, he reached the village of Grado, in the centre of a circular plain every where shut in by mountains. Thence, pursuing the course of a stream between high rocks, the track lay for some time through contracted valleys, and afterwards crossed several hills, till, about sunset, he reached the fertile plain at the head of which Oviedo is situated;—a journey which, if direct, would have been eighty-two leagues, but which the deviations from the track made more than ninety, or about 450 miles from Madrid.*

Oviedo, the capital of the Asturias, stands near the conflux of two little rivers, the Ovia and the Nora, which pour their united waters into the Bay of Biscay, near Villa Viciosa. It was built by Froila (or Fruela), the son of Alfonso I., surnamed *El Catolico*, in 757, and made the seat of his dominion. For a short period it enjoyed the honour of an archiepiscopal see, in the reign of Alfonso the Great; but this dignity was afterwards transferred to Santiago de Compostella, and Oviedo again became a simple bishopric. In 1786, this city contained 1,560 families (including 5,895 communicants and 1,600 children under ten years old), and 7,495 souls. It has four parish-churches, eight chapels, three monasteries, three convents, three hospitals, and a university, founded in 1580. Mr.

* The expenses of this journey are thus given by Mr. Townsend: a calasine to Valladolid, 32 leagues (160 miles), reckoned at five days out, one for rest and four for return, with driver's fee, 284 reals. Ditto to Leon, for half a calash, 100 reals. A mule to Oviedo, five days and return, 120 reals. One third provisions from Madrid to Oviedo, (the proportion agreed on,) 272 reals. Total expense, 776 reals—7*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*

Townsend states the revenue of the bishopric at nearly 6,600*l.*, that of the chapter at 8,790*l.* That of the Benedictine nunnery, though the sisterhood consists of only fifty nuns, amounts to upwards of 2,000*l.* a year. Their convent is of vast extent and elegant architecture. Two of the monasteries are Benedictine: in one of them is shewn the cell of the famous Father Feyjoo. The cathedral, said to have been founded in 760, is of freestone, and Laborde calls it Gothic and handsome; Mr. Townsend, however, says nothing of its beauty, but only mentions the relics, in which the church of San Salvador is the richest in the world.* Here, it seems, when the Moors overran the rest of Spain, the holy treasures of the Peninsula were collected and safely deposited. Their extraordinary value will be seen from the following veritable history. "Tradition says, that when Chosroes, King of Persia, pillaged Jerusalem, God, by his omnipotence, transported a chest of incorruptible wood, made by the immediate followers of the apostles, and filled with relics, from Jerusalem, by way of Africa, to Carthagena, Seville, and Toledo, and from thence, with the Infant Don Pelayo, to the sacred mountain near Oviedo, and finally to the cathedral church of San Salvador. Upon its being opened, by the command of the sovereign Alfonso the Great, in the presence of assembled prelates, they found portions of all the following articles: the rod of Moses; the manna which fell from heaven; the mantle of Elias; the bones of the holy innocents; the branch of olive which Christ bore in his hand when he entered Jerusalem; great part of the true cross; eight thorns of his crown; the

* Laborde speaks of the church of San Salvador, which contains these wonderful relics, as distinct from the cathedral; but Mr. Townsend gives that dedicatory title to the cathedral itself.

sanctissimo sudario, or napkin stained with his blood; the reed which he bore by way of sceptre; his garment; his sepulchre; the milk of the blessed Virgin; the hood which she gave to S. Ildefonso, Archbishop in Toledo; one of the three crucifixes carved by Nicodemus; and a cross of the purest gold, made by angels in the cathedral.* 'Whosoever, called of God, shall visit these precious relics, shall obtain remission of one-third of the punishment due to his sins, with indulgence for a thousand and four years, and six quarantines,' &c., &c. Thus, at least, runs the promise in the name of the pope, and by authority of the bishop.

"Soon after I had examined all these relics," adds Mr. Townsend, "the *sanctissimo sudario*, or sacred napkin, on which the Redeemer during his passion impressed his image, was exposed in the cathedral to eight or ten thousand peasants, collected from all the surrounding villages, most of whom had baskets full of cakes and bread which they elevated as high as possible the instant the curtain was withdrawn, in the full persuasion that these cakes, thus exposed, would acquire virtue to cure or to alleviate all diseases. Many lifted up their beads, and every one had something or other to receive the divine energy, which he conceived to be constantly proceeding from the sacred image of his Lord. After a few minutes, one of the canons drew the curtain, and the multitude retired. A few days after my arrival, I was present at a grand

* Morales mentions several other relics of which the church of Oviedo boasted, but with the evidence for which he was not quite so well satisfied. Such were, a portion of Tobit's fish, and of Samson's honeycomb, a piece of Saint Bartholomew's skin, and the sole of St. Peter's shoe.—See *Notes to* SOUTHEY's *Roderick*, vol. ii. pp. 203—223.

procession of the bishop with his canons, attended by the principal inhabitants carrying torches, and preceded by the ashes of Santa Eulalia, to implore rain from heaven. But this patroness of the diocese, deaf to their petitions, would not intercede for one refreshing shower, and, in consequence, the maize was scorched up, and produced but little grain. Being at the time in blossom, it required daily showers to prevent the blight."*

One of the hospitals is an *hospicio* for pilgrims, who repair hither from every quarter of the globe, in their way to Compostella. It is a miserable building, with numerous cells, where pilgrims are received and lodged for three nights. On their arrival at Oviedo, they present themselves before one particular altar, and receive every man ten *quartos* (about 3*d*). Should any pilgrim chance to die here, "he is buried with more pomp than the first nobleman of the province," his remains being attended to the grave by all the canons. The rage for pilgrimage had much abated when Mr. Townsend travelled; but there were people then living, who remembered "when it was the fashion for all young men of spirit, both in Italy and France, before they married, to go as pilgrims to San Jago; and it was still not uncommon to see straggling some few old men, and many companies of young ones, pursuing the same rout. "We met," he says, "twelve fine-made fellows from Navarre, singing the rosary, and hastening towards the next convent, where they expected to lodge and receive more money for the journey."

The *hospicio* for the poor is both a general workhouse, and a foundling hospital: it contained, at the

* Townsend, vol. ii. pp. 18—21, 25.

period referred to, 65 men, 55 boys, 90 women, and 70 girls; total, exclusive of infants at nurse, 280. To support this establishment, the funds were, 30,000 ducats annually, raised by licenses to sell brandy in the Asturias, 3000 from rents, and other emoluments, making the total equal to 4000*l.* sterling; besides the produce of their labour, which was estimated at 30*l.* per annum, including what they make for their own consumption. The bishop, moreover, distributed seventy reals every morning at his gate, the canons scattered alms as they walked the streets, and the six convents administered bread and broth at noon to all applicants. When sick, the poor had a commodious hospital always ready to receive them. As to their children, the mother had only to take her infant to the hospital, "put it into a cradle, ring the bell, and then retire." As the natural consequence of this high bounty on pauperism, "beggars clothed in rags and covered with vermin, swarm in every street."* Spain may indeed be termed the paradise of monks and mendicants.

A few miles from Oviedo, are the hot springs of Rivera de Abajo; they resemble those of Bath, Mr. Townsend says, both in temperature and taste, but have never been analysed. The situation of the baths is most enchanting, — in a little valley shut in on all

* Mr. Townsend took the liberty of asking the bishop, whether he did not think he was doing harm by the distribution of alms. "Most undoubtedly," said he: "but then it is the part of the magistrate to clear the streets of beggars: It is my duty to give alms to all that ask." This answer did him honour. The duty of alms-giving can never be superseded by either the supineness or the officiousness of the magistracy. Is it not to be regretted that the character of the Christian clergyman should ever be merged in that of the magistrate?

sides by limestone mountains, in the centre of which, on a little eminence, stands a castle with round towers, called San Juan de Priorio, with a church near it, and a beautiful back-ground of oaks and chesnuts. The elm, the ash, and the poplar, are also found in this district.

The principality of Asturias, the Wales of Spain, is classic ground to a Spaniard. Amid its mountain fastnesses, Pelayo (Pelagius) laid the foundations of the Spanish monarchy. The Asturians lay claim to the proud distinction of having never been conquered, either by the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Goths, or the Moors; their country being impenetrable to an invader, and, it may be added, not worth the cost of conquest. The chain of mountains which stretches east and west along the coast, separating the north of Galicia, Asturias, Biscay, and Guipuzcoa, from the rest of the Peninsula, has at all times been the nursery of a hardy race, who, under every change of dynasty, have maintained their independence, and, in some parts, retain the original language of their Cantabrian ancestry. The name of this principality is of uncertain origin. Laborde states, that it is derived from a river which flows near the walls of Astorga, and falls into the Duero.* The principality is subdivided into the Asturia of Oviedo and the Asturia of Santillana, and forms an irregular parallelogram,

* Astorga once disputed with Oviedo the dignity of being the capital of Asturias, till it was decided that it belonged to the kingdom of Leon. Astorga (Asturica) is not upon a river, but a little stream flows a mile to the east, called the Tuerto. Asturica, Dr. Southey says, has been derived from the Celtic *stoer* or *stour* a river, and *yc*, a dwelling-place; answering to our Stourton. The Astura river, however, is supposed to be the Ezla, the name having

opening on the Bay of Biscay, and bounded on the east by the mountains of Burgos and Biscay, on the south by Leon, and on the west by Galicia. The mean length from east to west is about forty-six leagues, and its breadth varies from twelve to eighteen. It is mountainous throughout, and can never, one would imagine, have been much more populous than it is now. The total number of inhabitants is stated by Laborde to be under 350,000; including 2,268 secular priests, 390 monks, 200 nuns, and 114,274 *hidalgos*.* The first capital of the little kingdom of Pelayo was the port of Gijon, from which his successors took the title of count; this was afterwards changed to that of count of Oviedo, till Alfonso II. assumed that of king of Leon. Like Wales, it has always continued to be a distinct principality, and, since the year 1388, has given the title of prince to the eldest sons of the Catholic kings. The infant Don Henriquez, son of Juan I., king of Castile and Leon, was the first who bore it.

There is but one great road through the principality, that which leads from Madrid to Oviedo, thence branching off to Gijon and Aviles, each five leagues distant. Laborde, however, enumerates eighteen passes in the mountains which separate the principality from Leon, though he has not described any of them. Mr. Townsend speaks of several, adding, "I

been corrupted into Eztola—Ezla. The province was named from the river, the people (*Astures*) from the province, and the capital from the people. There was a town of the same name, Astyra, in Italy, and another in the East.—SOUTHEY'S *Letters*, vol. i. p. 129.

* It would seem that adults only are reckoned, since the number of *hidalgos*, added to 2,658 ecclesiastics, 300 advocates, 1,500 students, and 6,200 servants, would amount to 125,000, not leaving two-thirds for women and children.

apprehend every one of them is strong."* The aspect of the country presents, he says, a striking re-

* Their names are: Del Quadro, *Cienfuegas*, Cerro de San Antonio, Leitariegos, Zareza, *Semiedo*, de la Meza, Ventana, Cubilla, Pajares, *Piedrafita*, Ligueras, San Isidro, Catiagro, Tarna, Ventaniella, Arcenario, and Beza. But as at least three of these passes occurred in Mr. Townsend's route (for Cienfuegas is evidently the same place as Aguerina, the birth-place of Cardinal Cienfuegos, Del Quadro is possibly Grado, and Ligueras Aguera,) they must not be mistaken for distinct routes. Beza is probably the same as Buisa, a village on the frontier of Leon, whence the direct route to Oviedo leads to Pajares, four leagues, thence to Vega del Ciego, four leagues; to Oviedo, five; total, 13 leagues. This route twice crosses the river Candal, and afterwards follows the course of the Nalon. In Laborde's enumeration, and throughout his work, we look in vain for any mention of the far-famed vale of Covadonga, in which Pelayo destroyed a Moorish army that had rashly entered the perilous defile, by the same expedient that was had recourse to on a smaller scale in the Tyrol, in the memorable war of 1809. We learn from Dr. Southey, (no mean authority in all matters relating to Spanish history,) that Covadonga is the place where the sources of the Deva gush from the living rock on the summit of Auseva; and his description of the defile might almost seem borrowed from Mr. Townsend's account of the pass of Somiedo:—

> ——"the rocky vale, the mountain stream,
> Incumbent crags, and hills that over hills
> Arose on either hand, here hung with woods,
> Here rich with heath .....
> Pelayo, upward as he cast his eyes
> Where crags loose hanging o'er the narrow pass
> Impended, there beheld his country's strength
> Insuperable, and in his heart rejoiced."

After the Moors had been overwhelmed in the defile by the dread artillery of the mountaineers,—"huge trunks, and stones, and loosened crags, down rolled with crash continuous, and commixed with sounds more dreadful,"—we are told:—

> ——"By this the blood
> Which Deva down her fatal channel poured,
> Purpling Pionia's course, had reach'd and stain'd
> The wider stream of Sella."

See SOUTHEY's *Roderick*, vol. ii. pp. 24, 133, 161. The Pionia of Dr. Southey is, we suspect, the Pilona of Laborde. The Sella, after washing the town of Cangas de Onis, receives the Curado,

semblance to many parts of England. "The same is the aspect of the country as to verdure, enclosures, live hedges, hedge-rows, and woods, the same mixture of woodland, arable, and rich pasture; the same kinds of trees, and crops, and fruit and cattle. Both suffer by humidity in winter, yet, from the same source, find an ample recompense in summer; and both enjoy a temperate climate, with this difference, that, as to humidity and heat, the scale preponderates on the side of the Asturias. In sheltered spots, and not far distant from the sea, they have olives, vines, and oranges. The cider is not so good as ours; but I am not able to determine how far the fault is in the making. Such is the humidity of the atmosphere, that the misletoe grows not only on the oak, but on apples, pears, and thorns... The north-east wind indeed is dry, attended with a bright sky and a bracing air; but with every other wind the sun is obscured with clouds. The north wind always produces the most dreadful tempests, and the north-west is little better. Both bring rain in summer; and the west wind comes loaded at all times with moisture from the Atlantic Ocean. In May, June, and July, they seldom see the sun; but then, to balance this, in August and September they as seldom see a cloud. The coast is temperate, and comparatively free from rain; but such is the moisture of the hills, that no care is sufficient to preserve their fruits, their grain, their iron instruments, from mould, rot, or rust. Both the acetous and the putrid fermentation here make a

and falls into the Bay of Biscay a little below the village of Junco. The Deva, according to Laborde, takes its rise to the east of the Sella, and in the same mountains, and entering the Asturia of Santillana, passes by Puertas, Mettera, and Potes, the chief place of the little country of the Liebana, or five valleys.

rapid progress. Besides the relaxing humidity of the climate, the common food of the inhabitants contributes much to the prevalence of most of the diseases that infest this principality. They eat little flesh; they drink little wine. Their usual diet is Indian corn, with beans, peas, chesnuts, apples, pears, melons, and cucumbers; and even their bread, made of Indian corn, has neither barm nor leaven, but is in the state of dough. Their drink is water." The list which this Traveller gives of the diseases endemical in the Asturias, is truly formidable,—intermittents, dropsies, hysteria, hypochondriasis, scrofula, scurvy, scabies, leprosy, palsy, epilepsy, apoplexy, pleurisy, phthisis, madness! For the leprosy alone, there are in this province twenty *lazaros*. The *mal de rosa*, a sort of erysipelatous eruption, is a disease peculiar to the Asturias: if neglected, its effects are fatal. Yet, though subject to such a variety of diseases, few countries can produce more numerous examples of longevity.* Moreover, that arch enemy, humidity, must not be made responsible for the whole catalogue of ailments. Hypochondriasis and the nephritic complaints to which the cloistered tribe are subject, Mr. Townsend reasonably ascribes to their inactive, sluggish life, without hope or object. Palsies are brought on by want of exercise, and dropsies by the constant recurrence to the universal prescription, *Fiat venesectio*. As in Murcia, the Sangrado system is here the panacea for every bodily ill.

Coal every where abounds in the Asturias, but has never been turned to account, owing to its intolerable smell, derived from the sulphur with which it is impregnated. It is enclosed in calcareous rock: should

* This remark applies equally to Galicia.

it be found in schist, it would probably cease to be offensive. The whole province abounds with marl, chalk, gypsum, calcareous freestone, limestone enclosing fossil shells, and marble. There are also considerable mines of jet and amber; and Laborde speaks of lead, copper, iron, magnesia, and arsenic, as found in these mountains.

The only towns of any importance besides Oviedo, are Gijon, Aviles, Luanco, Navia, Cangas, and Santillana. Gijon, the *Jixa* of the Romans, is a considerable port, to which the English resort for filberts and chesnuts. Mill-stones and cider are also exported here. The harbour, made and maintained at a vast expense, "is not reckoned safe; but there is no other in the vicinity which can stand in competition with it." The town contained, in 1786, about 800 families;—Laborde estimates the population at 3,000 souls. There is, however, strange to say, only one parish-church, one chapel, and one convent of nuns. A castle defends the town. Aviles (Avila) stands at the same distance N.N.W. of Oviedo, that Gijon does to the N.N.E., on the left bank of the river of the same name, about a league from the sea, in the bay of Las Penas. With the same population, it contains two parish-churches, two monasteries, and a nunnery, a hospital for pilgrims, and another for old women: it trades in fish and cloths. Luanco is a small sea-port, containing 370 houses, and carries on a little coasting trade. Mr. Townsend spent some days at each of these places. Nothing can exceed, he says, their simplicity of manners in this distant province. This simplicity, however, from his account, appears to differ little from rudeness, and is accompanied with a familiarity and plainness of speech which would elsewhere be deemed gross and indecent. The probity of the

Asturians is proverbial, and so is their dullness; yet, Asturias has produced some enlightened men. The useful arts are here in their infancy. The ploughs about Oviedo are the worst, Mr. Townsend says, he ever saw; the harrows have no iron, and are used only for maize; the cart-wheels are without spokes, the axis being received by a plank, eight or ten inches wide, fastened to the felloe. The rough music made by the wooden pins of the axis, resembling the sound of a postboy's horn, is heard from morning to night in every part of the principality, and, to the ear of a native peasant, is most delightful. The houses are furnished in the most primitive manner, with oak tables and benches, beds without curtains, floors unplaned, the walls whitewashed, and the rooms without ceilings.

Cangas de Onis, one of the principal places in Asturias, is situated at the confluence of the Sella and the Curado, in the route from Oviedo to Santillana. Not quite a league from this town stands "the celebrated abbey of Our Lady of Cobadonga" (Covadonga), which, Laborde says, is of the highest antiquity in the country; but he does not mention whether it marks the site of the famous victory over the Moors. Not so far off, he adds, is "the curious monastery of San Pedro Villanosa," which is supposed to occupy the site of a palace of Alfonso I. Santillana (*Santæ Julianæ Fanum*) is on the confines of the principality to the north-east, near the sea, and twenty-two leagues from Oviedo. It contains a collegiate church, a monastery, and about 400 families.

To the east of Asturia de Santillana lies a little canton, called *Las Montanas de Santander*, or *de Burgos*, which, Laborde says, has been improperly considered as part either of Asturias or of Biscay. The

only place of importance, however, which it contains, is the episcopal city and port of Santander, situated twenty leagues west of Bilbao, and thirty-five north-west of Burgos. It has a commodious harbour, defended by two forts, and carries on a considerable trade, chiefly in wool and flour;* there are also some manufactories: the population is estimated at 10,000. The town is the residence of several foreign consuls, and the seat of a consular tribunal; whereas it is one of the privileges of Biscay, that no political or commercial agent is to reside at any of its towns or ports. This little canton is under the same laws as the Castiles, and may be considered as in fact an extension of the province of Old Castile. Its bishop is suffragan to the archbishop of Burgos.

Westward of Asturias, the kingdom of Galicia, the most populous province of Spain, extends forty leagues along the coast of the Atlantic, and forty-six north and south, forming the north-west angle of the Peninsula. A prolongation of the great Cantabrian chain of mountains intersects the province from east to west, terminating in Cape Finisterre. This was the country of the ancient Callaici, which included a part of Old Castile. Together with Asturias and Biscay, it maintained its independence alike against the Roman legions and the Moorish invaders. It was erected into a kingdom in 1060, by Ferdinand the Great; but, up to the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, towards the close of the fifteenth century, its inhabitants shewed little respect for the authority of the Castilian monarchs. The province contains an archbishopric, that of San Jago; four episcopal sees, Tuy, Orense,

* In 1803, 156 vessels entered this port, of which 12 were English, 11 American, 62 French, 14 Spanish coasting vessels, and 39 from the Spanish colonies.

Mondenedo, and Lugo; ninety-eight religious houses:* and a population estimated at about 1,350,000. There are no fewer than forty ports. That of Corunna has acquired too melancholy a celebrity in modern annals; and we shall now conduct the reader from Madrid to that point of the coast, taking in our way some places of high interest which remain to be described in the kingdom of Leon.

FROM MADRID TO CORUNNA.

The post-road to the Galician frontier, for the first twelve leagues, is the same as the road to San Ildefonso and Valladolid. At the Funda San Rafael, it turns off to the left to Medina del Campo and Benavente. The route by which Mr. Townsend returned from Leon to Madrid, was by Salamanca and Avila. The latter city, about sixteen leagues from Madrid, occupies an imposing situation on a granitic rock at the head of a narrow valley, running east and west nearly ten leagues, and never much more than a mile in breadth, watered by the Adaja. Enclosed by a wall with eighty-eight projecting towers, it has every where the appearance of high antiquity; but this character attaches more especially to the cathedral, the cloister of which is distinguished by its exquisite neatness and elegant simplicity. The treasures of this church were formerly immense. The town itself, however, was reduced, in 1786, to a thousand houses, *one-sixth* part of its former population; yet, the convents were undiminished in number, there being nine monasteries and seven nunneries. Besides the

* The monks are rated at only 2,394, the nuns at 600, the other ecclesiastical persons at 10,425, the nobles at 13,800. In Leon, which does not contain half the population, the convents are twice as many, the secular priests half the number, the nobles as 2½ to 1.

cathedral, there are eight parish churches, a university, and five hospitals. "No wonder," says Mr. Townsend, "that the streets should swarm with sturdy beggars." In 1789, some English merchants established a calico-manufactory here, which, in 1792, maintained 700 persons. This has probably been long since abandoned; and the canons, priests, monks, and mendicants, left in undisturbed possession of the birth-place of Saint Theresa, except on her saintship's festival; the Carmelite nunnery in which she took the veil, and the Carmelite monastery, built on the spot where she was born, are then much resorted to by the faithful, and Avila receives a temporary accession of inhabitants. In crossing the high granite mountains which separate the rich valley of Avila from the plains of New Castile, Mr. Townsend travelled nearly five leagues without seeing a human face or habitation, and there was scarcely a beaten track. As he ascended them, the ilex gave way to the *roble* oak, but near the summit he saw only pines, the *daphne mezereum*, the genista, the cistus tribes, and thyme.

Mr. Townsend had made this detour by way of Avila, for the sake of visiting Piedrahita, a village of 150 houses, with three convents, and a *beaterio*, belonging to the house of Alba, where the duke had built a country-seat in imitation of the English style. Contrary to the Spanish custom, every room is ceiled, and the walls are papered. It stands in a valley, the waters of which run into the Adaja. From this place, the road lies over a broken country to Alba de Tormes, which gives its name to the dukedom; a city containing 300 houses and seven convents, together with a castle, in which is deposited the armour of all the dukes of that house. At the end of four short leagues from Alba, crossing some high land covered

with a forest of ilex, the traveller again descends into the valley of the Tormes, and arrives at the far-famed city of Salamanca, the second in rank in the kingdom of Leon; distant, by the direct road, thirty-seven leagues from Madrid, and thirty-three from the city of Leon.

SALAMANCA.

On approaching this city from Palencia, its position, in an amphitheatrical form, on the banks of the Tormes, is highly picturesque. Were the country less naked, M. Bourgoing says, it would resemble the environs of Tours. The fine stone bridge of twenty-seven arches, is said to be the work of the Romans. "On entering Salamanca," says the French Traveller, "dirty, narrow, and ill-peopled streets, would bespeak it to be one of the most gloomy cities of Europe, and it will easily be believed that its population, formerly numerous, is reduced to 2,800 houses; but we are greatly surprised upon arriving at its modern square, equally remarkable for the neatness and regularity of its architecture. It is adorned with three rows of balconies, which follow each other without interruption. Ninety arcades form its foot pavement. In the intervals between the arches are placed medallions of the most illustrious persons Spain has to boast of. On one side are to be seen all the kings of Castile, up to the reign of Charles III.; on the other, those of the best known Spanish heroes, as Bernardo del Carpio, Gonsalvo de Cordova, and Ferdinand Cortez. The niches on the eastern side are still empty.

"The cathedral of Salamanca, although contemporary with the age of Leo X., is in bad taste; the boldness of its nave, however, and the finish of its

Gothic ornaments, make it one of the most remarkable edifices in Spain.* When we know that Salamanca, besides this cathedral, has 27 parish-churches, 25 monasteries, and as many nunneries, we need not be astonished at its poverty or depopulation.

"Until the reign of Philip III., the reputation of the university attracted students, not only from all parts of Spain and Portugal, but also from France, Italy, England, and Spanish America. This celebrity has a little declined, although, according to the last form which was given to it by the Council of Castile, the university of Salamanca has still sixty-one professorships, as well as a college for the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages, and has to boast of some eminent professors, who are occupied in pursuing into its most mystical labyrinths, the pretended philosophy of Aristotle.†

"Another establishment, more modern than the university of Salamanca, and more celebrated in our days, is that of the *Colegios Mayores* (Great Colleges). There are in Spain, seven houses of education which bear this name; and Salamanca alone contains four of them. These edifices are, at least, astonishing for their dimensions. The most ancient, that of San Bartolome, has been recently rebuilt; its façade and principal court deserve the attention of a connoisseur. It contains a rich library of manuscripts. Several

* It was founded in 1513, but not finished till 1734. It is 378 feet long, by 181; 130 high in the nave; and 80 in the aisles. Mr. Townsend says, "the whole is beautiful; but the most striking part is the sculpture."

† There is a college allotted to the Irish, in which threescore students are received at a time, and when these are sent home, the same number are admitted: the course of education occupies eight years; four of which are given to philosophy, and four to divinity. Aristotle and Thomas Aquinas here hold divided sway.

eminent scholars have issued from it, as Alfonso Tostado, whose erudition and fertility of genius still serve as a proverb among the modern Spaniards.

"In the midst of the crowd of sacred edifices which Salamanca contains, I was recommended to visit the church of the Dominicans, the façade of the Augustins, and the church of San Marcos. In the first, I remarked a Gothic façade, wrought with much care, a vast nave, and chapels richly decorated; but I sought in vain for the beautiful pictures which had been so highly extolled. The roof of the choir is painted in fresco by Palomino, who, in writing the lives of the Spanish painters, has given lectures on the fine arts. It appears that, at Salamanca at least, he has not added example to precept. Instead of *chef-d'œuvres* in painting, I was shewn an immense number of relics. I shall not enumerate all the sacred treasures which were passed in review before me; I cannot, however, omit mentioning the Bible of the famous anti-pope Benedict XIII., who was born in Spain, and deposed by the Council of Constance. 'I beseech you,' said our conductor, 'do not confound him with a pope of the same name, who belonged to the order of the Dominicans, and who was the true pope,' I saw nothing remarkable in the gate of the Augustins, but the ornaments with which it is loaded. It faces a castle or palace of the duke of Alva. The third church, of which so much has been said, is the old college of the Jesuits, now given to a fraternity of regular canons, under the name of the church of San Marcos. It has nothing remarkable, excepting a magnificent portico of the Corinthian order."

It has already been mentioned, that the university was first established at Palencia. In the year 1030, there was not a single convent at Salamanca; and in

1480, there were only six monasteries and three nunneries. In 1518, they counted 11,000 virgins; and the students were at one time reckoned at about 16,000. In 1785, the number matriculated was 1,909, and the persons under vows were happily reduced to 1,519. The secular and parochial clergy still amounted to 580, although the twenty-seven parishes did not contain three thousand houses, and the families are stated by Laborde at only 3,400. Since that time, however, Salamanca has been the theatre of sanguinary conflict, and has given its name to one of the most memorable engagements in the Peninsular war, in which the French under Marmont were defeated by the British under Wellington. The military officer whose "Recollections of the Peninsula" have been already referred to, passed through the city in 1813, about a year after the victory, and he thus describes the appearance it then presented.

"There is scarcely a place in all Spain, the name of which is so familiar to our ears as Salamanca. Le Sage, in his admirable Gil Blas, has immortalised it, and we all feel acquainted with the students of Salamanca; but we looked for them in vain, as we walked under the handsome stone piazzas of the most noble-looking square in Spain. These were, indeed, filled with a motley crowd of people, but we could discern no youthful scholars in their academical habits. A few, with some of the old professors, still lingered in the deserted colleges, or might be seen pacing the spacious aisles of the elegant cathedral; but numbers of the students, at an early period of the war, obeyed the sacred call of their country, and left their peaceful colleges for the tumultuous camp. In the year 1812, two convents in Salamanca were fortified and garrisoned by the French, besieged and

taken by the British: thus, an open and quiet city became a scene of contest, confusion, and bloodshed. Monks yielded up their cells to soldiers; all the houses for a certain space round the convents were razed, while the more distant were injured or beat down by the heavy fire of the French batteries; and many of the streets and lanes were enfiladed by their cannon. Heaps of ruins every where presented themselves."

Were we able to follow in the same manner the track of the contending armies, we should have many a similar tale to tell of ruined and depopulated towns and villages. The town of Banos, between ten and eleven leagues from Salamanca on the road to Placcenia, was still in ruins when this officer passed through it in 1813, it having been plundered and half destroyed by a corps of the French army in 1809. The baths from which it takes its name, are hot and sulphureous, and have been held in high esteem from remote antiquity. The *Puerto de Banos* separates Old Castile from Estremadura.

For seventeen leagues S.S.W. of Salamanca, the road lies through a dreary and neglected country, to Ciudad Rodrigo, from which the duke of Wellington take his Spanish ducal title. It stands on the Agueda, only eight miles from the frontier of Portugal, and was built by Ferdinand II., in the thirteenth century, on the site of the ancient Mirobriga, as a garrison town. It has a castle, and is fortified by walls and a deep fosse; but the ramparts are weak. It is an episcopal city, and contains, besides the cathedral, a collegiate and six parish-churches, five monasteries, and four nunneries. The cathedral is "a tasteless Gothic pile," and the city contains nothing remarkable. The population is estimated by Laborde at 10,000. The Portuguese took the city in 1700, but the Spaniards

recovered it the following year. It surrendered to the French in June 1810, and continued in their possession till January 1812, when it was taken by Lord Wellington. The adjacent plains extend five leagues to the north, where they are terminated by mountains which are connected with those of Bejar, Pena de Francia, and the lofty Sierra de Gata.

All the way from Salamanca to Leon, a distance of thirty-three leagues, the country is so flat and open, that the Moorish cavalry must have met with nothing to impede their progress till they arrived at the foot of the Asturian mountains. The route lies through Zamora, which has already been referred to,—a city of considerable antiquity, situated in a fertile country, near the conflux of the Ezla with the Duero, and consequently on the confines of Portugal.* The extent of its fortifications, twenty-three parish-churches, and sixteen convents within the walls, serve to shew what it was; but it is now reduced very low. On the road from Salamanca to Zamora, between Caldaza de Valdeunciel and Corales, there is a forest five leagues in length, in which Mr. Townsend's guide pointed out a number of eminences, all distinguished by one generic term, *confessionarios*,—"implying that, on these, the traveller would stand in need of a confessor to prepare him for his fate;" so notorious was

* It is said to have been called Sentica by the Romans. Having been destroyed in the civil wars, it was rebuilt, towards the latter end of the ninth century, by Alonzo III., who changed its name to Zamora, Mariana says, on account of the number of blueish stones found there, which bore that appellation in the Moorish language. In 1066, Don Fernando, king of Leon, at his death, left his territories among his children, and Zamora fell to Dona Uraca, his daughter. Over one of the gates is a female figure in stone, with the inscription: DONA VRACA..AFIERA AFIERA RODRIGO ELSOR. —See DALRYMPLE's *Travels*, p. 78.

this forest for robbers. From Zamora, the road to Leon lies almost for the whole way near the Ezla. At Benavente, it falls into the royal road from Madrid to Corunna.

Benavente, says Mr. Townsend, is at present remarkable only for the palace of the dutchess, a vast and shapeless pile, possessing the marks of high antiquity, and commanding a most extensive property. This city seems to be going to decay, yet includes six convents. It is divided into nine parishes, and reckons 2,234 souls. There is a mud wall round the town. Some of the churches, Dr. Southey says, are "fine specimens of early Saxon architecture;" and he gives an interesting description of the castle. "We entered by a gradual ascent, which led to a cloister or colonnade of four sides, looking into a court where once had been a fountain. We were hence conducted through a Moorish gateway of three semicircular arches, to a large room decorated with bearings, &c. This opened into a gallery of about fifty paces long and twelve wide, ornamented in the most elegant Moorish taste. The front is supported by jasper pillars; the pavement consists of tiles coloured and painted with the escalop or scallop-shell of San Jago. In the recesses of the wall are Arabic decorations and inscriptions. From hence is an extensive prospect over the fertile valleys of Leon, watered by the Marez and the Ezla. From the wall of the staircase an arm in armour supports a lamp. The roof of the chapel represents stalactites. In the armoury are old muskets, where the trigger is brought round the match to the pan."*

* Southey's Letters from Spain, &c. vol. i. p. 139. In the learned Author's History of the Peninsular War, this castle is represented to have been one of the finest monuments of the age of chivalry.

From Benavente,* it is a distance of six leagues and a half to Banesa, crossing the Orbigo at the *Puente de la Bisana*. On each side of the plain are towns thickly scattered, which have once been fortified. Lapwings, storks, and wild ducks, are found here in great abundance. The broad nests of the storks are seen on the churches of Banesa,—"an old and ugly town, with a fine alameda." It is four leagues more over the plain to Astorga.

This ancient capital of the *Astures*, styled by Pliny a magnificent city, and ennobled by Augustus with

"We have nothing in England," he says, "which approaches to its grandeur. Berkeley, Raby, even Warwick and Windsor, are poor fabrics in comparison. With Gothic grandeur, it has the richness of Moorish decoration; open galleries, where Saracenic arches are supported by pillars of porphyry and granite, cloisters with fountains playing in their courts, jasper columns and tesselated floors, niches, alcoves, and seats in the walls, over-arched in various forms, and enriched with every grotesque adornment of gold and silver, and colours hardly less gorgeous. It belonged to the duke of Ossuna; and the splendour of old times was still continued there. The extent of this magnificent edifice may be estimated from the circumstance, that two regiments, besides artillery, were quartered within its walls. They proved the most destructive enemies that had ever entered them. Their indignant feelings broke out in acts of wanton mischief, and the officers who felt and admired the beauties of this venerable pile, attempted in vain to save it from devastation. Every thing combustible was seized, fires were lighted against the fine walls, and pictures of unknown value were heaped together as fuel. The archives of the family fortunately escaped." (Vol. i. p. 781.) One would hope that there is rather too warm a colouring thrown over this picture. Dalrymple, in 1774, speaks of this matchless edifice as "the *remains* of an old castle;" Mr. Townsend calls it a shapeless pile; and the account in Dr. Southey's early Letters by no means conveys so high an idea of its grandeur. As to the paintings of the great masters in this castle, they seem to have been overlooked by all our travellers.

* From Benavente, another route may be taken, leading through Sitrama and Vega de Tera, to Orense and Santiago (98 leagues from Madrid), and thence to Corunna (10 leagues).

the title of Augusta, is now an inconsiderable place, surrounded with ruinous walls, though it retains the dignity of an episcopal city. The streets are paved in ridges. The castle and the cathedral, Dr. Southey says, are well worthy the traveller's attention; the one for its antiquity, the other for its beauty. Over the castle gateway are the figures of a warrior and lion fighting, and escutcheons, supported each by a man and woman in the dress of the times. They were building a new convent by the ruins of the castle in 1795, while whole families were actually living in holes dug in the castle wall. "The halls of hospitality are desolate," observes the learned Traveller, "but the haunts of superstition are multiplying."

On leaving Astorga, the traveller enters on the country of the *Maragatos** (or *Mauregatos*), of whom Dalrymple gives the following account. "In the morning I observed a number of women in a peculiar kind of dress; on inquiry, I found that they were called Mauregatas. Their habit is very particular: they wear large ear-rings, and a kind of white hat, which, at a little distance, both as to size and shape, resembles what is worn, in like manner, by the Moorish women. Their hair is divided in the front, and falls on each side of the face; they have a number of little pictures of saints set in silver, and other trinkets pendant to large beads of coral, tied round the neck, and spreading all over the bosom; their shift is stitched at the breast, and buttoned at the collar; they wear a brown woollen cloth boddice and petticoat, the sleeves of the boddice very large and open behind. The Mauregatos (the men) wear very

* *Maragato* is a Spanish word for a particular sort of ornament on women's tuckers; but it is probably derived from the dress of the Maragatas.

large drawers, which tie at the knee, and the loose part hangs over the tie as far as the calf of the leg: the rest of their dress is a short kind of coat, with a belt round the waist.* I inquired of every decent-looking person I met, to endeavour to obtain some account of these people; but I was not very successful. All I could learn was, that there are a great many villages inhabited by them about this town; that they have bound themselves by compact to certain regulations, from which they never deviate; that they intermarry among each other; and if any of them should change their dress, or violate their established customs, they are driven from the society. As their garb is different from that of the inhabitants of every other part of the kingdom, so are their customs, manners, &c. When a young woman is affianced, she is not allowed to speak to any man but him who is intended to be her husband, till the marriage is celebrated, on the penalty of paying a certain fine, which is a quantity of wine: the young fellows follow and torment her on this occasion, to induce her to speak. After marriage, the women never comb their hair. They work in the fields at all the labours of agriculture, while the men are employed as carriers from this country across the mountains into Galicia, keeping many hundreds of horses for that purpose; for here, the carriage road from Madrid terminates. These people are in affluent circumstances, being very industrious, yet they think it necessary to live in indigence. They are supposed to be the Yanguesian carriers mentioned in Don Quixote. Flores, in his '*Espana Sagrada*,' writing of the country about Astorga, says, 'that it is what is called the territory of the Mauregatos, a people

* Southey describes it as a leathern jacket, in form not unlike the ancient cuirass.

given to commerce, in which they are noted for their integrity; that the women retain a dress so ancient that its origin is not known, being the most uncommon in all Spain; and that the particular genius, customs, manners, &c. of these people, would require a volume, at least, to describe them.' "*

This Traveller conjectures, that the inhabitants of this district may be the descendants of those who followed the fortune of the usurper Mauregato, who, by the aid of the Moors, succeeded in seating himself on the throne of Leon about A.D. 775, and who, during his short reign, encouraged Moorish settlers. The dress of the women, and many of their customs and manners, he says, are very like the Moorish. Laborde says, the *patois* of the district contains a mixture of corrupt Arabic.

A highly interesting tract extends westward of Astorga, of which Dr. Southey gives the following description. " To the west of Astorga, the Asturian mountains send off two great branches, trending from north to south; those in the eastern range are the Puerto del Rabanal, the Cruz de Ferro, and Foncebadon; those in the western, Puerto del Cebrero, Puerto del Courel, and Puerto del Aguiar; on the south, they meet with the Sierra de Sanabria, the Sierra de Cabrera, and the Montes Aquilianos, or Aguianas, as they are now called. The tract which is thus surrounded with mountains is called the Bierzo, a word corrupted from the *Bergidum Flavium* of

* Dalrymple's Travels, p. 86. " These people never intermarry with the other Spaniards, but form a separate race. They cut the hair close to the head, and sometimes leave it in tufts like flowers. Their countenances express honesty, and their character corresponds to their physiognomy; for a Maragato was never known to defraud, or ever to lose any thing committed to his care."—Southey's *Letters*, vol. i. p. 17.

Ptolemy. The city which bore that name was at Castro de la Ventosa; it is a tradition in the country, that there was a city there formerly; traces of the walls may still be discovered there, and the situation agrees with the Itinerary of Antoninus. It is precisely the spot which would be chosen to command the Bierzo, and for this reason, Fernando II., and after him his son, Alfonso IX., would have re-peopled it, but the domain belonged to the royal monastery of Caracedo, and they desisted in consequence of a representation from that quarter.

"This Bierzo is the Thebais of Spain. 'The multitude of its sanctuaries, the holiness of its hermitages, the number of its anchorites and of its monks who distinguished themselves by their victories over the world, he only can relate who can count the stars of heaven;'—so Florez expresses himself, betrayed by zeal out of his usual sobriety of language. I would go far to see any place which devotion has sanctified, especially if it had been so sanctified because of its natural tendency to excite devotional feelings.

"This amphitheatre is from north to south (computing from summit to summit) about sixteen leagues, and about fourteen from east to west. All its waters, collected into the river Sil, pass into the Val de Orras in Galicia, through a narrow gorge: if that opening were closed, the whole Bierzo would be formed into a prodigious lake. The centre is a plain of about four square leagues, comprised between the rivers Sil, Cua, and Burbia, and fertile and lovely valleys wind up into the heights beyond. Wine, corn, pulse, flax, pasture and fruits, are produced here in abundance, though the inhabitants of this delightful region live in a state of contented and idle poverty. The hazel, the chesnut, the pear, the apple, the cherry, the mulberry, and

even the olive grow wild upon the hills. The streams supply plenty of fish; and gold, silver, lead, and iron, are to be found in the mountains.

"It is said, that these wilds were inhabited by anchorites in the earliest ages of Christianity; but Christianity was not so soon polluted by the philosophy and folly of the East. The certain history of the Bierzo begins with Fructuoso, a saint of royal extraction, who was born about the year 600. His father is called in some breviaries, duke of the Bierzo. S. Valerio, the contemporary biographer of his son, says that he was *dux exercitus Hispaniæ;* and this, as he had extensive pastures in that part of the country, explains the title. Fructuoso, in his childhood, sometimes accompanied his father here when he came to inspect his flocks and herds; the beauty and the sublimity of these vales and mountains deeply impressed him, and in the silence of his heart he devoted himself to a religious life. This resolution he executed as soon as the death of his parents left him master of himself. He then founded the monastery of Compludo, as it is now called, by the source of the Molina, which rises in the Puerto del Rabanal, and falls into the Sil a little above Ponferrada. His sister's husband applied to the king to prevent him from thus disposing of his property. Fructuoso, upon this, stript the altars, covered them with sackcloth, and betook himself to prayer and fasting: and the speedy death of his brother-in-law was imputed to these means. After this he founded another monastery, now called S. Pedro de Montes, near the source of the Oza, which rises in the Montes Aguianas, and falls into the Sil below Ponferrada. His next foundation was S. Felix de Visonia, on the river of that name, which rises in the Montes de Aguiar, and falls into the Sil below Friera; but this

was afterwards deserted, and its lands are now a grange belonging to the royal monastery of Carracedo.

"Meantime his delight was to wander about the mountains, bare-footed, and in a dress of goat-skin. A hunter one day saw him prostrate upon a crag, bent his bow at him, and was on the point of loosing the string, when luckily the saint held up his hands in the act of prayer. The fame of his piety soon spread abroad, and those who were in need of spiritual consolation, flocked to him; but he, having founded his monasteries, established his monks, and disposed of his property, retired into the wilds. Here, however, he could not be concealed. There were tame daws in one of the convents, which he had probably amused himself by feeding, and these birds used to hover about him, and their clamours indicated where he was to be found. A doe fled to him for shelter from the hunters; in reverence to him, they called the dogs off, and spared her, and from that time she never forsook her protector, but lay at his feet, and if at any time he left her, tracked his footsteps, and moaned till she had found him. A wicked boy killed this poor animal, and when Fructuoso heard it, he was so affected, that he threw himself upon the ground, and sought for comfort in prayer. The offender was seized with a fever, very possibly the effect of fear; and Fructuoso has the credit, and probably the merit, of having healed him body and soul.

"The system which he established in his monasteries was not thoroughly understood, till Yepes, in the course of his researches for his great work, found at S. Pedro de Arlanza, the Institutions or Rule of the Saint, in a great manuscript, entitled *Regulæ Patrum*, written by Hereneo, a priest, in the reign of king Don Ordono. The date was obliterated, but the

only three Ordonos reigned within little more than a century of each other, from the year 850 to 955; it can therefore be little less than nine centuries old. Fructuoso's Rule is, in the main, an abstract of St. Benedict's, as might be supposed; but he has made some additions to it, under thirteen heads; and these are exceedingly curious. They shew that the societies which he organized, in some respects resemble those which were afterwards instituted by S. Romualdo as a separate order, and they throw great light upon the monastic history of Spain.

"Followers have never been, and never will be wanting, for any new system of religious discipline, however rigorous. It is said, that the Bierzo could not hold the disciples who flocked to Fructuoso, and that he was obliged to establish convents and reclusions, as they were called, in other parts. Such was the effect which he produced on his preaching expeditions, that the governors of Andalusia called upon the king to interfere, or he would soon have no men for his armies, and the whole business of the province would be at a stand. His zeal would inflame the enthusiastic; the free quarters which he offered would tempt the idle; and his authority might be sufficient to keep this motley society in order. But S. Valerio has luckily written some account of himself as well as of his master, and this account shews what a set of wretches were collected there. Valerio represents them as hypocrites, drunkards, intriguers, thieves, and assassins: he himself was a rogue of a higher class, — and, though not cunning enough to pass his life comfortably in such company while he was among them, contrived to become abbot of S. Pedro de Montes, and to be made a saint. Fructuoso is a clearer character: he was a man of enthusiastic piety, who devoted his pro-

perty and himself to what he believed the best method of benefiting mankind; and that Europe has been in the highest degree benefited by the Benedictines, it would be absurd and ungrateful to deny.

"How long his institutions subsisted, cannot now be ascertained. Situated in this part of the country, they were more likely to be dissolved by internal misconduct, than by the Moorish conquest. At the close of the ninth century, S. Genadio retired to the solitudes which Fructuoso and Valerio had sanctified. Every thing had long been deserted: he found S. Pedro de Montes overgrown with thorns, and hidden beneath old trees. He had brought a colony of good monks with him, and they cleared the woods, restored the building, and planted vineyards and orchards. By the instigation of the devil, as Genadio believed, he was called away from his retirement to be made bishop of Astorga; but after some time, he resigned his bishopric and returned to the Bierzo. His works, and those of Fortis, his successor in the diocese, still remain. One of them, the monastery of Santiago de Penalva, which Fortis built over the grave of Genadio, is one of those places in the Bierzo which would as richly repay the picturesque traveller, and probably the antiquary, as it would the pilgrim.

"Penalva is, as its name denotes, a white cliff, so lofty as to give its appellation to that part of the sierra: in winter it is still whiter, being covered with snow. A little river, called the River of Silence, wells out at its foot. On its banks stands the monastery, upon a shelf of the mountain, made, says Florez, like a table, by the hand of God. Opposite, in a high rock, are the *Cuevas del Silencio*, the caves of silence, —five natural caverns; they front the east, and all the light they receive is through the entrance, which

in each of them is not higher than half the stature of a man; but they are spacious within, sufficiently lofty, and have seats in the rock all round. Hither the devouter and elder monks, veterans in their Catholic warfare, retire at Advent and at Lent. The way to them is but a goat's path, — hands and knees must be exerted in climbing it, and it is perilous to look back upon the giddy descent: it is as tremendous to look up, for immediately above them is a cliff thirty *estados* high. The natives of these mountains, says Sandoval, believe that great treasures are hidden in these caves; but there is no other treasure than the holiness which so many saints have imparted by their acts of penitence. The monastery is an edifice of great magnificence, with marble columns and a profusion of mosaic work.

"Many extraordinary objects occur upon the Sil. This river passes by Mount Medulio, the place where the remains of a great native force destroyed themselves in sight of a Roman army, rather than submit to bondage; — a noble spirit, of which more instances are to be found in the ancient history of Spain than in that of any other country, and which is not yet extinct in that noble nation. Upon one part of this mountain there are round and lofty fragments of red earth, standing up like huge towers, twenty-nine in number. *Las Medulas*, they are called; — old writings spell the word *Metalas*, and thus explain the wonder. The Romans had mines here, and the earth has fallen in in those parts only which were excavated. Gold is still found in the sands of this river, which Florez will have to be the *Minius* of classical geography, because here, and not upon the Minho, *minium* is found.

"Still more remarkable is the *Montefurado*, or perforated mountain, where the Sil passes for 300

paces through an arch in the rock; and this passage is so broad and lofty, that fishing-boats pass through. Marks of the chisel, it is said, may be traced at both entrances. Florez thinks, that if it be a work of art, it was designed for a mine; but it is far more probable, that the arch is natural, and that man has done nothing more than perhaps in some places heighten or widen it, or remove a projection of the rock, for the easier passage of boats. A Roman road of prodigious labour is cut in the rock in the opposite mountain, for a league in length, and in some places ten *estados* in depth. From the frequent bends and angles which it makes, it is called *los Codos de Ladoco*, the elbows of Ladoco. There is an inscription upon the rock, 'Jovi Ladico,' and hence the name of the mountain. Another inscription to *Jupiter Ladicus* was found in Galicia. The *Mons Sacer* of Justin is supposed to be the *Puerto del Rabanal*, near Ponferrada, and upon the river Sil. It was forbidden to violate this mountain by digging in it; but if a thunderbolt struck it, and exposed any of the gold which it contained, that might be collected as a gift of the gods.

"There are lakes also in this country. The *Lago de Carracedo*, which belongs to a famous monastery of that name, is a league in circumference, and of exceeding depth. Many streams fall into it, but it has no outlet, except in the rainy season, when it discharges its waters into the Sil, the receiver-general of all in the district. But probably the finest scenery is to be found upon the Tera, which flows into the district of Sanabria, on the borders of the Bierzo. This river rises near the Portillo de Puertas, upon the mountains which divide Sanabria and the kingdom of Leon from Galicia. Its course is to the south. Two

leagues from its source, it waters the Vega de Tera, a rich track of pasture upon the mountain, where the merino sheep are driven; and from thence it falls precipitately into a delightful vale, called *la Cueba*, the cave. This vale, says Florez, is a little garden, a little paradise, walled round on all sides with lofty precipices. The river winds slowly through, and then makes a second fall, and forms the lake of Senabria, which is a league in length, about half as wide, and of unfathomable depth,—that is, of depth which has not yet been fathomed. The Conde de Benavente had a fine house upon a rock in the midst of it, which probably may still exist. The storms to which this lake is exposed, are sometimes dangerous. It belongs to the neighbouring monastery of S. Martin de Castaneda, which has two other lakes in its domain.

"The traveller who has leisure and curiosity will do well to halt at Villa Franca and at Ponferrada, and from thence explore this interesting country."

In December 1808, this lovely track of country was the scene of one of the deepest tragedies which occurred during the Peninsular war,—the retreat to Corunna, of the British under Sir John Moore, in which the life of that noble general, and those of the thousands who perished in the retreat, or fell more honourably in the subsequent action, were clearly sacrificed through deplorable ignorance of the nature of the country.* The main road, that of Manzanal,

* Among other instances of this, Dr. Southey mentions, that Sir John Moore was deterred from halting at Villa Franca, lest the enemy should get in his rear and intercept him at Lugo; an apprehension that could not have been entertained, had he been acquainted with the country; and the transports which should have been ordered to Corunna were, through similar want of information, directed to be sent to Vigo, where they were detained by contrary winds

Dr. Southey says, is one of the finest in Europe; that of Foncebadon also leads into the Bierzo; there is no third ingress; and from Villa Franca towards Corunna, the only way is that of Puerto del Cebrero. Both the former passes lead along defiles where a thousand men might stop the march of twenty times their number; and beyond Villa Franca, there is no lateral road. From Astorga to Villa Franca is, according to Dr. Southey, about 60 English miles; but, in Bourgoing's Itinerary, the distance given is only 12½ posting leagues, equal to 50 miles English. "The road for the first four leagues is up the mountain, but through an open country. Having reached the summit of Foncebadon, you enter into some of the strongest passes in Europe. It would scarcely be possible for an invading army to force their way here against a body of determined men. These passes continue between two and three leagues, nearly to the village of Torre. From thence through Benvibre and Ponferrada, nothing can be finer than the country and the circle of mountains which binds it in. But never, in the most melancholy ages of Spanish history, had a more miserable scene been represented, than was now to be witnessed here. The horses of the retreating army began to fail, and this, in great measure, for want of shoes and shoe-nails. As soon as these noble animals foundered, they were shot, lest the enemy should profit by them. The rain continued pouring; the baggage was to be dragged, and the soldiers were to wade through half-melted snow. The feet of the men also began to fail; more waggons were left behind; and when the troops reached Villa Franca, they were in such a state, that several experienced officers predicted, if this march against time were persevered in, a fourth of the army would be

left in the ditches before it was accomplished.....From Villa Franca to Castro is one continued ascent up *Monte del Cebrero* for about fifteen miles, through one of the wildest, most delightful, and most defensible countries in the world. The road is a royal one, cut with great labour and expense in the side of the mountain, and following all its windings. For some part of the way, it overhangs the river Valcarce, a rapid mountain stream, which falls into the Burbia near the town, and afterwards joins the Sil, to pass through the single outlet in the gorge of the Bierzo. Oaks, alders, poplars, hazels, and chesnuts, grow in the bottom and far up the side of the hills; the apple, pear, cherry, and mulberry, are wild in this country; the wild olive is also found here; and here are the first vineyards which the traveller sees on his way from Corunna into the heart of Spain. The mountains are cultivated in some parts even to their summits, and trenches are cut along their sides for the purpose of irrigating them. Even those writers whose journals were written during the horrors of such a flight, noticed this scenery with admiration. It was now covered with snow. There was neither provision to sustain nature, nor shelter from the rain and snow, nor fuel for fire to keep the vital heat from total extinction, nor place where the weary and foot-sore could rest for a single hour in safety. All that had hitherto been suffered was but the prelude to this consummate scene of horrors. 'I looked round,' says an officer, 'when we had hardly gained the highest point of those slippery precipices, and saw the rear of the army winding along the narrow road. I saw their way marked by the wretched people who lay on all sides expiring from fatigue and the severity of the cold.' That no horror might be wanting, women and

children accompanied this wretched army: some were frozen to death in the baggage-waggons which were broken down, or left upon the road for want of cattle; some died of fatigue and cold ... From the summit of this mountain to Lugo is nearly twelve leagues. There are several bridges upon the way, over glens and gills, which might have impeded the pursuit, had they been destroyed. One, in particular, between Nogales and Marillas, is the most remarkable work of art between Corunna and Madrid. This bridge, which is called *Puenta del Corzul*, crosses a deep ravine. From its exceeding height, the narrowness of its lofty arches, and its form, which, as usual with the Spanish bridges, is straight, it might, at a little distance, be mistaken for an aqueduct. Several of those officers who knew the road, relied much upon the strength of this ravine, and the impossibility that the French could bring their guns over if the bridge were destroyed. Grevious as it was to think of destroying so grand a work, its destruction was attempted, but, as in most other instances, to no purpose;—whether the pioneers performed their work too hastily, or because their implements had been abandoned on the way ... The different divisions had been ordered to halt and collect at Lugo. Here the retreating army might have rested, had the destruction of the bridges been effected; but this attempt had been so imperfectly executed, that the French came in sight on the day following." On the 6th and 7th of January, some affairs of outposts took place, in which the French were repelled with a steadiness which excited the wonder of the British themselves. Sir John wished to bring the enemy to action; but failing in this, he ordered large fires to be lighted along the

line for the purpose of deceiving the French, and during the night continued the retreat to Corunna, which they reached on the 11th, without further molestation. What followed is well known. The battle of Corunna took place on the 16th. Never was a victory achieved under heavier disadvantages. The French force exceeded 20,000; the British were not 15,000; their superiority in artillery was equally great; the moral and physical state of the retreating army was a still greater disadvantage. From 6 to 7000 men, had sunk under the fatigues of the retreat; the loss of the British in the battle did not amount to 800, while that of the French is believed to have exceeded 2,000. Sir John Moore lived to hear that the battle was won. At midnight, the body was removed to the citadel of Corunna, and buried on the ramparts. Nearly the whole army was embarked during the night, and soon after daylight the rear-guard got into the boats, the French light troops witnessing the embarkation from the heights of San Lucia, but not attempting to interrupt them. The victory was dearly purchased, but it redeemed the honour of England.*

* Southey's Peninsular War, vol. i. pp. 786—806. It does not fall within the design of this work to enter into military details. A very interesting and affecting account of the retreat and the battle of Corunna will be found in the "Personal Narrative of a Private Soldier in the 42d Highlanders." 12mo, 1821. The burial of Sir John Moore has been described in "verse that cannot die," by a collateral descendant of General Wolfe.

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

"We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,

Coruna (improperly written Corunna, and by the French Corogna) is situated on a peninsula at the entrance of the bay on the north-west coast, which runs into the land as far as Betanzos. It is divided into the upper and lower towns. The former is situated on a declivity, surrounded with walls, and defended by a citadel. Its streets are narrow and ill-paved. The old or lower town, called *Pexaria*, stands upon a small tongue of land, and here the streets are broader. Nothing is carried on in the lower town but foreign trade. Dr. Southey says: "The town is admirably paved, but its filth is astonishing. Other places attract the eye of a traveller, but Corunna takes his attention by the nose. The market-place is very good, and its fountain is ornamented with a squab-faced figure of Fame. Some of the houses in one of the back streets have little gardens, which is very unusual in Spain. The churches exhibit some curious specimens of Moorish architecture." There are four parish-churches, six chapels, four convents, and a population, according to Laborde, of 4,000 persons, exclusive of the garrison and occasional inhabitants. The numbers must, in fact, be perpetually fluctuating. Formerly, a packet used to sail every month from this port for the

> By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
> And the lantern dimly burning."

When the Marquis Romana arrived at Corunna in the following June, after Soult had been compelled to evacuate Galicia, he erected a monument there with this inscription:

A LA GLORIA
DEL GENERAL INGLES MOORE
Y SUS VALIENTES COMPATRIOTAS
LA ESPANA AGRADECIDA.

"Grateful Spain to the glory of the English General and his valiant countrymen."

Havannah, and once every two months for South America. Intercourse between England and Spain is kept up chiefly by packets between this port and Falmouth. The opening of the trade to America produced a great increase in that of Corunna.

The light-house, situated on a high point, about three miles from the harbour, is discerned at sea for sixty miles round. This ancient structure is called the Tower of Hercules; and the tradition is, that Hercules built it, and placed in it a mirror so constructed by his art magical, that all vessels in that sea, at whatever distance, might be beheld in it. A Roman inscription near the tower, however, dedicatory to Mars, affords pretty strong proof that the work is Roman, and, it is supposed, of the era of Trajan. In after ages, it was used as a fortress, and thus the winding ascent on the outside, which was wide enough for a carriage, was destroyed. In this ruinous state it remained till the close of the seventeenth century, when the English and Dutch consuls resident at Corunna, presented a memorial to the duke of Uceda, then captain-general of Galicia, representing the benefit that would accrue to the port if this tower were converted into a light-house, and proposing to raise a fund for defraying the expenses by a duty on all their ships entering the harbour. In consequence of this, a wooden staircase was erected within the building, and two turrets for the fires were added to the summit. A more complete repair was begun in the reign of Charles III., and completed in that of his successor. The tower is ninety-two feet high, the walls four feet and a half thick; and Humboldt says, that its construction clearly proves it to be Roman, though he is willing to suppose that it may have been

built on the ruins of a Greek or Phenician edifice.* It is also known by the appellation of the Iron Tower; and from it, the town itself is supposed to derive its modern name. It was the *Brigantium* of the Romans; and is first called *Villa da Cruna* by Fernando II., about the close of the twelfth century. *Cruna* in the Galician, and Corunna in the Castilian dialect, are, according to Flores, corruptions of *Columna:* and though there seems to be some difference between a column and a tower, we must accept this etymology for want of a better.†

Between nine and ten leagues (by land) from Corunna, in the same bay, is the important harbour of Ferrol, one of the best, in point of depth, capacity, and safety, in Europe. Prior to the year 1752, it was only a fishing hamlet, frequented by coasting vessels; but the advantages of its situation having been ascertained by the Government, it has since been made the chief naval station of Spain. Dock-yards and arsenals have been established here, and a town built, the resident population of which has been estimated at 10,000, and in time of war is much greater. Its position renders it extremely strong; for, to approach it from the sea, vessels must advance one by one in a narrow, tortuous channel, commanded by forts, and

* Pers. Nar. vol. i. p. 25. Strabo affirms that the country of the *Callaici* (Galicia) had been peopled by Greek colonies; and a very ancient tradition states, that the companions of Hercules had settled in these countries. Both the Phenicians and the Greeks visited this coast to trade for tin, which they drew from this country as well as from the Cassiterides. In the granitic ridges which stretch as far as Cape Ortegal, the common tin ore is discovered, which is worked by the inhabitants of Galicia.

† Southey's Letters, vol. i. p. 23. One author, however, derives it from the Celtic *coryn* or *corun*, a tongue of land. If there be such a word in Celtic, with this meaning, it would leave no doubt on the subject.

which might even be shut by a *stoccado*;* while, on the land side, it is protected as well by its distance from any point of landing, as by the strength of its fortifications. The basin in which the ships are laid up is of great extent, and every ship has its own warehouse. The *presidiario* is composed of 600 galley-slaves, who are employed in the most laborious works of the harbour. As the port is intended only for the royal navy, general commerce and all foreign merchant-ships are excluded. All the establishments are naval. The marine barracks are a vast and handsome building, affording accommodation for 6000 men; there is also an academy for the *guardas marinas*, a mathematical, and a nautical school. As the ports of Ferrol and Corunna communicate with the same bay, a vessel driven by bad weather on this coast, may anchor in either, according to the wind. This advantage is invaluable, where the sea is almost always tempestuous, as it is between Capes Ortegal and Finisterre, the promontories *Trileucum* and *Artabrum* of ancient geography.† Ferrol is reckoned ten leagues from the former; and the observatory of the admiralty there, is, according to Humboldt, 0° 10′ 20″ E. of the Tower of Hercules at Corunna and 0° 42′ 21″ W. of Paris.

The route we have been pursuing is, as far as Lugo, one of the high roads to Compostella. Both Villa Franca, which is the frontier town of Galicia, and Ponferrada, situated at the confluence of the Sil and

* Humboldt supposes, that this singular channel has been opened either by the irruption of the waves, or by the reiterated shocks of violent earthquakes. The *Laguna del Obispo* (bishop's lake), on the coast of Cumana, is formed exactly like the port of Ferrol.

† *Cabo Finisterra* is obviously *Finis Terræ*, Land's End. *Cabo Ortegal* is said to be a corruption of *Nort-de-Galicia*.

the Bueza, owe their origin to the great resort of pilgrims to Santiago, especially from France, insomuch that this road was called *El Camino Frances*, the French road. Osmundo, bishop of Astorga from A.D. 1082 to 1096, built a bridge over the Sil for their accommodation, which was called at first *Puente de Quintanilla*, and afterwards *Ponsferrata*. Thence grew up the town, which belonged to the Templars, who fortified it. The castle is a fine object, "great and grotesque." There are three parish-churches, two monasteries, and a nunnery. Villa Franca (*Villa Francorum*) has grown up round the church and convent of some monks of Cluni, who settled here in the reign of Alfonso VI., to administer the sacrament to a few French settlers, and to travellers of that nation. It is now inhabited by some good families, gives title to a marquis, and contains three nunneries and a Franciscan monastery: it had formerly a college of Jesuits. On approaching the town, it has a beautiful appearance, but the interior is mean and dirty. There is an old palace of the duke of Alba, "as mean and melancholy as a parish workhouse in England." Lugo (16½ leagues from Villa Franca, and 13 from Compostella) is a very ancient town, the *Lucus Augusti* of the Romans, and an episcopal see. It is situated on an eminence near the banks of the Mino, thirteen leagues from its source, and is supposed to contain between 5 and 6000 inhabitants. Its appearance in 1796 is thus described by Dr. Southey.

"Lugo is surrounded by a wall, with circular towers projecting at equal distances. There is a walk on the top, without any fence on either side, in width ten feet, and, where the towers project, twenty. Time has destroyed the cement. The ruins are in many parts covered with ivy, and the periwinkle is in blos-

som round the wall. I saw doors leading from the city *into* the walls, and many wretched hovels are built under them without, mere shells of habitations, made with stones from the ruins, and to which the wall itself serves as the back. One of the round towers projects into the passage of our posada, which winds round it. These walls were the work of the Romans, and, like all their works, seem to have been built for eternity. They form an irregular circle. The towers and turrets were eighty-six in number; one has disappeared, it is not known when or where, having probably been taken down to make room and supply materials for a dwelling-house; one fell down last winter (1794), and others will probably soon come to the ground in like manner, unless speedy care be taken to repair them. They are at unequal distances, in some places only half a cross-bow shot apart; and what is remarkable, they are built on the wall, not in it, so that the strength of the wall is every where the same. Each tower was raised two stories, that is, had three habitable rooms, one on a level with the wall, two above it; the marks of the chimneys may still be seen; the windows are arched, and fragments of the thick white glass with which they were glazed, are often discovered. Some have conjectured that the city was called *Lucus*, either from the dazzling reflection of the sun upon these windows, or from the illumination which all these towers presented at night, when they were inhabited; but this is a groundless etymology, for the name existed long before the glass windows. All the towers are round, except a few which are of later date; some of these were built in the reign of Alfonso XI., by the Infante Don Felipe, and are inferior to the Roman ones. The height of the walls is not in all places alike; in some places it

is more than five-and-thirty feet. The moat is choked up. Notwithstanding the want of a parapet, this is the favourite walk of the inhabitants; the circuit is half an hour's walk at a good pace. They are proud of it, and say that two carriages a-breast may drive round: two of the Galician carts might, perhaps; but even if there were a coach road to the top, I think few charioteers would be adventurous enough to use it.

"Many curious antiquities have been destroyed here, especially by the masons. A statue is remembered of an armed nymph, holding the shield on one arm, and in the other hand a few spikes of corn, the manner in which Spain is represented on a coin of Galba. One remarkable inscription is still preserved:

CAELESTI
AVG
PATERNI
QVIET
CONSTANTII
VV. SS.

"The goddess Cœlestis was worshipped in the African provinces, and especially at Carthage, where, according to Herodian, her image is said to have been brought by Dido. Ulpian enumerates her among the deities to whom property might lawfully be bequeathed.

"The baths which the Romans made here are used at this day as medicinal, and the works which they formed to protect them against the Minho in its floods, may still be traced. The water is strongly impregnated with sulphur. Morales noticed a singular circumstance here. There is a spring of very cold and clear water near these baths, at which other birds

drink and wash themselves, but the pigeons all go to the warm sulphureous stream.

" Lugo is the first place out of Asturias which was recovered by the Spaniards. Alonso el Católico reconquered it, and restored its bishopric within twenty years after the Moorish conquest. At present, it is what we should call a wretched place. Its massy walls, whose ruinous state is not visible at a little distance, and the towers of the cathedral, led me, as I approached, to expect something more correspondent to the English idea of a city. The streets are narrow, dirty, and dark; the houses high and gloomy: they lessen the little light which the narrowness of the streets allows, by the old wooden lattices of the balconies. The prison is a very singular building.

" The cathedral presents little that is remarkable. The two towers in the front seem to have been intended to be carried higher; but they are now roofed with slates in an execrable taste which seems to be common here, and which I have seen exhibited upon old pigeon-houses in England. The chapel of the Virgin displays much elegance. Some of the pillars are Saxon. The front has been modernised in a bad and inappropriate taste.

" This church enjoys a remarkable privilege, and, in the opinion of Catholics, a highly important one. The wafer is always exposed, that is, the doors of the *Sagrario* in which it is kept, are glazed, so that the pix is seen. Many reasons have been assigned for this: among others, that it was granted because the doctrine of the real presence was established in a council which was held here, in opposition to a heresy then prevalent in Galicia. The same privilege exists in the royal convent of San Isidro at Leon, but

no traces of its origin are to be found among the archives of either church."

Of the far-famed archiepiscopal city of San Jago de Compostella, the capital of Galicia, from which the knights of San Jago (Santiago) take their title, we have nothing better to offer than the meagre account furnished by Laborde, who tells us, that it is situated on a peninsula formed by the rivers Tambra and Ulla; that it is built on a hill, at the foot of which runs the little river Saria; that the climate is humid,—it rains there nearly two-thirds of the year; that there are, besides the cathedral, four parish-churches within the city, eight in the suburbs, six convents, a university founded in 1522, four colleges, four hospitals, and a population of nearly 12,000 inhabitants. The cathedral, which boasts of containing the body of the apostle James, the tutelar saint of the Peninsula, is a heavy building of Gothic architecture. The treasury was, and probably still is, very rich: sovereigns and pontiffs have contributed to augment it. There are twenty-three chapels. In that of St. James is a statue of the saint, two feet high, of massive gold. About 2,000 wax tapers are lighted in this chapel every night. Massive silver, diamonds, and precious stones adorn the shrines in which the sacred relics are deposited, in dazzling profusion. But this sacred raree-show has had its day; and whether Saint James has lost any of his popularity or not in Spain, the road to Compostella is no longer thronged with pilgrims as in days of yore.

Between fourteen and fifteen leagues S. E. of Santiago is the episcopal city of Orense (Auria), the *Aquæ Calidæ* of the Romans, so named from the hot springs, for which it was resorted to in those ancient times. It is situated at the foot of a mountain on the left bank of the Mino, below the confluence of the

Sil. The city is small, containing only one parish-church besides the cathedral, two monasteries, and two chapels. The population is estimated at 2,300 persons. The hot springs are said to affect, by their vapours, the temperature of that part of the town which is next the plain. Galicia abounds with mineral springs of different temperature. In the *Comarca de Lemos*, there is a spring on the mountain of Cebret, near the source of the river Loriz or Lours, and twenty leagues from the sea, which is said to ebb and flow, and to become warm or cold alternately, the temperature increasing as it becomes more copious. The bridge of Orense is a remarkable one: "it is of one arch, and that is so high that a ship can pass under it." Several roads proceed from the maritime towns on the western coast, which all meet at Orense, where they join the royal road to Madrid, which crosses the kingdom of Leon. The road from Orense to Tuy, thirteen leagues, follows the course of the Mino, which here forms the boundary of Portugal, passing through Ribadavia, a little town situated at the confluence of the Avia and the Mino. Not far from the mouth of the latter river, and opposite the Portuguese town of Valencia, is situated the frontier town of Tuy, the ancient *Castellum*. It is an episcopal city, and has a garrison, but the only trade is contraband, and the population is estimated at less than 4,000 persons. Some coarse linens are made here. The Spanish and the Portuguese towns occupy opposite heights, within cannon-shot of each other. The governor of the province of Tuy resides at Vigo, distant three leagues across the mountains, but which can be travelled only by horses. The town is built on a rock, in one of the largest and safest bays in the Peninsula: the harbour is said to be excellent, but is little frequented, the only

commerce being a coasting-trade, which is in the hands of the Catalans. The population is about 2,500, of which, as there are three parish-churches and two convents, the clergy must form a large proportion; but there are some small manufactories of hats, soap, and leather. The town is almost surrounded with lagoons, which do not add to the salubrity of the air.

The distinguishing character of the Galicians has already been noticed. They are considered as a quiet, hospitable, simple, and industrious people, generally robust, large, and able to support fatigue, grave and sober, and proverbially trusty. It is calculated that, at certain seasons of the year, 60,000 *Gallegos* leave their native province to seek for work as reapers and labourers in different parts of Spain, especially in the two Castiles; and about 30,000 go for the same purpose to Portugal. "In this respect," says Laborde, "the Galicians and the Asturians may be compared to the Auvergnats and Limousins, who go to Paris to earn money as labourers and porters, which they accumulate by their savings to take home to their families." At Madrid and other considerable towns, a great number of the servants are Galicians and Asturians, who are preferred for their fidelity and obedience. The porters and water-carriers in Andalusia, at Madrid, and even at Lisbon, are Galicians. Hence the haughty Castilian's contemptuous proverb: *he sido tratado como si fuera un Gallego*—I am treated as if I were a Galician. So much slower and less active are both the Castilian and the Portuguese peasants, that when the husbandmen are disappointed of the assistance of the Galician labourers, it is said that the harvest and the vintages become worth comparatively

little, owing to the bad manner in which they are got in.

To complete our survey of the western provinces of Spain, it only remains to notice that of Estremadura, which is traversed by the route

FROM MADRID TO LISBON.

Estremadura, with an extent of surface equal to Aragon, and nearly equal to Galicia, did not contain, in 1787, much above two-thirds of the population of the former, and not one-third of that of the latter province.* It is one of the most neglected and depopulated parts of Spain. Under the Moors, it is said to have been a garden. The climate, Dr. Southey says, is most delightful.† The numerous rivers by which it is watered afford every facility for cultivation and the soil is said to be generally good. It is now for the most part reduced to the lamentable state of rank pasturage. Scarcely any gardens or orchards are to be met with, and the wheat and rye grown are only sufficient for the scanty population. Immense

* It is stated in the census of 1787—8 at nearly 417,000 souls, But the depopulation must have gone on prodigiously since then, if the estimate of the Abbé Ponz, on which both Dr. Southey and M. Bourgoing seem to rely, be an approximation to the truth. He makes it amount to only 100,000 inhabitants.

† The British officer tells us, however, that the autumnal season in Estremadura is proverbially unhealthy, and that numbers of the inhabitants annually fall victims to the alarming fever which prevails in the dreaded month of September. "The unwholesome vapours which rise from the beds of the many stagnant pools scattered over the surface of the plains, and always dried up by the summer heats, are said to produce this evil. Towards the end of September (1809), this insidious enemy found its way into the British quarters, crowded our hospitals with sick, and filled the chapel-vaults with victims."—*Recollections of the Peninsula*, p. 71.

tracts may be traversed without seeing a settlement, a human habitation, an atom of cultivated land, or even a tree.* The pestilence of 1348 is assigned as one cause, and the original one, of this frightful depopulation. The expulsion of the Moors, in 1614, left a great many villages without inhabitants. Distant wars, during two centuries, drew off a considerable number from this province as soldiers. The emigration consequent on the discovery of America is said to have been greater, too, from Estremadura, than any other part of Spain. But, unquestionably, the depopulation of the province is attributable chiefly to the ruinous privileges of the *Mesta*, of which Bourgoing gives the following account.

"The Mesta is a society of large proprietors of flocks, composed of the heads of rich monasteries, grandees of Spain, and opulent individuals, who find their advantage in feeding their sheep at the public expense at all seasons of the year, and who have sanctioned, by short-sighted regulations, a practice at first introduced by necessity. In distant times, the mountains of Soria and of Segovia, condemned by their precipices and the nature of their soil to eternal sterility, were, during the summer, the asylum of some of the neighbouring flocks: before the approach of winter, their temperature was no longer supportable by these delicate animals. They went in search of a milder climate in the neighbouring plains. Their

* "We travel leagues without seeing a village; and when we find one, it consists of such sties as are fit only for the pig part of the family. As for the towns, it is not possible to give an English-man ideas of their extreme poverty and wretchedness. You may conceive of the state of the kingdom by this circumstance: we have now travelled 600 miles" (from Corunna to Madrid, and from Madrid to Truxillo) "without ever seeing one new house or on-single one."—SOUTHEY's *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 6.

possessors soon converted this convenience into a right, and formed a community, which, after some time, was increased by all those who, upon acquiring flocks, became desirous of enjoying the same prerogatives. The theatre extended as the actors became more numerous, and the excursions of the flocks gradually stretched towards the plains of Estremadura, where they found a temperate climate and abundant pasture. The abuse at length became intolerable, but it was too deeply rooted to be easily overthrown, and all that was powerful in the kingdom was interested in its continuance. For more than a century, a constant struggle took place between the associates of the Mesta on the one hand, and the *Estremenos*, or inhabitants of Estremadura, on the other, the latter having on their side all those who felt an interest in the public good.

"How, indeed, could they repress their indignation on seeing, in the month of October in each year, millions of sheep descending from the mountains of Old Castile upon the plains of Estremadura and Andalusia, where they continued until the following May, feeding, both on their coming and returning, upon the fields of the inhabitants? The ordonnances of the Mesta fix a breadth of forty toises as a road through which they are to pass, while the pasturages kept on purpose for them are let at a very low rent, which the proprietors seek in vain to increase. Thus, the unfortunate province of Estremadura, which is about fifty leagues in length by forty in breadth, and which could provide subsistence for two millions of men, scarcely contains a hundred thousand inhabitants. Nor can it be doubted, that this depopulation must be ascribed to the scourge of the Mesta, since the provinces which are not visited by these baneful privi-

leges, such as Galicia, the Asturias, Biscay, and the mountainous parts of Burgos, are very populous.

"As to the practice of making the sheep travel from place to place, besides being rendered sacred by the laws and by long custom, it is excusable from the necessity of existing circumstances. Either they must diminish the number of sheep, or they must travel a little. Those which feed in the fine season upon the mountains of Soria, Cuenca, Segovia, and Buytrago, would die with hunger there in winter; and where would they find a better asylum than Estremadura, a province thinly inhabited, poor in other respects, its pastures being its only resource? I know well that this argument may be considered as begging the question, but Government has always held it to be conclusive.

"In the mountains near Segovia, a great part of the wandering flocks pasture during the summer season. They are seen descending in the course of October, along with the flocks from the mountains of the ancient Numantia (*Soria*), quitting those which separate the two Castiles, and, after passing through New Castile, dispersing themselves in the plains of Estremadura and Andalusia. Those which are nearer the Sierra Morena, pass the winter there. The length of their journeys is proportioned to the kind of pasture they obtain. They travel in flocks of 1000 or 1,200, under the guidance of two shepherds; the chief shepherd is called the *Mayoral*, the other the *Zagal*. When arrived at their destinations, they are distributed among the various pasturages assigned to them. They proceed on their route again in May; and whether from custom or from instinct, they travel onward to the climate best adapted for them at that season: the

uneasiness they seem to feel, indicates to their guides any necessity for a change of situation.

"Each flock belongs to one master, called a *Cavaña*, and the whole produce from the wool of these flocks is called *pila*. The Cavañas bear the names of their proprietors. The most numerous are those of Bejar and Negretti, each of which consists of 60,000 sheep. That of the Escurial, the most famous, has 50,000. Prejudice or custom makes the wool of certain Cavañas more sought after than the others. At Guadalaxara, for instance, they employ no wool but that of Negretti, the Escurial, and the Carthusians of Paular.

"Upon the return of the wandering sheep, towards the month of May, the shearing is commenced, — an operation of great magnitude in Spain, because performed upon a large scale, in vast buildings called *esquileos*, arranged so as to receive whole flocks of 40, 50, and even 60,000 sheep. The harvest and vintage have nothing so solemn in their celebration. It is a time of festivity for the proprietors as well as for the workmen; the latter are divided into certain classes, and to each, a different branch of the operation is allotted: 125 persons are found requisite to shear 1000 sheep. Every animal yields wool of three kinds, finer or coarser, according to the part of the body from which it is taken. When the shearing is finished, the produce is collected in bales, and carried either to the sea-port towns for exportation, without any other operation, or to certain places denominated washing-stations, in the environs of Segovia and throughout the rest of Castile."

There are, however, both in Estremadura and in Old Castile, stationary flocks which never travel; and their wool is affirmed to be fully equal to that of the

tras-humantes, or wandering flocks. The numbers of these are continually varying. In the sixteenth century, they exceeded seven millions. In the reign of Philip III. (A.D. 1627), they were reduced to two millions and a half. Ustariz, who lived at the beginning of the eighteenth century, computed them at four millions. Mr. Townsend and M. Bourgoing state, that they were believed not to exceed five millions towards the close of the last century. Some proprietors had only two or three thousand; others, ten times that number; the Duke del Infantado had 40,000; the Duke of Bejar, Marquis Perales, Countess Negretti, and the convents of Guadalupe, Paular, and Escurial, each 30,000. "If," says M. Bourgoing, "we add to this number, eight millions who are always stationary, we shall have an aggregate of thirteen millions of sheep conspiring against the prosperity of Spain for the advantage of a few individuals; for the proprietors of the stationary flocks have privileges nearly similar to those of the members of the Mesta." The royal exchequer, however, not less than the great proprietors, is interested in the support of the system which encourages pasturage at the expense of agriculture, the taxes levied on wool forming an important branch of the revenue. In every point of view, the effects of the present system are baleful and pernicious. The pastoral life is compatible only with the earliest state or the lowest stage of civilisation. The shepherd is but one degree above the hunter and back-woodsman. But, among the nomadic tribes who travel in families, the social instincts are often peculiarly strong, and there is abundant scope for all the charities and relative virtues. In Spain, the number of men employed in tending the wandering flocks is computed at 40,000,

who never marry, and must of necessity be condemned to the lowest moral condition.*

Estremadura has always formed part of the kingdom of Leon, having been recovered from the Moors at the same time, and united with it to Castile on the union of the two crowns. It extends from Leon to Andalusia; having New Castile on the east, and on the west, the Portuguese provinces of Beira, Estremadura, and Alentejo. Badajoz is the capital; besides which it contains two other episcopal cities, Plasencia and Coria, and the cities of Merida, Truxillo, and Alcantara.

In travelling from Madrid to Lisbon, no object of any interest occurs in the nineteen Spanish leagues over which the road lies to Talavera de la Reyna, the name of which is associated to an Englishman's ear with the proud recollection of the victory of July

* For further remarks on the Mesta system, the merino sheep, the wool and manufactures of Spain, see Bourgoing, vol. i. chap. 3; Dillon's Travels, letters v. and vi.; and Townsend, vol. ii. pp. 61 and 235. "Independently of the merino flock," says the latter, "many of the great landlords have suffered villages to go to ruin, and have let their estates to graziers." It is not a little singular, that the merino flocks of Spain should have originated in the introduction of a few *English sheep* into the mountains of Segovia, in the reign of the last Alfonso: they are said to have been a present from one of our kings, towards the middle of the fourteenth century Soon afterwards occurred the dreadful pestilence, which, in 1348, is said to have swept off two-thirds of the inhabitants of Spain; and to this calamitous time is attributed the origin of the *Mesta*. This word had originally no other signification than a mixture of grain and seed; and the reason of its first application to the merino flocks is unknown. Padre Sarmiento contends that the sheep were originally called *marinas* (not *merinas*), as being imported. The word merino has now come to signify a royal superintendent of the sheep-walks; and the *merino mayor* is always a person of rank appointed by the king. There is a supreme council at Madrid, called *Consejo de Mesta*. Merino is a word applied also to thick, curled hair, but whether this be the primary or a secondary meaning, seems doubtful.

28, 1809. This was once a flourishing town, famous for its manufactures of silk and porcelain. It is finely situated on the Tagus, in the midst of a beautiful plain, rich with verdure, and adorned with trees and gardens.* Laborde devotes nearly thirty pages to the description of this ancient place, (supposed to be the *Talabrica* of the Romans,) the substance of which we shall give in as few words as possible, since little is left to distinguish it in the eyes of travellers. Taken and retaken repeatedly by the Moors, Talavera has, from its situation, been particularly exposed to the horrors of civil war, and has, in its history, generally shared the fate of Toledo. Vestiges of ancient ramparts are discoverable on the right bank of the Tagus, and other ruins, supposed to be Moorish. There is one arch so high that a house that is built in it reaches only three parts up. The Moorish town covered but a small part of the present enclosure. The modern town is very irregularly built, with low houses, and narrow and ill-paved streets; it contains eight parish churches, eight monasteries, and five nunneries, which appear to have nothing about them remarkable. There are two handsome *alamedas*, which are but little frequented, the inhabitants being generally sunk in apathy and sloth, as in the days of their townsman Mariana.

Not a single village occurs for six leagues after leaving Talavera. The little town of Torralva then occurs, surrounded with olive-plantations. About two hours further, leaving on the left the town and castle of Oropesa, the traveller arrives at La Calzada

* A wide and excellent road from Talavera leads to Cevolla, four leagues towards Toledo, which borders on the Tagus the whole way.

de Oropesa, the last village in New Castile, and soon after enters Estremadura. Naval Moral, a wretched village, is the next place; a distance of four leagues,—the first part over a barren heath, the latter part through a country well wooded with evergreen oaks, and, near the village, well watered and picturesque. Another small village is all that occurs in the next two leagues to Almaraz,—"a singular little town, where the houses seem built for pigmies and the churches for Patagonians," with the ruins of a castle on the left, small but picturesque. Three-quarters of a league further, the Tagus is crossed by a noble bridge of two arches, 580 feet long, and about 25 feet wide, built in 1552, which, in beauty and solidity, may be compared with the works of the Romans. One arch is 69 feet high and 150 wide; the other 66 feet high, and 119 wide: it is called *Puente de Almaraz.** In 1808, the Spaniards, to prevent the enemy from gaining this passage, attempted to destroy the bridge; but so firmly had this noble pile been built, that when the mine was fired, the explosion only injured it, without rendering it impassable. The road now lies over the mountain of Miravete; it is a winding ascent of six miles to the summit, and was formerly one of the most difficult passes in the Peninsula. At four leagues from the Puente de Almaraz, the traveller passes through the ancient and decayed town of Xaraiceyo, and crosses the Alamonte by a bridge of nine arches. A circuitous and rugged track through woods notorious for robbers, brings the traveller, at the end of five leagues more, to Truxillo, the birth-

* There are four bridges between Talavera and the confluence of the Tietar with the Tagus; the *Puente del Arzobispo* (the archbishop's bridge), the *Puente del Conde* (the count's), the *Puente de Almaraz*, and the *Puente del Cardinal*.

place of Francisco Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru. This is an ancient town, and must once have been a place of considerable strength. Julius Cæsar is said to have built the castle; and the name of the town is probably a corruption of *Turris Julia:* it is supposed to be the *Castra Julia* of Pliny. It is now in a state of great decay, and contains not above 4000 persons. Like most of the ancient towns, it is ill-built, and the streets are crooked, narrow, and filthy, but it has a handsome *plaza.* Five churches, four monasteries, and four nunneries make up its complement of ecclesiastical establishments. The British Officer, who marched through Truxillo in 1812, describes it as still looking nobly in the distance; "and ere you reach the walls, you imagine you are about to enter a magnificent city. On a hill above it stand the solid remains of the castle, said by the priests to have been built by Julius Cæsar. The tottering walls of some later works adjoining it, shew that it has, since those days, been a station of the Moors. The decay of trade gave the first blow to the prosperity of this once rich and flourishing commercial city; and the French, in a three months' residence, completed its destruction. Of seventeen palaces, only two remain inhabited; and five hundred houses, empty, deserted, and fast falling to decay, only remind you of what it once was. In the square stands a large, noble-looking mansion, once the residence of the family of Pizarro, and built, probably, out of the rich spoils of injured Peru. The sculpture and relief which adorn the front of this building, tell with fidelity the tale of the founder, but in a manner very revolting to the feelings of an Englishman. Peruvians, kneeling and prostrate, in all the attitudes of terror and supplication, their wrists and ancles bound by manacles and fetters, the

chains of which appear to weigh them down, are every where represented in stone work. The origin of this enterprising and intrepid soldier, but merciless conqueror, is yet more extraordinary than that of Cortes. In a wood under the walls of this very city, of which he was afterwards the most wealthy and distinguished noble, he, when a boy, tended swine, and followed for years that mean and humble occupation." The road now ascends the mountains for three leagues to the *Puerto de Santa Cruz*,* and then descending towards the basin of the Guadiana, leads, at the end of thirteen leagues from Truxillo. to

MERIDA.

To the classical antiquary, this is one of the most interesting cities in Spain. Merida, the ancient *Emerita Augusta*, was once the capital of Lusitania, and a metropolitan city. It was built by Augustus, as a colony for the soldiers who had served in the war against the Cantabrians; and is said to have been the largest Roman city in the Peninsula, its circumference being not less than eight miles: some old writers say, six leagues. It was besieged and taken, in 713, by the Moors, to whom is attributed the destruction of many of the ancient monuments. It remained in their possession till 1230, when Alfonso IX. retook it, after a decisive victory over a superior Moorish force; since which period it has always been attached to the kingdom of Castile and Leon. Under the Gothic kings, it was the see of an archbishop, which was removed to Compostella in the reign of Alfonso VII., while the city was in possession of the

* At Miajadas, a village three leagues beyond the *puerto*, are ruins of a castle and of a noble church; and Dr. Southey says, "the king has a palace there." Laborde does not mention it.

Moors. On being recovered by Alfonso IX. it was given to the military order of Santiago, to whom it still belongs. The population, at the beginning of the present century, did not amount to 5000 souls. We find the best description of this interesting spot in the "Recollections of the Peninsula."

"On entering Merida" (from the Perales side), "you pass the Guadiana by a handsome stone bridge* of Roman architecture, and in the highest state of preservation; above it, on ground the most elevated in the city, stands a Roman castle,† the venerable walls of which, though rough and discoloured, or rather, coloured by the touch of time, appear secure and undecayed. These antiquities of themselves would have well rewarded our visit, for the design of them had probably been given by some celebrated Roman architect eighteen centuries before; and conquered Spaniards, from whose hands the shield and the sword, so long but so vainly opposed to their invaders, had been reluctantly dropped, were employed, perhaps, in raising these monuments of the greatness, the power, and the genius of their victors. Such was the policy of the Romans: they always thus, by the erection of public works of magnificence and utility, while they recorded their own triumphs, gilt over the very chains they imposed, and made their provincial subjects feel proud even of dependency. Merida had its amphitheatre, its naumachia, its baths, its triumphal arches, its temples, and votive altars.

* "This bridge has sixty-four arches, and is 1000 yards in length. The antiquary will learn with sorrow, that two arches of this old bridge were, in the spring of 1812, blown up by the British in the course of their military operations in the province of Estremadura."

† "This castle was of great extent, the central area being two hundred yards square."

In a plain near the city are very grand and striking remains of the amphitheatre.* Its form, except in height, is still preserved; the seats appear quite perfect; the vaulted dens where the beasts were confined, and which open on the arena, are uninjured, and their arched roofs are strong as ever; the whole building is of stone, and the Roman cement used in its construction, is as hard, and seems to have been as durable, as the stone itself. Not very distant, you distinctly trace the naumachia;† and the low stone channel or conductor, by which the hollow space or basin was filled with water, may still be seen. Crowded on the seats of this amphitheatre, or pressing round the sides of the naumachia, you may still fancy the haughty legionaries and the wondering Spaniards, gazing on the magnificent exhibitions of those splendid ages. As you pass from this scene towards the town, you are struck with the lofty and picturesque ruins of two aqueducts,‡ one erected by the Romans, the other built by the Moors. I defy any man of common education and feeling to look upon such memorials of other days unmoved.

"In one of the streets of Merida may be seen a large and lofty arch,§ said to be a triumphal one, erected in honour of Trajan. It bears, however, no inscription, nor is it in any way adorned with sculp-

* "This amphitheatre has two tiers of seats, seven rows in the lower, five in the upper. Its diameter is fifty paces; and it is capable of holding with ease more than 2000 spectators."

† "The basin of this naumachia is one hundred paces by sixty, its form oval, its depth twenty feet in the centre, and the banks for the spectators rise about twenty feet above its sides."

‡ "The Roman aqueduct has three tiers of arches, the Moorish only two."

§ "This arch is fifty feet in height, and the base and sides of are exceedingly thick."

ture or relief; it has, nevertheless, the true Roman character; it is handsome in its proportions, and solid in its construction: very large massive stones, arranged with the most just and admirable skill, and put together without cement, compose this still perfect work. In another part of the city, three votive altars have been raised one above the other, and form a sort of pillar, on the top of which some good and devout fathers have very provokingly placed the clumsy image of a saint. Strange revolution! that altars sculptured and adorned by the hands of heathens and idolaters, should now form a column to elevate a statue for Christian adoration! Near this place, two small chapels have been built out of the materials, and upon the sites of Roman temples: one of these, now dedicated to the Virgin, has the following inscription, in large Roman characters, immediately above the entrance—'*Marti Sacrum.*'

"The baths are surprisingly perfect, but not large, though they have evidently been very handsome. You descend to them by a long flight of stone steps. The subterraneous chambers are gloomy and not spacious, but extremely cool; the basins still contain water, supplied by some spring, but they are foul from neglect and disuse. These bathing-rooms are lighted from the top of the building, which just above the water is open. A cornice runs round these rooms, most curiously and delicately finished, and the vine-leaves and bunches of grapes thus represented, appear as perfect as if they had not been executed many years. There are, doubtless, more vestiges of Roman sculpture and masonry scattered and lost in the materials with which several of the private houses in and about Merida have been erected; and the foundation of many an old building, and the bed of many a garden,

would well reward the search and labour of an antiquary. The remains which I have noticed, are all that the eager traveller can now discover; they are, however, sufficient in number, and interesting enough in character, to throw a sacred and indescribable charm around this small but venerable city." *

Two roads lead from Merida to Badajoz; the one along the right bank of the Guadiana, through Puebla de la Calzada, so named from a Roman bridge and causeway over which this road passes. In the church of this village are said to be some fine paintings by Morales. The other road crosses the Guadiana by a very long bridge, and for three leagues lies over the fertile plain; then, crossing a rocky hill, on which stands the ruined village of Lobon, it descends to Talavera le Real, commonly called Talaveruela, "a large and miserable place;" and in three leagues more, over an unpleasant country abandoned to pasturage,† leads to

BADAJOZ.

This is the frontier town of Spain on this side, as Elvas is that of Portugal, and it is therefore strongly fortified. It stands in the plain on the banks of the Guadiana; but the ancient town was situated on

* Mr. Semple says, that the walls of Merida "formerly extended further into the river, as great masses of ruins in its bed sufficiently testify." The Guadiana is continually wearing away its banks, and forming new islands: owing to the nature of the soil, the bed is wide and irregular, with banks of sand and gravel in the middle.

† Between Lobon and Badajoz, the road crosses the Guadaxira, a torrent dangerous in the rainy season, the Lentrin, and the Rivillo

higher ground, where the castle now stands, on which site are some deserted churches and ruins in both the Roman and Moorish styles. It has been supposed to be the *Pax Augusta* of Strabo, corrupted by the Moors into Baxaugus — Badajoz; but "the incontestible evidence of Roman inscriptions places that city, which is proved to be the same as *Pax Julia*, at Beja." Another supposed etymology derives it from Beledaix (*belled hejaz*), the name said to have been given it by the Moors; but why it should be termed holy land, does not appear. In 1660, Badajoz withstood a siege from the Portuguese; and in 1705, from the combined troops of England and Portugal; but in 1812, Lord Wellington took the city by storm.

"It was not without a feeling of deep and mournful interest," says the Officer to whose recollections the reader is already indebted, "that on the evening I halted at Badajoz, I walked round the walls of that dearly-purchased fortress. The works were rapidly repairing; but the town presented a wretched appearance, most of the loftier buildings, and all those near the breaches, having been destroyed by the fire of our batteries. The murderous assault of the 6th of April must have been dreadful to look upon. At the main breach alone, upwards of 2,000 men are said to have fallen; and at this point, not one soul penetrated into the town. Some of our officers who were wounded and taken on the breach, and carried through it, represented it as provided with defences through which the most intrepid soldiers could never have forced their way. A ditch, cutting it off from the body of the place, a breast-work, and strong *chevaux-de-frize* of sword-blades, were the obstacles opposed to us; and to these must be added a heavy and incessant fire of

musketry. The escalade at the castle was a fine bold effort, and was eminently successful. Some outworks, also, were carried at the bayonet's point in a gallant style: and the division which penetrated into the town by the bastion of San Vicente deserves uncommon credit. I leant long and silently over the parapet at that angle by which it ascended. As I was passing a large church, I heard the sound of hammers and anvils, and, on entering, I found that this handsome building had been converted by the French during the siege into a workshop; by us, it had still been applied to the same purpose, and there blacksmiths, armourers, and carpenters were now busily occupied in their noisy labours."*

Badajoz is 64 leagues (Spanish) from Madrid, 33 leagues from Lisbon, 57 from Salamanca, and 34 from Seville. On leaving the city by the gate of *Las Palmas*, there is a fine bridge of 28 arches, 1,874 feet in length, over the Guadiana, built in 1596.† About a league and a half further, the traveller fords the Caya, a rivulet which falls into the Guadiana, and finds himself in Portugal. It is *the Tweed* of the Peninsula.

The feelings of the traveller on crossing the frontier,

* Recollections of the Peninsula, p. 187. Laborde says: "The cathedral church is the only edifice that is tolerable." There was only one manufactory in the town, and that had been recently established by a Frenchman, for hats. He states the population at between 14 and 15,000.

† The Guadiana (*Wady Ana*) is properly the Ana or Anas. "Florez, after Bochart, derives Anas from the Phenician, in which *yanas* is to conceal one's self and re-appear, to dive, as *hanasa* is in Arabic. This is probably the origin of the Latin word; but did not the Romans mean to call this river *the Duck*, just as we have our *Mole*?"—SOUTHEY'S *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 22. See page 7.

vary not a little according to the direction he is pursuing. Dr. Southey, in his early Letters, speaks of his glad feeling at having "escaped from Spain." Mr. Semple describes in similar terms the sensations with which his party galloped across the shallow stream, glad to turn their backs on Portugal, and eager to be the first to set foot on the Spanish territory. The British Officer, who also entered Spain from Portugal, says: "It is in the market-place and the streets of Badajoz, that the stranger soon discovers that he is among another people, and, were it not for the dust of Portugal still covering his dress, he might almost judge, in a remote kingdom. A chain of mountains, or a spacious channel, could hardly prepare him for a greater change. Features, carriage, costume, language, and manners, all proclaim a distinct race. The style of building, too, differs; fewer windows front the streets, and most of these are grated. The market-place of Badajoz, which, at the time I saw it, was crowded with strangers, had all the appearance of a picturesque and well-arranged masquerade. The different modes of dress, ancient, and not liable to daily changes, are, no doubt, the same they were four centuries ago.

"The Estremaduran himself has a brown jacket without a collar, and with sleeves which lace at the shoulder, so that they are removed at pleasure. The red sash is universally worn, and a cloak is generally carried on the left arm. A jacket and waistcoat profusely ornamented with silk lace and buttons of silver filigree, the hair clubbed and tied with broad black ribbon, and a neat cap of cloth, or velvet, mark the Andalusian. The ass-driver of Cordova is clothed in a complete dress of the tawny brown leather of his native province. The lemonade-seller of Valencia has a linen

shirt open at the neck, a fancy waistcoat without sleeves, a kilt of white cotton, white stockings rising to the calf, and sandals. Muleteers, with their broad body-belts of buff leather, their capitans, or train-masters, with the ancient cartridge-belts and the old Spanish gun, were mingled in these groupes. Here, too, were many officers and soldiers of the patriot armies, which, raised in haste, were not regularly or uniformly clothed, if I except some of the old standing force. Of these, you might see the royal carabineer, with the cocked hat, blue coat faced with red, and, instead of boots, the ancient greaves, of thick, hard, black leather, laced at the sides; the dragoon, in a uniform of yellow, black belts, and a helmet with a cone of brass; the royal or Walloon guards, in their neat dress of blue and red, with white lace; the common soldier in brown. Mingled with these was the light-horseman, in a hussar jacket of brown, and over-alls caped, lined, and vandyked at the bottom with tan leather; here, again, a peasant with the cap and coat of a soldier; there, a soldier from Navarre or Aragon, with the bare foot and the light hempen sandal of his country."

"The Spaniard," says Mr. Semple, "is more determined than the Portuguese in his gait and manners. His cloak, thrown over his shoulders, gives him something of the air of a man of courage, while the same costume, with the Portuguese manners, gives only the look of an assassin. But if we notice the difference between the men, it is still more apparent in the women of the two countries. The air, the dress, the walk of the Spanish ladies are not only superior to those of their neighbours, but, perhaps, of any European nation. The lower part of their dress is black, with deep fringes; the upper consists simply of a

white muslin veil, falling down on each side of the head, and crossing over the bosom. They walk with freedom; their eyes are dark and expressive; and their whole countenances have that bewitching air which an Englishman likes well enough to see in any woman except his wife, his sister, or the woman he truly loves and respects." *

Elvas, or Yelves, three leagues west of Badajoz, is situated on the summit of a steep hill commanding the plain of the Guadiana. "Portugal," says Mr. Semple, "seems to have exerted all her strength to render the fortifications of Elvas formidable, as if by this outward rind she would conceal the weakness of her interior. Exclusive of the situation and the fortifications, the place itself has nothing worthy of notice except a Moorish aqueduct, in some parts of several rows of arches, which still conveys water to the town: it is in general not so well built as Estremoz. The out-fort of *La Lippe*, which is deemed impregnable, is regarded as a *chef-d'œuvre* in the art of fortification: it lies on a high hill to the north of the town. Elvas is an episcopal see, and contains a population of about 16,000 souls. The country now becomes beautifully varied, and, in the course of the next six leagues to Estremoz, the different character of the country discovers itself: single farm-houses and *quintas*, or country-seats, may be seen, with gardens attached to them in the English style. Villa Viçosa, the royal

* This Traveller remarks, that the contrast extends to the very roads. Those in Portugal are in a most neglected state; "while no sooner have we passed the frontier, than we see them excellent from Badajoz to Madrid. The Portuguese do not scruple to avow their reason for thus not merely abandoning their roads towards Spain, but absolutely leading them over the most difficult and rocky ground. 'We do not wish,' say they, 'to make a road to Lisbon for the Spaniards.'"

seat of Braganza, lies to the left. Estremoz has been a considerable place, and is reckoned one of the strongest towns in Portugal. King Denis had a palace here, and here his wife, queen St. Isabel, died. But since Elvas has been made impregnable, the fortifications of Estremoz have been neglected, and the whole town bears marks of decay. It is partly situated on a high hill overlooking the Tarra, and partly in the valley. Fine marbles are found in the neighbourhood, and the pottery is in great repute. The population is estimated at 6,500. The town is said to derive its name from a species of pulse called *Tremoços*, which grew in great abundance when the first settlers established themselves. The *termo* (district) is very fertile, and is stated to contain no fewer than 800 springs of good water. The country all round affords many views of deep valleys, and glens, and mountains crowned with forests, which afford a shelter to banditti. Not a village or hamlet occurs in the three leagues from Estremoz to the *Venda du Duque*, nor in the three leagues beyond it, leading to Arroyolos. This is a small village pleasantly situated on a height, and has a ruined castle: what is better, it has a tolerable post-house. The Portuguese *estalagems* are in general better than the Spanish *posadas*. Three leagues (fourteen miles) further is Montemor Novo, seated on the declivity of a tolerably high hill, crowned with the remains of an old Moorish castle. This town is decently built and paved. The little river Canha, which abounds with fish, flows below. This place is famous for its manufactory of water-jars, made of a clay which emits a grateful odour. The adjacent country is beautiful, with all variety of hill, and dale, and water. The laurustinus grows in the hedges, and blossoms luxuriantly. The route lies for

some way through a wilderness of evergreen shrubs and aromatic herbs, among which the gum-cistus and the myrtle are found in abundance. The roads, however, are rugged and steep. It is reckoned four leagues from Montemor to Vendas Novas, where there is a royal hunting-seat in bad repair. Joam V. had occasion to sleep at this place one night, and ordered this palace to be built for his reception. Accordingly, built it was, half by torch-light, the men working at it day and night. A barn, in the midst of a collection of poor huts, is the post-house. A flat and sandy country, covered with pine-woods, extends for three leagues to Venda de Pegoens (or los Pregones), "a place abounding with mosquitoes, and nothing to eat." Five leagues further of sandy road lead to Aldea Gallega; "a considerable town," Dr. Southey says,—a miserable village of fifty or sixty huts, says Mr. Semple: both, perhaps, speak comparatively. It is placed at the head of a small creek on the south-east side of the Tagus, and is the first post from Lisbon, distant about ten miles. It has sprung up round a *venda* originally kept here by a *Gallega*, or Galician woman, named *Alda*, after whom it is named, and had at one time nine *estalagems*, "the largest, cleanest, and best supplied in Portugal." It was the very Hounslow or Barnet of Lisbon. Its inhabitants have the singular privilege of passing free in the ferry-boats to the capital. It is a passage of an hour and a half, or two hours, across the Tagus. "I rejoiced," says the learned Traveller whose route we have pursued, "at finding myself upon *terra firma*, and next morning I was awakened by an earthquake!"

But we have strayed out of Spain, thinking it best to conduct our reader along the whole route between

the two capitals. We must now transport him back to Badajoz.

Four leagues to the south-east of Badajoz, in the route to Seville, is the ruined village of Albuera, the scene of one of the most sanguinary conflicts that took place during the Peninsular war. It is situated on a stream from which it takes its name, over which are two bridges; one about 200 yards to the right of the village, large, handsome, and of hewn stone; the other close to the left of it, small, narrow, and incommodious. This brook is not above knee-deep. Its banks, to the left of the small bridge, are abrupt and uneven; and on that side, either artillery or cavalry would find it next to impossible to pass; but to the right of the main bridge, it is accessible to any description of force. About three quarters of a mile distant is an extensive wood, which was occupied by the French both before and after the battle. The space between the wood and the brook is a level plain, without a tree or a ravine to interrupt the movements of cavalry. Here, on the 16th of April, 1811, above 4000 British and 9000 French fell in the murderous conflict. In 1812, the scene was revisited by the Author of Recollections of the Peninsula, who had himself taken part in the engagement. All was rural, and sunny, and silent: not a vestige of the battle remained. * Five leagues further south, on the high road from Merida to Xeres de Badajoz and Seville, is

* See, for a minute description of this dearly-bought victory Recollections of the Peninsula, pages 153—165. On revisiting the chapel which had, the year before, been converted into a hospital for the French prisoners, a rude inscription was found scratched with charcoal on the wall: *La guerre en Espagne est la fortune des généraux, l'ennui des officiers, et le tombeau des soldats.*

Zafra, a fine town, at the foot of a steep hill, near which are the remains of a large and handsome convent destroyed by the French. Nineteen miles south of Merida is the ancient town of Medellin, situated on the Guadiana, near which the Spanish under Cuesta were defeated with great loss by Marshal Victor in the spring of 1809. The victims of that disastrous and rashly-courted battle were never buried, and in 1812, human bones lay every where bleached by the sun and wind, the relics of the wolf's and eagle's feast. A large citadel, which once protected the town, is now a heap of ruins. This town was the birth-place of Hernan Cortez, the adventurous conqueror of Mexico; and they still pretend to shew the house in which he was born, and from which, 300 years ago, he was expelled by his father in displeasure at his idle, dissipated, and unruly conduct.

We must now retrace our steps to Almaraz, for the purpose of noticing some places of particular interest in the northern parts of Estremadura. Three leagues from that town, out of any main road, is Talavera la Vieja (Old Talavera), delightfully situated on the left bank of the Tagus. It is now a mere village; but the vestiges of Roman buildings shew it to have been a place of considerable importance.* There is hardly a house, Laborde says, in which are not to be found columns, pilasters, bases, or capitals, and stones with inscriptions built into the walls. The remains of two temples are the most important objects: of these a description has appeared in the Memoirs of the Academy of History of Madrid.

A road leads from Almaraz in a north-west direc-

* Supposed to be the Roman Ebura. It is 34 miles W.S.W. of Talavera de la Reyna.

tion to the two episcopal cities of Plasencia and Coria. At four leagues, passing through the solitary village of Toril at half way, it crosses the river Tietar, flowing in a south-west direction into the Tagus. In this part there are some woods of oak and cork-tree; but the country beyond, for between three and four leagues, is desert and uncultivated, covered only with heath, till the traveller approaches the narrow valley of the Xerte. The city of Plasencia (supposed to be the ancient Ambracia) is partly surrounded by that river, being built on a sort of peninsula, environed with mountains. It contains seven parish-churches, three monasteries, four nunneries, and several oratories, but nothing remarkable, except a fine old aqueduct of 80 arches, which still conveys water to the town, and a private collection of antiquities. The population is under 5000. The valley of Plasencia has been celebrated by the Spaniards as perfectly elysian. It was selected by the emperor Charles the Fifth as his last retreat on divesting himself of the pomp and cares of royalty. The description which Don Guillermo Bowles gives of this part of the country, by no means corresponds, however, to the romantic stories of the Spanish writers. The convent of Juste stands in what is called the *Vera* of Plasencia. On quitting that city and crossing the Xerte, the road lies over the hill of Calcones, and, leaving Arroyo Molinos on the left, proceeds five leagues to La Magdalena, where the Jesuits had an establishment. A league further over a woody country, watered by several little trout-streams, leads to the convent, which is built on the brow of a steep hill connected with the chain called the Puerto de Tornavacas. Neither the convent nor the church has any thing to distinguish it beyond the historical fact, recorded in an in-

scription which is to be seen in a corner of the garden, surmounted with the imperial arms,—"*En esta Santa Casa de San Hieronimo de Juste se retiro a acabar su vida, El que toda la gasto en defensa de la fé y conservacion de la justicia, Carlos V. Emperador Rey de las Españas Christianissimo, invictissimo. Muria a* 21 *de Setiembre, de* 1558." * Over the great altar in the church is a copy of the famous picture called the glory of Titian, which formerly stood here, and

* "In this holy house of St. Jerome of Juste ended his days, he who spent the whole of them in defence of the faith and in support of justice, Charles V. emperor, king of Spain, most Christian, invincible. He died on the 21st of September, 1558."—Robertson states, on the authority of the Spanish historians, that Charles, in passing through this place many years before, had been struck with the delightful situation of the monastery, and then observed to his attendants, that this was a spot to which Diocletian might have retired with pleasure. "From the nature of the soil and the temperature of the climate," he adds, "it was esteemed the most healthful and delicious situation in Spain. Some months before his abdication, he had sent an architect thither, to add a new apartment to the monastery for his accommodation; but he gave strict orders that the style of the building should be such as suited his present station, rather than his former dignity. It consisted only of six rooms, four of them in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls: the other two, each twenty feet square, were hung with brown cloth, and furnished in the most simple manner. They were all on a level with the ground, with a door on one side into a garden, of which Charles himself had given the plan, and had filled it with various plants which he intended to cultivate with his own hands. On the other side, they communicated with the chapel of the monastery. Into this humble retreat, hardly sufficient for the comfortable accommodation of a private gentleman, did Charles enter, with twelve domestics only." He arrived here, February 24, 1557. The victim of superstition and remorse, he endeavoured to conform to all the rigour of monastic austerities; and the whip of cords with which he performed secret penance is said to have been found, after his death, tinged with blood. His celebration of his own obsequies was the consummation of the devout exercises by which this sanguinary persecutor sought to propitiate Heaven. On the day following, he was seized with the fever which proved fatal; he expired in the 59th year of his age.

which was removed to the Escurial by express command of the emperor, who ordered that the original should be fixed in the same church that held his remains. "The ruined decorations of the garden and grounds seem," we are told, "to intimate their pristine state in happier days; and the several plantations in the Vera, watered by numberless brooks, might once have exhibited a more pleasing appearance." Such are the only traces left here of that accomplished despot, whose mad ambition agitated all Europe with desolating wars, and from whose reign may be dated the decline of the glory, power, and prosperity of the Spanish monarchy. "The Vera now" (1775) "affords the most melancholy aspect imaginable. Among the various experiments to destroy the worms that ruin the chesnut-trees, fire was the last expedient, insomuch that the trees, scorched and half burned, now resemble the oaks struck by the thunder of Jove; and their whole agriculture is reduced to the sowing of a few peas, with some miserable scraps of a vineyard. The village of Cuacos, near St. Juste, is distinguished by the savage disposition and ferocity of its inhabitants." In the *Valle* of Plasencia (a level tract, nine leagues in length), which is separated from the Vera by a range of hills running from the city to the *Puerto*, every branch of cultivation is in the lowest state, and the mountains and passes are filled with assassins and robbers.*

Twelve leagues to the N.W. of Plasencia, fourteen S.W. of Salamanca, and about eight E. of Ciudad Rodrigo, is a district, which, in addition to its naturally wild and savage character, was long invested with fabulous horrors. In Dr. Southey's Letters, the

* Dillon's Travels, 4to. London, 1782.

following description is given of this singular place, on the authority of a friend who had visited it. "A few leagues above Plasencia, near the highest part of that immense chain of mountains which runs through Portugal, and precisely where they send off the branch which divides the two Castiles, there is a valley three or four miles in length, tremendously deep, and so narrow, that it is not wider, a very few parts of it excepted, than the stream which runs through it, and gives it the name of *Batuecas*. The sun scarcely visits it in winter; and the only place by which it is accessible is where the stream has worked its way out: in every other part, it is closed in by rocks. Where the rains and winter torrents have worn their course from the sides to the bottom of this glen or valley, frequent chasms are seen, not unlike those which are said to be so fatal to the chamois-hunters in Switzerland. Caves and caverns are in every part formed, either by the detached fragments of the mountain, or by the rains washing away the earth from beneath, and leaving the rocks in their original position: and these are found placed in such a variety, and frequently in such regularity of forms, that they appear at a distance the works of art. They are in general rectangular, as perpendicular as the walls of a house, and sometimes so abruptly broken on the summit as to resemble buildings in ruins. One, in particular, has its towers, its turrets, its buttresses, its arches, its portal, and every circumstance that can impose on you the idea of a castle, which, from its inaccessible situation, you must conclude to have been erected there by enchantment. It bears the name of the Sepulchre of Don Sebastian. Immediately below this castle in the air, and opposite to it, is situated a convent of Carmelite friars, the sole

inhabitants of the place. When this convent was founded, the valley, or, as it is called, the desert of Batuecas, was said to be possessed by a people who were heathens, magicians, and spoke a language which none but themselves could understand. The fact is, this secluded spot afforded such a secure retreat for birds and beasts of prey, and all kinds of venemous reptiles, and was so infested by them, that the cattle, sheep, and goats of the neighbouring villages, were sure to become a prey to some or other of them, whenever, by the carelessness of their keepers, they were suffered to stray near it; these fellows, to screen themselves, invented these stories, which were no sooner made known, than generally received and believed.*.....I think," adds the learned author, "I have discovered in this dismal spot, the place where the unfortunate Sebastian was confined and finished his days. The name given to the rock in front of the convent, the stories calculated to deter people from visiting the place, invented in Philip II.'s reign, and not contradicted till a hundred years afterwards, the time of founding the convent (1599), the appearance of Don Sebastian at Venice in 1598, and his consequent imprisonment in Spain, all tend to prove it....Should this conjecture be true, it will not appear a little extraordinary, that two such personages as Charles the Fifth and Don Sebastian should have inhabited places so near to each other, and almost at the same period of time, which few people, either before or since, have ever thought it worth their while to visit."†

* The tales respecting the supposed savages of Batuecas were so fully believed for a long time, that they served as a foundation for novels and dramatic performances, repeatedly exhibited on the stage.

† Southey's Letters, vol. i. p. 256.

In Dillon's Travels, a description is given, from Don Guillermo Bowles, of another valley in the same district, called the Jurdes, about four leagues in length, and three in breadth, which is said not to yield in wretchedness to the dismal gully overlooked by the convent of *La Pena de Francia.* "During the whole journey from Alberca to Batuecas, nothing is to be seen but a repetition of jagged and ill-shapen rocks, with their rugged peaks like so many turrets and battlements, towering one over the other as far as the eye can reach, forming dreadful gullies where the river forces its way. The waters are clear, abounding with trout, and having grains of gold in the sand, which the peasants know well how to look after, and sell at Plasencia, Ciudad Rodrigo, and Salamanca; which is a great resource to them in this sorrowful vale, where, during winter, the sun's rays can hardly penetrate for above four hours in the day. To increase still further its horror, the hills are perforated with dismal caves, one above the other, and so extensive, that three or four hundred sheep may easily take shelter there. To complete the picture, the country is the resort of numerous birds of prey, and affords shelter to bears, wolves, wild cats, and weazels, which destroy all the hares and rabbits, with the addition of snakes, serpents, and many other noxious reptiles. But why need I enlarge further on so dreary a spot, or describe so barren a country, where even grass is not to be seen? here and there is a solitary cistus, and nothing else but furze, the only resource of goats and some bees: the latter are of service merely on account of their wax, as their honey has all the bitter flavour of their food."*

* Dillon, p. 275.

The district of Batuecas is in the diocese of Coria. In proceeding to that city from Plasencia, the road lies in a south-west direction, crossing some high ground into the territory called *Tra-sierra*, in which stands the village of Villar, an ancient site, as is indicated by Roman inscriptions in the walls of several of the houses. The environs are beautifully wooded; and some streams of excellent water have their rise here, which the Romans conveyed to Caparra by an aqueduct, the remains of which are still to be seen. At Aldea Nueva, a village of 1,500 inhabitants, on the side of a mountain covered with chesnut-woods, the river Ambroz is crossed twice by a bridge at each end of the village, and a third time a little beyond Abadia, a small village, where the Duke of Alba has a seat with superb gardens, laid out in the old taste, and the Franciscans a convent. The road continues along this beautiful vale, through woods of evergreen oak, to Caparra, another Roman town, seated on a small eminence on the bank of the same river, which is here crossed by an ancient bridge of four arches. Laborde supposes that this place, not Plasencia, was the ancient Ambracia. Though now reduced to a paltry hamlet, some scattered remains attest its ancient importance. There is a triumphal arch on the Roman military way, with fragments of an inscription. The oak-woods extend beyond this village, and the road passes through several depopulated towns, which shew that this rich district was once flourishing and populous. At length, the traveller reaches the bank of the Xerte,* and crossing it by a bridge of seven arches, ascends for some time to the village of Galistes, which occupies a

* It is not mentioned by Laborde, but the Xerte and the Ambroz probably unite.

very elevated situation. Here the Duke of Arcos has a handsome palace. The road then descends into the valley of the Alagon, and for several leagues continues along a dreary plain, "almost entirely covered with wrecks of Roman grandeur:" fragments of monuments, inscribed marbles, mile-stones, and traces of the military road, are seen all the way to Coria.

This ancient city, the *Cauria* and *Caurium* of Ptolemy, but now reduced to the population of a village, is prettily situated on the right bank of the Alagon. Remains of Roman fortifications, Laborde says, still exist. The walls are built of large stones; they are 20 feet high, and 16 feet thick, flanked by large square towers, with four gates. The citadel is the work of the Moors, and the Author of Recollections in the Peninsula describes it as a fine remain. The cathedral consists of only a nave, and has no pretensions to architectural beauty. There is a fine bridge of seven arches on leaving the town, but the river has forsaken its ancient channel, and, two leagues further, is crossed at a ford. Coria was the head-quarters of General Lord Hill in the winter of 1812-13. It then comprised about 600 houses. The surrounding scenery is very fine, and the winter there was found as mild as an English spring. A road leads northward from Coria, over the lofty Sierra de Gata, to Ciudad Rodrigo, distant seventeen leagues; and southward, through Celavin to Alcantara, seven leagues. The first two leagues of the latter route lie over a barren plain. Three leagues further, Celavin, a town of 3,000 inhabitants, stands in the midst of extensive vineyards. The road then becomes a mere mule-track over a rocky country, and leads by a long descent to the banks of the Tagus. Alcantara de-

rives its name from a magnificent Roman bridge, 576 feet in length, 27½ in breadth, and 212 feet above the bed of the river. It is formed of six unequal arches. The Moors, when besieged in Alcantara, demolished the smallest arch, and it was rebuilt by Carlos I. in the sixteenth century. The Portuguese, on evacuating the town after the Peace of Utrecht, are said to have blown up two arches; and these were rebuilt by Carlos III. In the middle of the bridge is a triumphal arch of granite, 40 feet in height; and at the end is a sepulchral monument, containing the ashes of the architect, which has been converted into a chapel dedicated to San Julian. The town of Alcantara was built by the Moors. Alfonso IX. took it from them in 1218, and gave it to the military order of Calatrava, which afterwards assumed the name of the town. The church is large, but has never been finished: it contains some good pictures. The population is about 3,000 persons. From Alcantara there is a road to Badajoz, distant 17 leagues southwards, leading through the town of Albuquerque, from which the ducal family takes its title. Another road leads to Arroyo del Puerco, a town of about 5,000 inhabitants, in which are some cloth manufactories and a church with sixteen paintings by Morales; and thence to Caceres, an ancient Roman colony with the name of *Castra Cæcilia*, containing four parish-churches, seven convents, and about 8,000 persons. The town is ill built, and contains nothing remarkable, except a few ancient inscriptions. A cross-road leads from Caceres, twelve leagues, to Merida.*

* For our information with regard to this interesting part of the country, we have been obliged to content ourselves for the most part with the vague and inaccurate statements of Laborde. Albu-

We must here take leave of this fine province, next to Andalusia the most interesting part of Spain, yet

querque is not even mentioned in his work. Future travellers may avail themselves, however, of this imperfect account as a guide to their inquiries, and the valley of the Ambroz will particularly deserve to be investigated. In Dillon's Travels will be found an account of journeys taken by D. Guillermo Bowles, from Almaden in La Mancha, to Merida, and thence to Guadalcanal, Seville, and Malaga; but of these, our plan and limits restrain us from giving any abstract. Almaden is the last village in La Mancha, being separated only by a brook from the kingdom of Cordova: it stands upon a stratum of cinnabar, and the inhabitants are chiefly supported by the profits of the quicksilver mine, which is believed to have been worked from time immemorial. Theophrastus (300 years B. C.) speaks of the cinnabar of Spain; Vitruvius also mentions it; and Pliny states that the mines were in the province of Bœtica, which would agree with this mine; but no traces are left of any Roman works. The road to Merida lies through Medellin, crossing the chain of hills which separate La Mancha from Estremadura; these are covered with rosemary, growing four or five feet high, privet, thyme, lavender, and all the varieties of cistus. Lead and silver mines, iron and emery, are found in the *Sierra de Guadalupe*, near Orellana, and at Zalamea in the heart of the Sierra Morena. The country people believe, that the latter town was built by persons sent there by King Solomon in quest of the silver mines. Guadalcanal is the last town to the south in Estremadura, being separated from Andalusia only by the small stream of Benalija. Its silver mine has a long history attached to it, and has ruined more than it has enriched. In the reign of Philip II., two brothers, Mark and Christopher Fugger of Augsburg, obtained a grant of both this mine and the quicksilver mine of Almaden, and, either by mining or by other means, they made so large a fortue, that *ser rico como un Fucar*—to be as rich as a Fugger, had become a proverb in the days of Cervantes. There is a street which bears their name in Madrid. Their descendants were raised to the dignity of counts of the Roman empire, being allied to the greatest houses in Germany. The brothers abandoned both their mines in 1635, after having worked that of Guadalcanal to a great depth. In less than a month after, the mine filled with water to within 30 feet of the surface, and the draining of *Pozo Rico* (the rich shaft) has been a project that has, at intervals, exercised the credulity, and absorbed the property, of various speculators.

the most neglected and depopulated, and, till it was made the seat of devastating war, the least known to foreigners. The mountains, which few but shepherds have explored, would open a rich field of investigation to the scientific traveller; while, to the antiquary, it is not improbable that there may remain at Merida and other Roman sites, perhaps beneath the soil, objects of the highest interest. Vettonian Merida was evidently a favourite colony of the Romans, and no city in the peninsula appears to have been distinguished by greater magnificence.

> "Nunc locus Emerita est tumuli,
> Clara colonia Vettoniæ,
> Quam memorabilis omnis Anas
> Præterit, et viridante rapax
> Gurgite mœnia pulchra alluit."—PRUDENTIUS.

From this province, in later times, Cortez and Pizarro went forth to lay the foundation of new kingdoms in the western world, leading the way to those adventurous colonists by whom Meridas and Truxillos, Valencias and Valladolids, have been planted on the shores of the two oceans, and in the very heart of the Andes.

Three provinces yet remain to be visited, some account of which will naturally connect itself with a description of the route

FROM MADRID TO BAYONNE.

THERE are three distinct routes from Madrid to Bayonne; one by way of Valladolid and Burgos, which we have already traced as far as the latter city, and which thence proceeds by way of Vittoria: a second leads through Zaragoza; and a third, which has only the recommendation of being the shortest, is

by way of Guadalaxara, Agreda, and Roncevalle. It is the second and third of these that we shall now proceed to trace.

The road, for six leagues eastward of Madrid, lies over a vast extent of bare and level country, watered by the Manzanares, the Xarama, and the Henarez. It is chiefly corn land. The road would be good, were it not for the sandy nature of the soil. At the extremity of the plain, on the right bank of the river, from which it takes its name, and backed by a semicircle of mountains, stands the famous city of Alcala de Henarez. This modern representative of the ancient *Complutum*, was built in the twelfth century, the old city having suffered so much during the siege which the Moors sustained in it before it was taken, as to require rebuilding. The ruins of an old castle on a hill, on the other side of the river, are said to mark the ancient site. The present town is walled, with square towers at intervals, and covers a very considerable area, sufficient, Laborde says, to contain 30,000 inhabitants, whereas the actual population does not amount to a sixth of that number. The public buildings occupy a large proportion of the city: they consist of one collegiate and three parish churches, nineteen monasteries, eight nunneries, thirteen colleges, and four hospitals. The university was founded by the celebrated Cardinal Ximines, to whom the Christian world is indebted for the edition of the polyglott Bible, known by the appellation of the Complutensian. In the library of the college of San Ildefonso, founded by Ximines, are preserved the original manuscript of this Bible, together with the letters of that great man, his ring, his bust, and his portrait. The schools of Alcala were the most celebrated of their age, and the students numbered at one time nearly

4,000; but their prosperity was of short duration: the same century that saw their foundation, witnessed their decline.* This university is now in a state of decay, and there are scarcely 500 students; the printing-houses have disappeared, and the publications which issued from them are almost forgotten. Mr. Townsend styles Alcala one of the prettiest cities in Spain. The buildings are of granite, of limestone, and of brick, and the pavement is of smooth, round stones, the spoils of distant mountains. The Archbishop of Toledo has a palace here, the work of Covarubias and Berruguete; it is an immense building, containing, it is said, 366 rooms, exclusive of the ground-floor. In one front there are 82 pillars; in the other, 52; and there are numerous courts, surrounded with piazzas. The most superb edifice in Alcala is the college of San Ildefonso, the front of which is Gothic. It has three large quadrangles, surrounded with cloisters of beautiful architecture. The first court has three rows of piazzas, one above the other; the columns of the lower two of the Doric, and those of the upper tier of the Ionic order. The columns of the second court are Composite; and the third court is adorned with Ionic columns. The church contains nothing remarkable, except the mausoleum of the founder, of marble richly sculptured, and surrounded with a bronze grating. The collegiate church, rebuilt by Cardinal Ximines, is in the Gothic style. Among the other public edifices, the façade of the King's college, and that of the Jesuits, which is of Corinthian architecture, are the only two that seem

* Ximines was born, in 1437, at Torrelaguna, a small town on the road from Madrid to San Ildefonso. He was appointed confessor to Queen Isabella in 1491; created cardinal in 1507. He founded the college of San Ildefonso in 1499.

to deserve notice. Laborde describes Alcala as a very gloomy town, being peopled only by priests, monks, students, and professors; but its gloominess must arise chiefly from its being unpeopled. From a distance, the number of its turrets and spires gives the town a highly picturesque appearance. Alcala was the birth-place of Cervantes.

Four leagues from Alcala, the road lying over a well-cultivated plain, is the ancient city of Guadalaxara, the chief town of the canton of Alcarria, situated near the eastern bank of the Henarez. It contains ten parishes, six monasteries, seven nunneries, two hospitals, and eight hermitages. The population, in 1786, was estimated at 16,000 souls,* of whom nearly 4,000 were employed in the royal cloth-manufactory, besides about 40,000 spinners in the adjacent villages. This manufactory was first projected, in 1720, by the Baron de Riperda, who brought workmen from Holland; but it had little success. During the war of 1740, the English Government having prohibited the importation of Spanish wool, Mr. Wall, afterwards prime minister of Spain, then in England, succeeded in decoying one Thomas Bevan, a skilful workman, from Melksham in Wiltshire, with many others, and established them at Guadalaxara, where they contributed to raise the credit of an expiring manufacture. Some years after this, Thomas Bevan, having met with ill usage, died of a broken heart, and in him this undertaking suffered an irre-

* This must be understood as exclusive of the ecclesiastics, and probably of children also, since a fourth were employed in the manufactory. Laborde states the population at 12,000, adding, that it was formerly more numerous, and yet rates the persons employed in the manufacture at nearly 5,000.

parable loss.* Laborde represents the manufactory as much contracted in its scale, and as scarcely paying the expenses: the cloths are as dear as foreign ones, and the Spaniards themselves prefer the latter. The Duke of Infantado has a spacious palace at Guadalaxara, and a most superb subterranean pantheon and chapel beneath the church of the Cordeliers, inferior in magnificence only to the royal burying-chapel in the Escurial. The most precious marbles, mosaic pavements, gilded roofs, columns, and other decorations, have been lavished on this posthumous mansion of the noble family. So it was that the ancients always raised their noblest edifices for the dead. The site of Guadalaxara is believed to have been occupied by the Romans under the name of Arriaca or Carraca. The present name is obviously of Moorish origin, and appears to be taken from the river: they are said to have called it Guidalhichara or Guidalarriaca, probably *Wady al Ajara;* or there may be some connexion between the name of the city and that of the canton, which we leave the Spanish etymologists to detect.

The road, soon after leaving Guadalaxara, enters the mountains, and for some distance lies along a causeway, shaded with elms, which follows the wind-

* Townsend, vol. i. p. 240. It is remarkable that Spain should be indebted to the present of an English monarch for her merino flocks, and to an English mechanic for the fame of her Vigonia broad cloth. In the war of the Succession, the Spanish Government prohibited the sale of their wines and fruits to the English and Dutch; "who, in consequence of this," says Mr. Townsend, "formed connexions with the Portuguese, so that now, more especially in England, Port wine supplies the place of *sack*"—that is *vin sec*, the dry wine of Spain. It is mortifying to think, that forty years after, the English Government should have known no better than to retaliate.

ings of the sierra. This new road was finished in 1790. It then ascends to the ruined town of Torrija, the residence of the intendant of Guadalaxara, formerly a very strong place; part of the high walls which surrounded it, together with some square towers with battlements and embrasures, are still entire. The next league is through the beautiful valley overlooked by this ancient station. At two leagues and a half is Grajanejos, built upon a limestone rock, overlooking perpendicularly a narrow valley, above which it is elevated more than 300 feet: four little streams flow down the ravine and unite below. The country beyond, as far as Alcolea, a distance of between nine and ten leagues, consists of a succession of arid plains, for the most part desolate and uncultivated, occasionally broken into ravines, and the road is very rugged and fatiguing. The oak, the ilex, the juniper, furze, broom, lavender, thyme, and, in some places, the kermes-oak, are enumerated by Mr. Townsend as the indigenous productions of this wild tract of country.* Alcolea de Pinar is a small village in the midst of corn-lands, near the foot of a lofty mountain, where the people of the district believe that the streams divide on either side towards Madrid and Aragon. Here is a wretched *posada*, this being the point at which the roads separate that lead to Zaragoza, the one by way of Daroca and Used, and the other by way of Calatayud and Sisamon.†

* Laborde, therefore, is quite wrong in affirming, that the eighteen leagues between Alcolea and Torrija afford no wood, foliage, or verdure.

† The shortest route to Bayonne, as given in the Itinerary, appears to turn off near Grajanejos, running thence tc Almadrones and Torremacha, crossing a very elevated table-land at Lodares, and the Duero at Almazar, and passing by Agreda where pass-

Beyond Alcolea, the country is naked and barren, the sandstone formation prevailing as far as Maranchon, a little village situated on a declivity, sheltered from the north by high limestone rocks, but open to the south, and looking down upon a rich valley industriously cultivated. From this place to Anchuela, the country, in its calcareous rock and general aspect, reminded Mr. Townsend of the neighbourhood of Bath.* Anchuela, he says, would be a beautiful situation for a nobleman's seat, and, compared with the uncultivated mountains of Aragon, appears a paradise. The valley is shut in by swelling hills, and watered by a rivulet clear as crystal; the declivities are shaded with savin, juniper, and furze, and the vicinity abounds with corn, wine, and oil. But "throughout Spain," adds this Traveller, "I do not recollect to have seen a single country residence like those which every where abound in England." Anchuela itself is a wretched village, with a filthy *posada*. Beyond it, extends a most dreary tract of desert mountains and unpeopled valleys. League after league, not an object presents itself to cheer the weary traveller; "no house, no tree, except the savin, the juniper, and an indigenous species of cedar; but, from time to time, a monumental cross to remind him of mortality." After passing through Tortuera, a wretched village "built on a rock of marble, such as

ports are examined), Tafalla, Pampeluna, Roncevaux, and St. Jean Pied de Port, to Bayonne. The distance from Madrid by this route is estimated at 83 Spanish leagues.

* "I felt a peculiar pleasure," says this Traveller, "in picking up on the ploughed land, belemnites, cockles, and cardias, with other bivalves, and fragments of the pisolite, of the same species and of the same colour with those which I had formerly collected at Keinsham, Atford, Wraxall, Melksham, and on the adjacent hills."

would not disgrace a palace," the road descends to an extensive plain, chiefly pasture-land; and at fourteen leagues from Alcolea, leads to Used, the first village in Aragon.

The road to Daroca lies over mountains of schist and sandstone, in which the strata run in every possible direction, and "all nature seems to have suffered the most violent convulsions." "We are here," says Mr. Townsend, "on the highest land in Spain, with the water falling behind us into the Ebro, while immediately before us it runs into the Tagus."* Daroca is built in a ravine, on the western bank of the Xiloca; a situation which would have exposed it to being swept away by torrents, had not the inhabitants made a drift of 600 yards through the heart of the mountain, to open a communication with the river. It appears, from the ruined fortifications, to have been a place of importance. It was taken from the king of Cordova by Alfonso I., in 1123. "The town," Mr. Townsend says, "formerly occupied the hills for safety, but has now crept down into the vale for shelter. Climbing among the rocks, it is beautiful to look down upon the valley which feeds the city, every where shut in by uncultivated mountains, itself well watered, covered with deep verdure, and loaded with the most luxuriant crops. To view such a strip of

* Between Anchuela del Campo and Tortuera, is the village of Concha, "which is said to be almost the highest ground in Spain." (Laborde, vol. iii. p. 68.) This is said of many other places. A little to the south, the village of Molina occupies an elevated situation on mountains which have, on the one side, the Xiloca flowing towards the Ebro, and the Gallo on the other, which joins the Tagus. Near Molina, under the limestone, is found a red gypsum, containing fossil shells similar to those with which the limestone is charged near Anchuela and Concha.

land, excites our wonder how the inhabitants can live. The exquisite beauty of this spot, and the protection which it offered, were powerful attractives to the priests, and the religious orders, who, in this city, have no fewer than six convents (one is a nunnery) and seven parish-churches, of which one is collegiate." To these Laborde adds three hospitals and ten hermitages or chapels, three of which were formerly parochial, and two belonged to the Templars. The population, in 1786, was estimated at 2,863 souls. Hemp is cultivated in the vicinity.

The next five leagues, to Carinenna, are over parched and uncultivated hills, where little is seen but here and there the kermes-oak and a few aromatic herbs. Carinenna, however, is situated in a fertile plain, covered with vines and olives: the wine is of the finest quality. The town contained, in 1786, 2,036 souls, and two convents. From this place, it is eight leagues (reckoned by Mr. Townsend thirty-six English miles, a day's journey), over a mountainous track in which gypsum prevails, to the capital of Aragon, the illustrious city of

ZARAGOZA.

This ancient town has received its appellation from the Romans, under whom it was a flourishing colony; the modern name being only a corruption of *Cæsarea Augusta*. It stands in the midst of an extensive and fertile plain, on the Ebro; and contained, at the commencement of the present century, seventeen parish-churches, twenty-four monasteries, four houses of regulars, sixteen nunneries and *beaterios*, four chapels, or hermitages, and five hospitals; altogether,

seventy-one churches, and a clergy more numerous than that of Barcelona.* We shall take our description of this city from the historian of the Peninsular war.

"Zaragoza is not a fortified town.† The brick wall which surrounded it was from ten to twelve feet high, and three feet thick; and in many places it was interrupted by houses, which formed part of the enclosure. It has no advantages of situation for its defence; and would not have been considered as capable of resistance by any men but those whose courage was sustained by a virtuous principle of duty. It stands in an open plain, which was then covered with olive-grounds, bounded on either hand by high and distant mountains; but it is commanded by some high ground, called the *Torrero*, about a mile to the south-west, upon which there is a convent, with some smaller buildings. The canal of Aragon divides this elevation from another rising ground, where the Spaniards had erected a battery. The Ebro bathes the walls of the city, and separates it from the suburbs. It has two bridges, within musket-shot of each other; one of wood, said to be more beautiful than any other of the like materials in Europe; the other of free-stone, consisting of seven arches, of which the principal is 122 feet in diameter. The river is fordable above the city. Two smaller rivers, the Galego and the Guerva, flow at a little distance from the city, the one on the east, the other on the west, the latter

* The number of students in the university, in 1786, was stated to Mr. Townsend to be 2,000, and the resident professors, 121.

† '*Elle est sans défense*,' said Colmenar, writing a century ago, '*fermée d'une simple muraille. Mais ce défaut est reparé par la bravouré des habitans.*' After the proofs which the inhabitants have given of their patriotism, this praise appears like prophecy.

being separated from the walls only by the breadth of the common road: both are received into the Ebro. Unlike most other towns in the Peninsula, Zaragoza has neither aqueduct nor fountains, but derives its water wholly from the river. The people of Tortosa (and probably of the other towns upon its course) drink also of the Ebro, preferring it to the finest spring. The water is of a dirty red colour; but having stood a few hours, it becomes perfectly clear, and has a softness and pleasantness of taste, which soon induces strangers to agree with the natives in preferring it. The population was stated, in the census of 1787, at 42,600: later accounts compute its inhabitants at 60,000; and it is certainly one of the largest cities in the Peninsula. It has twelve gates; four of them in the old wall of Augustus, by whom the older town of *Salduba*, upon the same site, was enlarged, beautified, and called *Cæsarea Augusta*, or *Cæsar-Augusta*, a word easily corrupted into its present name.

"The whole city, even its convents and churches, is built of bad brick. The houses are not so high as they usually are in old Spanish towns, their general height being only three stories. The streets are, as usual, very narrow and crooked. There are, however, open market-places, and one very wide, long, and regularly-built street, formerly called the *Calle-Santa*, having been the scene of many martyrdoms, but now more commonly known by the name of the *Cozo*. The people, like the rest of the Aragonese, and their neighbours, the Catalans, have been always honourably distinguished in Spanish history for their love of liberty; and the many unavailing struggles which they have made during the last four centuries, had not abated their attachment to the good principles of their forefathers."

Mr. Townsend speaks of the two cathedrals as amply repaying the fatigues of the journey from Barcelona. "That which is called *El Aseu* is vast, gloomy, and magnificent: it inspires awe, and inclines the worshipper to fall prostrate. The other, called *El Pilar*, spacious, lofty, light, elegant, and cheerful, inspires hope, confidence, complacency." It is 500 feet in length, and consists of a nave with two aisles. In the centre, under the great cupola, is a chapel of Our Lady of the Pillar, who is believed to have appeared upon this very pillar to St. James, and afterwards to have given him the image which is worshipped at the altar. It is a model of the *Santa Casa* at Loretto.* The wealth of this cathedral is represented by Mr. Townsend as inestimable, consisting of silver, gold, precious stones, and rich embroidery, sent by all the Catholic sovereigns of Europe, to deck its priests and adorn its altars. "Whatever wealth could command, or human art could execute, has been collected to excite the admiration of all who view the treasures of this church." Among the other public edifices, the *Torre Nueva* in the great square, built by the Moors, and the *Torre del Aseu*, formerly a mosque, are mentioned as claiming attention. But the most remarkable of all, in the estimation of devotees, was the church of Santa Engracia, attached to a Geronimite monastery, which vied in sanctity and in the value of its relics with the cathedral of Our Lady of the Pillar herself. "Both the church and convent were splendidly adorned, but the most remarkable part of the whole edifice was a subterranean church, formed in the place where the relics were discovered, and having the pit, or well, as

* An exact counterpart, on the same model, may be seen in the church of the nunnery of *Santa Clara*, at Catania, in Sicily.

it was called, in the middle. It was divided by a beautiful iron grating, which excluded laymen from the interior of the sanctuary. There were three descents; the widest flight of steps was that which was for public use; the two others were for the religioners, and met in one behind the three chief altars, within the grating. Over the midst of these altars were two tombs, placed one upon the other, in a niche; the under one containing the relics of Engracia's companions and fellows in martyrdom; the upper, those of the saint herself, her head excepted, which was kept in a silver shrine, having a collar of precious stones, and enclosed in crystal. The altars on either side had their respective relics; and several others, equally rich in such treasures, were ranged along the walls, without the grating. The roof was of an azure colour, studded with stars, to represent the sky. The breadth of the vault considerably exceeded its length; it was sixty feet wide, and only forty long. Thirty little columns, of different marbles, supported the roof. On the stone brink of the well, the history of the Zaragozan martyrs was represented in bas-relief; and an iron grating, reaching to the roof, secured it from being profaned by idle curiosity, and from the pious larcenies which it might otherwise have tempted. Within this cage-work, a silver lamp was suspended. Thirty such lamps were burning there day and night; and though the roof was little more than twelve feet high, it was never in the slightest degree sullied with smoke. The fact is certain; but the useful and important secret by which oil was made to burn without producing smoke, was carefully concealed; and the Geronimites continued till this time to exhibit a miracle which puzzled all who did not believe it to be miraculous.

The history of the siege of this city, in the first year of the Peninsular war, under the brave Palafox, presents one of the most romantic displays of patriotism in the annals of history. The spirit of the ancient Numantians seemed to animate the citizens of Zaragoza. The French, despising alike the strength of the place and the character of the people, who, under the appearance of gravity and apathy, concealed a latent spirit of unconquerable enthusiasm, thought to take the city by storm. A party of the enemy entered the city on the 15th of June, 1808, who were all slain, and Lefebvre was compelled to draw off his troops beyond the reach of their guns. On the 27th, having been reinforced, they renewed the assault, and were again repulsed; but the *Torrero* was taken; and from this spot the French showered down shells and grenades into the city, where there was not one building bomb-proof, while they continued to invest it more closely. During the night of the 28th, the powder-magazine in the very heart of the city blew up, it is supposed through treachery, destroying fourteen houses, and about 200 persons; and at this signal, a fresh attack was made on the city, which was directed chiefly against the Portillo gate. Here, the battery which had been formed of sand-bags piled up before the gate, was repeatedly destroyed, and as often re-constructed under the fire of the enemy. The carnage throughout the day was dreadful. On this occasion it was, that Augustina Zaragoza, a handsome young woman of the lower class, arrived at this battery with refreshments*

* During the siege, women of all ranks assisted, forming themselves into companies, some to relieve the wounded, some to carry water, wine, and provisions, to those who defended the gates. "The Countess Burita instituted a corps for this service; she was young, delicate, and beautiful. In the midst of the most tre-

at a moment when not a man was left alive to serve the guns, snatched a match from the hand of a dead artillery-man, and fired off a six-and-twenty-pounder, vowing never to quit the gun alive. The Zaragozans, at this sight, rushed forward to the battery, and renewed their fire with greater vigour than ever, and the French were repulsed at all points with great slaughter." By the end of July, the city was completely invested, and various assaults were made in the interim. On the 4th of August, batteries had been opened within pistol-shot of the church of Santa Engracia, and after a dreadful carnage, the French forced their way into the Cozo, in the very heart of the city. Lefebvre, imagining that he had effected his purpose, now addressed a note to Palafox, containing the words: "Head-quarters, Sta. Engracia. Capitulation." The answer returned was: "Head-quarters, Zaragoza. War at the knife's point, (*Guerra al cuchillo*)." "The contest which was now carried on is unexampled in history. One side of the Cozo, a

mendous fire of shot and shells, she was seen coolly attending to those occupations which had now become her duty; nor, throughout the whole of a two months' siege, did the imminent danger to which she incessantly exposed herself, produce the slightest apparent effect upon her, or in the slightest degree bend her from her heroic purpose. Some of the monks bore arms; others exercised their spiritual offices to the dying; others, with the nuns, were busied in making cartridges, which the children distributed." When the enemy had gained the command of the surrounding country, "corn-mills worked by horses were erected in various parts of the city. The monks were employed in manufacturing gunpowder, materials for which were obtained by collecting all the sulphur in the place, by washing the soil of the streets to extract its nitre, and making charcoal from the stalks of hemp, which in that part of Spain grow to an extraordinary magnitude. On this simple foundation, a regular manufactory was formed after the siege, which produced 325 lbs. (of 12 oz.) per day."—SOUTHEY, vol. i. pp. 407, 410.

street about as wide as Pall-Mall, was possessed by the French; and, in the centre of it, their general, Verdier, gave his orders from the Franciscan convent. The opposite side was maintained by the Aragonese, who threw up batteries at the openings of the cross streets, within a few paces of those which the French erected against them. The intervening space was presently heaped with dead, either slain upon the spot, or thrown from the windows. Just before the day closed, Don Francisco Palafox, the general's brother, entered the city most unexpectedly with a convoy of arms and ammunition, and a reinforcement of 3,000 men. The war was now continued from street to street, from house to house, and from room to room; pride and indignation having wrought up the French to a pitch of obstinate fury little inferior to the devoted courage of the patriots. This most obstinate and murderous contest was continued for eleven successive days and nights, more indeed by night than by day. Under cover of the darkness, the combatants frequently dashed across the streets to attack each other's batteries; and the battles which began there, were often carried on into the houses beyond." A pestilence at length began to be dreaded from the enormous accumulation of putrifying bodies, and this in the month of August. No truce was asked, or would have been granted, on either side. The only remedy, therefore, for this horrible embarrassment, was, to tie ropes to the French prisoners, and push them forward to bring away the bodies for interment. "In every conflict, however, the citizens now gained ground upon the French, winning it inch by inch, till the space occupied by the enemy, which, on the day of their entrance, was nearly half the city, was gradually contracted to about an eighth part. During

the night of the 13th, their fire was particularly fierce and destructive. After their batteries had ceased, flames burst out in many parts of the buildings which they had won. Their last act was to blow up the church of Sta. Engracia; the powder was placed in the subterranean church, and this monument of fraud and credulity was laid in ruins. In the morning, the French columns, to the great surprise of the Spaniards, were seen at a distance retreating over the plain, on the road to Pamplona."

Such was the result of the first siege of Zaragoza. But the sufferings and achievements of its heroic defenders were not to terminate here. In the month of Dec. 1809, Marshal Moncey, Duke of Castiglione, having fixed his head-quarters at the Torrero, summoned Palafox to surrender the town, to prevent it total destruction. That true Spaniard returned a haughty and patriotic refusal. Moncey, falling ill, was superseded by Junot, and Marshals Lasnes, Mortier, Suchet, and St. Cyr, subsequently joined the besieging army. A breach was soon made in the mud walls, and the system now pursued was, to destroy the city by sapping and mining, street by street, while an incessant bombardment was kept up from without, which continued two-and-forty days, during which 17,000 bombs were thrown at the town. Famine and pestilence now came to the aid of the French, and by the 19th of February, only 2,822 of the Spanish troops remained fit for service. Two-thirds of the city had been destroyed, 30,000 of the inhabitants had perished, and from 3 to 400 were dying daily of the pestilence, when the *junta* capitulated.*

* Augustina Zaragoza, who had equally distinguished herself during the second siege, was among the prisoners, but escaped. Palafox was sent to France, where he died.

Zaragoza is fifty-two Spanish leagues (about four miles and a half each) from Madrid, and fifty from Barcelona. The route from the latter city, we have already traced as far as the Catalonian frontier.* The intermediate country between Zaragoza and Alcaraz, a distance of twenty-two leagues, is dreary and barren beyond description. For twenty miles, the road lies over a plain of gypsum, destitute of either human habitation, tree or bush, beast or bird. The only town is Fraga, on the river Cinca, three miles from Alcaraz, which may be considered as a Catalonian town, since, though nominally within the kingdom of Aragon, it is in the diocese of Lerida, and the language and manners of the inhabitants are those of the Catalans. This place (the *Galica Flavia* of Ptolemy) was formerly a fortified town, and sustained several sieges under the Moors. It was at length taken by Raymond Berenger, in 1147. The ruins of the citadel crown the summit of a mountain which commands the town. The streets are narrow and crooked; the houses are mere huts, and half in ruins, being very ancient, and many of them are decorated with armorial bearings. The population is about 3,000 souls.

Aragon is one of the largest provinces of Spain; it is at the same time one of the least populous, and the least susceptible of improvement. In the preamble to one of the ancient laws of Aragon, it is declared, that "such was the barrenness of their country, and the poverty of the inhabitants, that, were it not on account of the liberties by which they were distinguished from other nations, the people would abandon it, and go in quest of a settlement to some more fertile

* See vol. i. p. 113.

region."* It was one of the provinces last recovered from the Moors, the whole of Aragon not being conquered till early in the thirteenth century. It continued to have its separate states till they were suppressed by Philip V., in 1707. Besides Zaragoza, which is the see of the primate, it contains the episcopal sees of Jaca, Barbastro, Huesca, Tarazona, Albarrazin, and Teruel: Daroca and Calatayud are, next to these, the most important towns. The latter town, situated twelve leagues and a half (Spanish) south-west of Zaragoza, was founded by Ajub (Job), a Moorish general, in the eighth century, and is said to have been partly built with the ruins of the ancient Bibilis, the birth-place of the poet Martial, seated on a mountain, half a league distant, which still retains the name of Baubola. Calatayud stands on the right bank of the Jalon, near its confluence with the Xiloca, in the centre of a charming and fertile vale. The town contains seven parish-churches, six monasteries, five nunneries, two colleges, and about 9,000 inhabitants. It was formerly famous for its cutlery. The vales of Almunia and Techa, the great plain of which Albarrazin is the chief place, and those of Alcannez, Caspe, Albalate, Maella, and Calaceite are also mentioned by Laborde as highly rich and fertile. Three-fourths of the land, indeed, he says, is adapted to the olive, which is but little cultivated.† The wines of Aragon, also, are said to be excellent, as well as the flax, hemp, saffron, and silk. In fact, it is evident, that the barrenness of the soil cannot be the cause of the depopu-

* Robertson's Hist. of Charles V., Introd. § 3.

† This remark is confirmed by a fact mentioned by Mr. Townsend. In the midst of the bare gypseous plain near Candasnos, he noticed in one spot, to his great astonishment, the olive flourishing in apparently the same kind of soil.

lation, if it be true, as Laborde reports, that there are 149 deserted villages, and 385 which have but a very few houses. The whole population of the province in 1787, 8, did not exceed 623,308 inhabitants, including 8,552 ecclesiastics, secular and regular, and 1454 nuns. The new canal of Aragon promises, when completed, to benefit this province very materially, by affording a vent for its productions and manufactured commodities; and to this circumstance, probably, may be ascribed the increase which is stated to have taken place in the population more particularly of Aragon since the year 1788. Laborde states, that agriculture had taken a new appearance in the districts watered by the canal.

The canal of Aragon (first projected in 1529, and, after being long abandoned, re-commenced in 1775,) begins at Tudela in Navarre, up to which point the Ebro is navigable, and passing near Zaragoza, joins the Ebro again ten leagues below. Not far from Zaragoza, it passes the mountain of Torrero by an open cast of forty feet the mean depth, for about a mile in length. The whole extent traversed by this branch of the canal, from Tudela to its junction with the Ebro, will be, Laborde says, nearly 80,000 fathoms, or twenty-six leagues and a half. The plan is, to open another canal that shall cross Navarre and Biscay, and so form a communication between the two seas at Santander and Tortosa; a distance of considerably more than a hundred Spanish leagues. Mr. Townsend, however, represents a land-portage as absolutely necessary. "To make the communication through the whole extent by water, is hardly possible; or, if possible, is by no means desirable; because, in passing the mountains of Biscay, only from Reinosa, at the head of the Ebro, to the Suanzes, which flows into

the bay near Santander, in the space of three leagues, the fall is 3,000 Spanish feet. It is remarkable" he adds, "that between Fontibre (*Fons Ebri*) and Reinosa, there is a salt lake." The *Bocol*, or spot where the canal commences, is very near the confines of the two provinces. The village of Fontellas in Aragon is situated on an eminence adjoining the canal. "We cross it there," says M. Bourgoing, "to go to Tudela, which is only two leagues distant. On leaving Fontellas, we find a specimen of the excellent roads with which it has been provided before any other part of Spain, by the care of its viceroy, the Count de Gages. These roads traverse Navarre from one extremity to the other. Setting out on horseback, or on mules, from St. Jean Pied-de-Port, a small town situated at the very foot of the very rugged Pyrenean mountain called *Altovizar*, we are two or three hours ascending it before we reach Roncevaux, placed at the foot of the Pyrenees on the other side. Roncevaux, the name of which is so famous in romance and fabulous history, is at present nothing but a village, where there are some tolerable inns and a monastery. From this place to Pamplona, the distance is only six leagues of good road, through deep valleys and among high mountains, partly covered with wood. In this stage, we have upon the right, the valley of Bastan, which has constantly been the theatre of the quarrels of the respective frontier powers. It is five or six leagues in diameter. The Bidassoa has here its source. It has not much corn, but it abounds in fruits, maize, and meadows covered with flocks. The six leagues between Pamplona and Tafalla pass through a rich and populous country. Of the eleven leagues between Tafalla and Tudela, the last six also pass through a highly cultivated country, if we except the

Bardena del Rey, a wild district, but abounding in pasture."

Tudela ranks as the second city in Navarre. It is situated at the confluence of the Queilas with the Ebro, sixteen leagues south of Pamplona, the capital, in a fertile district: the population is stated at upwards of 7,000 inhabitants. Navarre was divided into five *merindades*, or districts, by Louis, king of Aquitaine, of which that of Tudela is one; the others are, the districts of Pamplona, Estella, Sanguesa, and Olita. Pamplona, through which lies the route from St. Jean Pied-de-Port to Madrid, is a fortified city on the banks of the Arga, and contains a cathedral, three parishes, nine monasteries, two nunneries, and about 2,800 families. It is said to have been built by Pompey after the defeat of Sertorius, whence it derived the name of Pompeiopolis. This has long been considered as one of the principal strong holds in the north of the Peninsula. Navarre was for 500 years an independent monarchy, till, in 1509, Ferdinand the Catholic, under pretences not less frivolous than unjust, as well as by artifices the most treacherous, expelled John d'Albert, the lawful sovereign, and extended the limits of the Spanish monarchy from the frontiers of Portugal to the Pyrenees.* It is throughout mountainous, intersected with fertile valleys; the very country for the *guerrilla* warfare, by which the heroic Espoz y Mina† succeeded in annoying and keep-

* Robertson's Charles V. b. i.

† This extraordinary man was born at Idozin, a village of Navarre, on the 17th of June, 1781. He served at first as a private soldier in the *guerrilla* commanded by his nephew, Xavier Mina, who perished in Mexico. On his capture by the French, in 1810, Espoz was chosen chief, and was afterwards named by the junta of Aragon commander-in-chief of the guerrillas of Navarre. For two-and-twenty months he kept up unintermittingly the blockade of

ing in check the French armies in the Peninsular war. The whole population of the viceroyalty is little more than 200,000 persons. The Castilian is spoken, though mixed with the dialects of the adjoining provinces. The river Bidazoa separates it from France. Among the other rivers, all of which are small except the Ebro, is one named the Aragon, which might be supposed to have given its appellation to that kingdom, were it not so distant from its frontier. The track of country on the left side of the Ebro, still distinguished as High Aragon, may, however, have extended at one time as far as this stream. These mountainous regions are little known to modern travellers. Laborde represents the mountains of Aragon more especially, as rich in all kinds of mineral treasures.* The highest is Mount Cayo, situated between Navarre, Aragon, and Old Castile, and commanding almost the whole of Aragon. It is almost a continued ascent from Valtierra to Agreda, built on its summit, a distance of nine leagues.

Our last route will lead us through part of the province of Biscay, in proceeding

Pamplona, at the expense of many battles, till, reduced to the last extremity, it surrendered to General Espana, in Nov. 1813. A price was set upon his head by Bonaparte, from the end of 1811 to the conclusion of the Peninsular war. This man, almost worthy of being styled the Spanish Kosciusko, has been compelled to seek in England a refuge from the perjured Ferdinand.

* Laborde mentions a hill called Cueva Rubia to the north of the village Concud, a league from Teruel, which seems to present a phenomenon similar to the hyena cave in this country, which has employed the speculations of geologists. The interstices of the rocks, he says, are full of bones of oxen, the teeth of asses and horses, the bones of smaller domestic animals, and human shin and thigh bones; none of them in a fossil state. The best account of the face of the country between Bayonne and the frontier of Castile, will be found in Dillon's Travels.

FROM BURGOS TO BAYONNE.

It is a distance of nearly twelve leagues from Burgos to the town of Miranda on the Ebro. For the first nine, the road lies over a succession of bare hills and fertile valleys,* till the lofty Sierra d'Oca seems to block up all further progress. At length, at the village of Pancorvo, the traveller enters a defile that winds through the sierra beneath immense piles of impending rocks,—"some rough, like grotto-work, some slanting and fluted; some shaped like hideous monsters crouched near each other, their heads scowling down on the road as if they were placed there to defend it. Some of gigantic dimensions stand erect like sentinels on each side of the pass; some project over it, whose weight, should they fall, would crush the traveller to dust. Some appear like pillars of Cyclopean gates; others like ruined arches. There is one groupe of four or five hundred smaller rocks, which occupies the whole side of one of these mountains; and it requires scarcely an effort of imagination to assign to them the shapes of human beings enveloped in hoods and mantles. Men and mules moving through these strange scenes, appear reduced to diminutive forms; and the works of men standing among them, looked like the playthings of an infant." The road is very good. Miranda is well situated, and protected by a fortress on a high rock; but the buildings are poor, and the gates and streets so narrow as scarcely to admit a carriage. The plain is of great extent, bounded to the west by the blue mountains

* The six leagues between Bribiesca and Burgos, Bourgoing says, are the most parched and naked district in Europe.

of Asturias, in which the Ebro has its source.* The soil is a rich loam, formed by the frequent inundations of the river, which is here crossed by a very fine bridge. The road ascends from the plain to a gravelly country planted with vines; and at Puebla de Trivino, enters Alava, a district of Biscay. "Every thing round us," says Mr. Swinburne (in 1776), "now assumed a different appearance. Instead of the bare depopulated hills, the melancholy despondent countenances, the dirty inns and abominable roads, that our eyes had been accustomed to for so many months, we were here revived by the sight of a rich culture, a clean-looking, smiling people, good furniture, neat houses, fine woods, good roads, and safe bridges." At about five leagues and a half from Miranda, the traveller arrives at the city of Vittoria, situated in the midst of a well-cultivated plain, abounding with villages. Swinburne says, that being "placed on a hill, it makes a figure from all the environs; but the streets are narrow and gloomy, the houses being built of a very dark-coloured stone." M. Bourgoing describes it as, for the most part, ill-built and ill-paved. In the Recollections of the Peninsula, it is styled "a very clean town, with a very handsome square, excellent houses, good shops, and a well supplied market." Mr. Quin passed through this "large and handsome city" in 1823. It was then crowded with soldiers, and its entrances were defended with new, rough, temporary walls, with port-holes. There are some fine streets, he says, in most of which a considerable degree of industrious activity appeared to prevail. He looked into three or four of the principal

* This river formed the southern boundary of the conquests of Charlemagne.

churches: they are "gloomy without being solemn, richly gilt, and decorated with paltry wooden images." A small but handsome theatre had recently been finished. Laborde enables us to reconcile these accounts by stating, that Vittoria is divided into the old and new towns, to which a different appearance attaches. It contains, he says, four parishes, three monasteries, three nunneries, five chapels, and 1,000 houses, besides about 2,000 in the suburbs, containing altogether about 6,500 inhabitants. "Yet, it is pretended," he adds, "that in the reign of Juan II., at the commencement of the fourteenth century, the population had decreased, though it then amounted to 18,000 persons." It was founded by Don Sancho, king of Navarre. Why it received the name of Victory, does not appear; but, to an Englishman, it has become a most appropriate and significant designation of the place.* Mr. Quin describes the heights south of Vittoria as poorly cultivated, wild, and steep; but, he adds, "they are the heights of La Puebla; amid which that battle was fought by the Duke of Wellington, which was soon followed by the expulsion of the French troops from the Peninsula. I looked round for a column, or a memorial of some sort; but there is not even a grey stone set up to mark the cold depositories of so many English hearts and arms. These mountains are their only monuments."

Having traversed the rich plains of Vittoria, the

* In the plain of Vittoria, a general engagement took place between the British, under Wellington, and the French, under Marshal Jourdain, on the 21st of June, 1813, in which the latter were defeated, with the loss of their whole baggage and artillery, which they abandoned in their retreat to Pamplona. The right of the French, before the battle, was stationed near the city, their centre commanded the valley of the Zadorra, and their left rested on the lofty heights which rise above Puebla.

traveller ascends the hills, which are wooded with oak, beech, and chestnut; and at Salinas, a village inhabited by the workmen of some iron-forges, he has entered the very heart of the mountains. They would be impassable, from the steep ascents and rapid slopes, had they not lessened the difficulties by proper windings of the road, and by great attention to the keeping of it in perfect repair. The tops of all the mountains are crowned with forests, or covered with pastures; the acclivities are cultivated as far as their nature will allow; and the deep valleys are thronged with hamlets, iron-works, orchards, and gardens. The timber of the mountains and the iron smelted in the forges, employ a great number of hands, and give life and spirit to the whole province. It is a distance of five long leagues from Vittoria to Mondragon, and two leagues further to Vergara, a small town, where the traveller leaves the canton of Alava, and enters Guipuscoa. A little beyond this place, a road leads off to the left to Durango, in the direction of Bilbao. Beyond Durango, the road is impassable for carriages; and to pass from Bayonne to Bilbao with convenience, the traveller must go by way of Vittoria. There is, however, a very tolerable road direct from Madrid to Bilbao, by way of Ordunna.

A very high and steep mountain is crossed between the village of Ansuela and Villa Real. The road then passes through Villa Franca and the small town of Alegria; and at three leagues from Vergara, descending into a charming valley, leads to Tolosa. The landscape here on every side approaches the nearest, in Mr. Swinburne's opinion, to the environs of La Cava in the kingdom of Naples, or those of Tivoli in the Roman states, of any which he had met with in the course of his travels. Tolosa *(Iturissa)* is situated

on the rivers Oria and Araxes. It is a handsome town, containing one parish-church, one monastery, one nunnery, and above 4,000 inhabitants. The streets are well paved and lighted, and there is a large market every Saturday. The next five leagues and a half, to Hernani, lie over beautiful hills, rich with foliage and cultivation, and studded with white cottages. From time to time, the little stream of the Oria is seen coursing among the rocks, or escaping from them in cascades in its way to the plain. On gaining the summit of a wooded hill, a magnificent prospect is gained of the Bay of Biscay, Fontarabia, Andaye, the course of the Bidazoa, and a prodigious range of the Pyrenees. Half a league beyond Hernani, is Irun, a small town consisting of one street, on a rugged declivity, hemmed in by mountains on one side, and the sea on the other. At the end of a mile and a half further, the traveller arrives at the Bidazoa, "a broad, clear stream, that issues with great majesty out of a valley among the mountains, and flows through the marshes into the sea." On crossing at the ferry, he lands in France.*

A very fine road, made not many years ago, leads off from Hernani to St. Sebastian, a distance of seven

* "It is universally known, that there are three high roads leading from France into Spain; one from St. Jean de Luz to Irun; another from St. Jean Pied-de-Port to Roncevalles; the third from Boulon to Jonquiere. But it is far from being so generally known, that, from the pass of Bagnouls, which is the nearest to the Mediterranean, to the valley of the Aran, near the sources of the Garonne, there are no fewer than seventy-five passes over the Pyrenees, twenty-five of which are practicable for cavalry, and seven for carriages and artillery. One of these is the *Col des Orts*, in a parallel line with that of Perthus on the other side of Bellegarde, by which route the Spaniards, in 1792, entered St. Laurent de Cerda, and thence invaded two of the French provinces."—Bourgoing, vol. i. p. i.

leagues. It runs through a country in many places of an ungrateful soil, and at length, over a cluster of mountains, from the summit of which there is a bird's-eye view of St. Sebastian. The town of Fontarabia lies out of the road on the right. This town (by the Spaniards called Fuenta Rabia—*Fons Rapidus*) is a fortified town, and is deemed one of the keys of Spain; but its walls were levelled to the ground by the British troops previously to their entering France in 1813. It is situated on a small peninsula on the coast, on the left bank of the Bidazoa, and has what would be a harbour, were it not left dry by the tide. On the land side, it is protected by the *sierra* of Jasquevel. The ancient name of the city was Ocaso. The road to St. Sebastian lies through Renteria, a small town in the valley of Oyarzo, and thence over a sandy heavy soil. This little city, the capital of Guipuscoa, is connected with the continent by a low and narrow neck of land. Its port, "if that name can be with propriety applied to an artificial shelter afforded by a mole for fifteen or twenty merchant-vessels, is commanded by an eminence, on which is an ancient castle in ruins. From various points of a sloping and spiral walk which conducts to this castle, the smallness of the port is particularly striking." The town is neatly and regularly built, and exhibits a scene of extraordinary activity. It contains three parishes, two monasteries, and three nunneries, and between 12 and 13,000 inhabitants. It was taken by the French in 1808, and remained for five years in their possession; but, after the battle of Vittoria, was taken by the British on the 31st of August, 1821, after a severe bombardment and sanguinary conflict, in which the greater part of it was laid in ashes.

A short league to the E.N.E. of St. Sebastian is

the port of Passage, formerly the *depôt* of the Guipuscoa (or Caracas) company. The road lies along the shore at the foot of mountains encircling a capacious bay, which has the aspect, on the first view, of a vast lake, rather than a gulf of the ocean. This is the harbour of Passage, which must be crossed in order to reach the town of that name. "At the moment of embarkation," says M. Bourgoing, "it is interesting to observe a number of young Biscayans disputing, in their singular language, which the majority of Spaniards themselves do not understand, who shall obtain the honour of presiding at the helm during this momentous voyage of half a league.* The town is built on a very confined spot between the mountains and the bay, and is commanded by a castle, which, from one side, furnishes a view of this immense basin, and, on the other, a prospect of the open sea. This port of Passage, one of the largest and perhaps the most secure in Europe, is of infinite importance to the prosperity of Biscay." Laborde, however, states, that except a narrow channel which crosses it, this bay is always dry during the low tide.

The city of the greatest consequence in all Biscay is Bilbao (Belvao, good ford), the ancient *Flaviobriga*, and the capital of Biscay Proper. Bourgoing represents it as having lost much of its ancient opulence and industry, its tanneries having fallen into decay, but its commerce is immense. The greater part of the wool exported by Spain, is shipped at this port, besides

* M. Laborde informs us, that "pretty Biscayan women, whose complexions are rather tanned, are the pilots and mariners in the passage-boats." The bay is so enclosed, that nothing is to be feared from wind or storm. Dillon says: "The Biscayan women work as much as the strongest men; unload the ships, carry burthens, and do all the business of porters."

a considerable quantity of iron and chestnuts, the chief produce of this canton. Foreigners are not permitted to rent houses in Bilbao, owing to "an austere and jealous spirit of liberty, which exercises in this place a species of tyranny;" but the prohibition is evaded by hiring a house in the name of a native; and among the 200 commercial houses which Bilbao is reckoned to contain, are several Irish, some German, and a few French. The population, prior to the war, was computed at 14,000. There are four parishes, three nunneries, a chapel, and two asylums. The houses are solidly built, and many of them are lofty and handsome. The streets are well paved and clean. Though damp, and built chiefly on piles, the town is remarkably healthy. It stands at the mouth of the river Ansa, which is of sufficient depth for the reception of merchantmen, about forty-eight miles from St. Sebastian. About 600 vessels used to enter this harbour annually.

From Bilbao to Ordunna, an extent of six leagues, the country seems one continued village. Nothing can be more delightful than the continued succession of detached houses and gardens, which are very neat and well kept up. Ordunna, the only city in Biscay Proper, is a small place, in a pleasant valley environed with steep and high mountains. It contains two parishes, one monastery, and one nunnery.

The three districts of Alava, Guipuscoa, and Biscay Proper, now comprehended in the province of Biscay, were all included under the ancient name of Cantabria. The former two were subdued by Augustus Cæsar; but the mountaineers of Biscay appear to have maintained the struggle for independence till the Romans, in their turn, gave way before the hordes of the North. The Moors were never able to penetrate the mountain-

barrier. On the formation of the little kingdom of Oviedo, Biscay Proper and part of Alava and Guipuscoa were united as a dependency on that crown, under the high-sounding title of the dukedom of Cantabria. But, in the beginning of the tenth century, Biscay Proper revolted against Ordunno II., and elected for its own chief, Suria, or Zuria, said to have sprung from the blood-royal of Scotland, who transmitted the sovereignty to his descendants. Biscay continued to be an independent seigniory till about the middle of the fourteenth century, when Pedro the Cruel, having put to death the rightful lord, seized on his states; and since then, the kings of Spain have assumed the title of lords of Biscay.*

The inhabitants of the lordship, jealous of their independence, still boast of their pure descent from the ancient Cantabrians. "Their little canton has gradually lost many of the privileges which established its independence; it preserves, however, a shadow of them, which it cherishes and defends with the utmost jealousy. It still forms a separate state, governing itself by its national assemblies; and having retained its ancient laws, tribunals, and customs, is, in these respects, totally distinct from the rest of Spain. It pays taxes in the form of a free gift; and, except

* Laborde gives the following statistical view of the province. There are in the three districts, 725 parishes; viz. 165 in the lordship, 125 in Guipuscoa, and 435 in Alava. Of 101 convents, 42 are in the lordship, 41 in Guipuscoa, 18 in Alava. The lordship is 13 leagues from east to west, and six from north to south in the widest part, and contains about 116,000 inhabitants, more than half of whom are dispersed in detached hamlets, little known to travellers. Guipuscoa, which may almost be considered as one continued mountain, is 18 leagues from east to west, and 12 from north to south, and contains upwards of 120,000 inhabitants. Alava varies from 6 to 14 leagues in length, and is 10 from north to south. The population is little more than 71,000.

some quit-rents which are imposed upon it, it reserves the right of appointing the taxes, and assessing the towns and communities within its limits. Whenever the crown demands an extraordinary contribution, it is formed by gifts entirely voluntary. Stamped paper is not received into this province; and every one is at liberty to sell tobacco and other articles, the exclusive sale of which the king reserves to himself in other places. It has no intendant; and foreign merchandise is subject only to a duty called anchorage, intended merely for the consulate. There are, besides, some municipal rights established upon grants. In paying itself what is due to the crown, the province avoids seizures, distraining, and every kind of vexation. There are no revenue-officers here, but those of the port; for those of the custom-house of Valmaseda and Ordunna collect duties only on those articles that are introduced into Castile. Biscay is neither subject to a militia nor to an impress for sailors, nor can the king's troops be quartered in this province; which obliges it to maintain its own police in peace, and provide for its own defence in time of war.* The Biscayans are originally all noble, and are considered as noble throughout Spain. Out of their own province, they are amenable to no tribunal, either in civil or criminal cases, except the grand judge of Biscay, who holds his sittings at Valladolid. This is one of the privileges of which Biscay, Alava, and Guipuscoa, are most jealous. Guipuscoa enjoys the same privileges as the lordship of Biscay, except that, as the frontier of the kingdom, it receives garrisons, and is defended by fortified towns; but its commandant has nothing

* What is more remarkable, "they admit of no bishops" in Biscay.—DILLON, p. 169.

to do with the civil administration. The canton of Alava having, in 1332, acknowledged the sovereignty of king Alfonso, that monarch confirmed to the inhabitants their privileges, particularly that of not having any new taxes imposed upon them without their own consent, and that of being governed according to the code of laws of Calahorra, which they had adopted."*

"The country people wear brogues, not unlike those of the Highlands of Scotland, tied up with great neatness, being the most useful for a slippery and mountainous country. When they are not busy in the fields, they walk with a staff taller than themselves, which serves them to vault over gulleys, and is an excellent weapon in case of assault, with which they will baffle the most dexterous swordsman. They wear cloaks in the winter. The pipe is constantly in the mouth, as well for pleasure as from a notion that tobacco preserves them against the dampness of the air. All this, joined to their natural sprightliness and vigour, gives them an appearance seeming to border on ferocity, were it not the reverse of their manners, which are gentle and easy, when no motive is given to choler, which the least spark kindles into violence.

"It has been observed, that the inhabitants of mountains are strongly attached to their country, which probably arises from the division of lands, in which, generally speaking, all have an interest. In this, the Biscayans exceed all other nations, looking with fondness on their hills as the most delightful scenes in the world, and their people as the most respectable, descended from the *aboriyines* of Spain. This prepossession excites them to the most extraordinary

* Laborde, vol. ii. pp. 339—41.

labours, and to execute things far beyond what could be expected in so small and rugged a country, where they have few branches of commerce. I cannot give a greater proof of their industry, than those fine roads they have now made from Bilbao to Castile, as well as in Guipuscoa and Alaba. When one sees the passage over the tremendous mountain of Ordunna, one cannot behold it without the utmost surprise and admiration.

"The manners of the Biscayans and of the ancient Irish are so similar on many occasions, as to favour the notion of the Irish being descended from them. Both men and women are extremely fond of pilgrimages, repairing from great distances to the churches of their patrons or tutelary saints, singing and dancing till they almost drop down from fatigue. The Irish do the same at their *patrons*. The Guizones of Biscay, and the *Boulam-keighs* of Ireland are nearly alike: at all these assemblies, they knock out one another's brains on the most trivial provocation, without malice or rancour, and without using a knife or a dagger. In both countries the common people are passionate, easily provoked if their family is slighted, or their descent called in question. The *Chacoli* of Biscay, or the *Shebeen* of Ireland, makes them equally frantic. The poor of Ireland eat out of one dish with their fingers, and sit in their smoky chimneys as well as the Biscayans. The brogue is also the shoe of Biscay. The women tie a kerchief round their heads, wear red petticoats, go barefooted, in all which they resemble the Biscayans, and with them have an equally good opinion of their ancient descent. The poor Biscayans, though haughty, are laborious and active, an example worthy to be imitated by the Irish. So many concurring circumstances support the idea of their having

been originally one people. It cannot be denied that the old Irish, whether from similitude of customs, religion, and traditional notions, or whatever else may have been the cause, have always been attached to the Spaniards, who, on their side, perhaps from political views, have treated them with reciprocal affection, granting them many privileges, and styling them even *Oriundos* in their laws, as a colony descended from Spain. Yet, with all these advantages, if we except those gallant soldiers who have distinguished themselves in the field wherever they have served, few Irish have made a conspicuous figure in Spain, or have left great wealth to their families."

The Cantabrian, or Biscayan language, is believed to be connected with the Celtic dialects, and, like the Celtic, has many words in common with the Latin; it is, however, an original and very peculiar dialect. Its construction is extremely intricate, the verbs having eleven moods.* It is said to have furnished the Castilian with more than a hundred original words. A proof of its high antiquity is supplied by the fact, that the etymology of most of the towns, countries, and rivers of the Peninsula, may, it is said, be found in it. Thus, the Ebro is derived from *ibai*, river, and *ero*, violent. *Turiaco*, the ancient name of Tarrassona, means, in Biscayan, many springs. *Bria*, *briya*, *berria*, are also Biscayan words, signifying land or country, bridge, dwelling: hence, Cantabria, Conimbriga (Coimbra), Segobriga (Segovia), &c. From *lurre*, earth, comes Illurco, and probably the word *uri* or *uria*, in composition. The word for father, *atair*, is almost Irish.† The Castilian is spoken by

* Larramendi's Biscayan Grammar, published at Salamanca in 1729, is entitled *El Impossible vencido*.

† See vol. i. p. 45; and Laborde, vol. ii. p. 386.

the upper class, but, by the peasantry in general, it is not understood. So different are they altogether, says Bourgoing, from the inhabitants of Castile, that they appear to live under another government. Every Biscayan, who can prove his birth, is entitled to claim a public certificate of his being an *hidalgo de sangue;* and the most lofty Castilian has rivals for antiquity of descent in the mountaineers of Biscay and Asturias.* This inbred idea of their nobility is represented to have a striking influence on their character. A dignified mien is observable in the poorest of the race. They bear the reputation of being humane, hospitable, brave, and true to their word, less abstemious than the Castilians, but they never drink to intoxication.

Having now conducted the reader back to the north-eastern frontier of the Peninsula, from which we started, we must here terminate our survey of the Spanish provinces. We shall be thought to have left ourselves but little room for the description of what a Portuguese deems the finest part of the finest country in the world.

* Hence, in Don Quixote, Donna Rodriguez says of her husband: "*Y sobre todo hidalgo como el rey, porque era montanes.* —He was as well born as the king, because he came from the mountains." When Sancho Panza, as governor of Barrataria, asks who is his secretary, he is answered by one of his attendants; "I, sir, am the person; for I can read and write, and am, moreover, a Biscayner." "With that addition," replies Sancho, "you are fit to be secretary even to an emperor."

END OF SPAIN.

PORTUGAL.

PORTUGAL.

[A kingdom occupying the western part of the Spanish Peninsula, extending from lat. 36° 56′ to 42° 7′ N., and from long. 7° 34 to 9° 30′ W.; bounded by the Minho and Galicia on the N., Leon, Estremadura, and the Guadiana, on the E.; and the Atlantic Ocean on the S. and W.]

THE kingdom of Portugal is a mere offset of the Spanish monarchy, and is not more distinct in its manners, language, and history, than the principality of Catalonia, or the lordship of Biscay. The ancient Lusitania* was a province of Roman Spain, comprising the greater part of Portugal, a part of Leon and Old Castile, and a considerable portion of the Spanish Estremadura, and having Emerita Augusta (Merida), on the Guadiana, for its capital. Northward, however, it did not extend beyond the Douro; so that

* The Portuguese antiquaries, who are not less profound and imaginative than the Spanish, derive this name from Lysas, the son of Bacchus, who is believed to have planted a colony in this country. Others contend, that it has received its name from a king Lucius, who reigned over the tract of country lying between the Guadiana and the Douro, some fifteen hundred years before the Christian era. Bochart derives the ancient name of Portugal from *Luz*, which signifies in Phenician, as in Hebrew, an almond-tree. Col. Vallancey's etymology seems the most probable. "Lusitania," he says, "was so called from its plenty of herbage, whereby so many cattle and mares were fed and multiplied. (See *Justin.* l. xliv. c. 3.) *Luis* or *lus*, in Irish, is herbage, and *tan* is region or country; *Luis-tan*, therefore, signifies the country abounding with herbage; a name extremely applicable to the soil of Portugal."—VALLANCEY'S *Anc. Hist. of Ireland*, vol. iv. p. 95.

the territory which Portugal has gained from Galicia and Andalusia, is supposed to be nearly equal to what it has lost of ancient Lusitania. In the fifth century, it shared the fate of Spain in being overrun by tribes of Alani, Suevi, and Visigoths; and in the eighth century, the greater part was conquered by the Moors. The name of Portugal (*Porto Cale*) is supposed to have been originally the appellation of the chief town of the Christians, the present Oporto, when their conquests were confined to the northern part of the Peninsula. About the middle of the eleventh century, it appears to have been extended to the whole country so far as recovered from the Moorish yoke. In 1093, Henry of Burgundy, having rendered important services to Alfonso VI. of Castile, obtained, with the hand of his natural daughter, the government and possession of all the lands in Portugal whence he had expelled the Moors, and which were erected into an hereditary earldom. Alfonso Henriquez, who succeeded his father in 1112, having obtained a miraculous victory over five Moorish kings in the plains of Ourique,* was proclaimed, by the unanimous voice of his troops, king of Portugal. Alfonso III., in the thirteenth century, wholly expelled the Moors from the south of the kingdom, and added to his royal title that of king of Algarve. The male line of count Henry terminated in 1383, in the person of Fernando, the great-grandson of the accomplished and patriotic Denis or Dyniz I., the son of Alfonso III. Fernando was succeeded by Joam I., the husband of Philippa of England, daughter of the

* The five escutcheons azure, each charged with five bezants argent, in the royal arms of Portugal, are said to be in commemoration of the five Moorish kings who were slain, and the five wounds Alfonso received, on this memorable day.

great duke of Lancaster. He is said to have named his son and successor Edward *(Duarte)* in honour of our Edward III., and he sedulously cultivated the friendship of the English. The reign of Emanuel, the most fortunate and renowned of all the Portuguese sovereigns, is esteemed the golden age of Portugal. In three years after his coronation, Vasco de Gama first displayed his banners in India. He is described as a prince of the greatest temperance and humanity; but he purchased the hand of Isabella of Castile with the blood of his Jewish subjects, which her priests had instigated her to demand as part of her dowry. On the death of the cardinal-king Henry, in 1580, the male line of the royal family being extinct, Philip II. started, among other competitors, for the crown of Portugal, to which he laid claim in virtue of his mother, the empress Isabella, daughter of Emanuel I.; and his troops in three weeks reduced the country to submission. Portugal remained in this humiliated state, a mere province of Spain, oppressed and misgoverned at home, and exposed in her foreign possessions in both Indies to the attacks of the Dutch, till, in the year 1640, a simultaneous insurrection, which had been prepared with singular circumspection, broke forth in every town of the kingdom: in the space of a few hours, the yoke of Spain was cast off, and the duke of Bragança, a lineal descendant of King Emanuel, was proclaimed king, under the title of John IV.

It is not surprising that a deep-rooted national antipathy should be cherished against the Spaniards, arising from the remembrance of their grievances, under the Philips. The Catalonians and the Castilians scarcely love each other better. There is this difference, however, between the feelings with which the

inhabitants of the two kingdoms respectively regard each other. "The Spaniards," says Dr. Southey, "despise the Portuguese: the Portuguese hate the Spaniards." The Spaniards, in their national songs, threaten the Portuguese with invasion: the Portuguese content themselves with defying the Spaniards.* "Strip a Spaniard of all his virtues, and you make a good Portuguese of him," says the Spanish proverb. "I have heard it more truly said," says Dr. Southey, "add hypocrisy to a Spaniard's vices, and you have the Portuguese character." "Almost every man in Spain smokes: the Portuguese never smoke, but most of them take snuff.† None of the Spaniards will use a wheelbarrow; none of the Portuguese will carry a burthen: the one says, it is only fit for beasts to draw carriages; the other, that it is fit only for beasts to carry burthens. All the porters

* This proves, not that the Portuguese fear more than they are feared, but that the Spaniards are the greater boasters. The French, in like manner, talk of invading England; and John Bull, secure behind his wooden walls, used to content himself with defying his neighbour. The days of Agincourt and Cressy had passed away, and those of Toulouse and Waterloo had not arrived.

† It is not a little singular, that the English and the Irish should at one time have been distinguished in like manner as smokers and snuff-takers. The taking of snuff appears, however, to have been originally a Spanish custom, and was still in vogue when Mr. Howel visited Spain, in 1620, soon after the first introduction of snuff into Europe. "The Spaniards and Irish," he says, "take it most in powder, or *smutchin*, and it mightily refreshes the brain; and I believe there is as much taken this way in Ireland, as there is in pipes in England. One shall commonly see the serving-maid upon the washing-block, and the swain upon the plough-share, when they are tired with labour, take out their boxes of *smutchin*, and draw it into their nostrils with a quill, and it will beget new spirits in them, with a fresh vigour to fall to their work again."—*Epistolæ Hoëlinæ*. London, 1726. The manufacture of snuff in Spain is a royal monopoly.

in Lisbon are *Galegos.*" * Many minor points of contrast, of a similar description, might be pointed out; but they are not more striking than the peculiarities which distinguish from each other the Biscayan, the Galician, the Castilian, the Valencian, the Catalonian, the Murcian, and the Andalusian. Nor are the English, the Welsh, the Irish, and the Scottish Highlanders, distinguished by characteristics less broadly marked, or by national antipathies originally less strong and apparently inveterate. Nay, the ecclesiastical differences, which are in general the most deeply rooted and the last to give way, opposed an obstacle to the union of the English and Scottish crowns, which does not exist in the way of a similar union between the kingdoms of the Peninsula.

All the considerable rivers of Portugal, the Minho, the Douro, the Tagus, and the Guadiana, have their origin in Spain. The mountains are but a continuation of the ridges which traverse the Spanish provinces of the Peninsula. In fact, the only natural divisions are those which the Romans adopted, by which the Peninsula was distributed into three provinces, extending from east to west along its whole breadth. The modern kingdom of Portugal is about 350 miles in length, with an average breadth of 120, and a superficial extent of 40,875 square miles. The whole population of the kingdom, in 1802, did not much exceed three millions and a half, nearly one third of which number was comprised in the central province of Beira; but the most populous portion of the country, beyond comparison, lies between the rivers Minho and Douro, as will be seen from the following table:

* Southey's Letters, vol. ii. p. 64.

Provinces.	Square miles.	Population.
Entre Minho e Douro.	3,490	907,965
Tras os Montes	5,450	318,665
Beira	8,725	1,121,595
Estremadura	9,855	826,680
Alentejo	10,575	380,480
Algarve	2,780	127,615
	40,875	3,683,000

At the same period, the Portuguese colonies comprised a population of nearly three millions, viz.

Brazil and Guiana	2,400,000
The Azores, Madeira, Angola, &c.	460,000
The East Indies	110,000
	2,970,000

Since the loss of the South American colonies, the king of Portugal has, in fact, lost two-fifths of his subjects, in exchange for which he has recently accepted the empty title of emperor of Brazil. From the end of the year 1807 to the beginning of 1821, the seat of government was transferred to Rio Janeiro, and Portugal was reduced to the actual condition of a dependent province of the empire. Deprived as it now is of its most important colonies, the chief source of its wealth, depopulated and impoverished, its commerce in the hands of foreigners, its capital the seat of sedition and distrust, in civilisation the lowest and last of the countries of Christendom, Portugal scarcely merits the rank of an independent kingdom; and it will probably be indebted for its remaining such, to the protection of its most ancient ally, or to the imbecility and degradation of Spain. Under a constitutional monarchy or a federal republic, they would probably ere long be re-united; and though Spain can never be "the head of Europe," Portugal might become "the

crown of Spain."* The sovereign of Toledo ought to be the lord of the Tagus.

The only two cities of which Portugal can boast, the population of which exceeds 20,000 inhabitants, are Oporto and Lisbon, seated at the mouths of the Douro and the Tagus. Elvas, Coimbra, Braga, Setubal, and Evora, contain from 12 to 16,000 inhabitants each. Beja has 9,000, and Santarem 8,000; and no other place has so many as 7,000 inhabitants. The manufactures throughout Portugal are in a very backward state. The inland trade is impeded by the badness of the roads, (which, for the most part, are in a state of nature, as they were in Spain prior to 1777,)† the total want of canals, and the difficulties of the river navigation. The exports, estimated at about two millions and a half sterling, consist almost entirely of raw produce; viz. wine, salt, and wool. Agriculture, and all the useful arts, are in a state of primeval rudeness.‡ Owing to the ruggedness of

* "Europe," says Antonio de Sousa de Macedo, "is the best of the four quarters of the globe; Spain is the best part of Europe; Portugal is the best part of Spain. Europe is the prime part of the world; Spain is the head of Europe; Portugal is the crown of Spain."

† "Before the ministry of Florida Blanca, there was no road in Spain which would admit of post travelling, except on horseback; and, with the exception of the road through Galicia, from Pontevedra to Corunna, of another from Reynosa, in Old Castile, to the sea, and of those of Navarre and Biscay, for which the inhabitants are indebted solely to their own efforts, there was not a regular good road for ten leagues together, passable at every season of the year, throughout the kingdom of Spain."—BOURGOING, vol. i. p. 5.

‡ A recent Traveller (Mrs. Baillie) mentions a satirical work that had appeared in Lisbon, entitled "Adam alive again," which had not a little annoyed the national vanity of the self-important inhabitants of the "city of Ulysses." The father of mankind is represented as returning to earth, and making the tour of the world. In passing rapidly through England, France, Germany,

the surface, the horse is but seldom employed, mules and asses being preferred both for travelling and agriculture. The depopulation and decline of the country may be ascribed, in great measure, as in Spain, to the illiberal and short-sighted policy adopted towards both the Jews* and the Moors, together with the aggrandisement of the church at the expense of every other class. There are in Portugal, two archbishops, thirteen bishops, 400 monasteries, and about 150 nunneries; also two universities, that of Coimbra, founded in 1308, and a smaller establishment at Evora, founded in 1533.

We have already conducted our readers from Madrid

and other countries of Europe, he is every where scandalized at the innovations which have been made under the name of improvements, and the departure from primeval simplicity. In the remote parts of Germany, indeed, he is a little comforted, by perceiving some remains of venerable and primitive ignorance. But when he comes to Portugal, he breathes freely. "Here," he exclaims in a rapture, "here will I take up my future abode. Here are no nonsensical refinements, no learning, no science, no literature; agriculture is free from modern presumptuous innovations; and so far from being pestered with what are called the Fine Arts, I can scarcely perceive any appearance of what are denominated by the ridiculous philosophers of the day, useful inventions. The wise, the noble, the magnanimous Portuguese, have in no respect altered since I left the world, and they alone are worthy of the honour of my association."

* "Till within the last fifty years, the burning of a Jew formed the highest delight of the Portuguese. Neither sex nor age could save this persecuted race; and Antonio Josef da Silva, the best of their dramatic writers, was burnt alive because he was a Jew." Three hundred thousand Jews, in the reign of Emanuel, submitted to baptism, to escape from the only alternative, slavery. But the law of Moses was still in secret transmitted from father to son; and the vigilance of the Inquisition, and the martyrdom of their brethren, only rendered them the more circumspect. "The Jews still," adds Dr. Southey, "preserve their faith; and the true Israelite physiognomy is evident in half the people you meet."—*Letters*, vol. ii. p. 112.

to the Portuguese capital, in which route occur two of the chief towns, Elvas and Estremos. We shall now land them at once at

LISBON.

"Few scenes," says the lively author of Recollections of the Peninsula, "can compare with that which feasts the eye of a traveller who, from the deck of a vessel in the Tagus, first gazes on Lisbon, rising proudly and beautifully above him. The northern bank of the river, on which this capital is built, makes a handsome and sweeping curve throughout the whole extent of the city, which, including its suburbs, covers several hills, rising more or less abruptly from that quarter where its quays, squares, and some of its most regular streets, are conveniently disposed. The number of palaces, convents, and churches, which crown this amphithéatre of buildings, the dazzling whiteness of the houses, the light appearance of the windows and balconies, the tasteful arrangement of plants, flowers, and shrubs, on their roofs and terraces, the golden orange-groves which adorn the suburbs, and the stately specimens of Indian or American botany which are here and there scattered through the scene, produce an effect which may be felt, and which may be conceived, but which cannot be described. Boats from the shore soon crowded round our vessel, and I leaned over her side to look, for the first time, at natives of Portugal. The dark-brown complexion, bare and muscular throat, expressive eye, and white teeth, together with the general vivacity of their deportment, strike an Englishman, at first, very forcibly; their costume, too, is quite new to him, and, I think, very picturesque. Short

petticoat-trowsers of white linen, a red sash, and their legs and arms free and naked, mark very strongly the difference between the boatmen of the Tagus and of the Thames.....The picturesque dress of the common peasants, the long strings of loaded mules, the cabriolets, the bullock-cars, as rude and ancient in their construction as those in the frontispiece to the Georgics of the oldest Virgils, the water-carriers, the lemonade-sellers, and, above all, the monks and friars in the habits of their orders; the style of the houses, the handsome entrances, the elegant balconies, the rare and beautiful plants arranged in them, all raised around me a scene which, real as it was, seemed almost the deception of a theatre. In the small square of San Paulo we stopped, and breakfasted in a light, cheerful room, which looked out on the quay. Here, while sipping my coffee, I commanded a view of the noble harbour, crowded with vessels; while many pilot and fishing barks, with their large, handsome lateen sails, were coming up or going down the river; and, nearer the shore, hundreds of small, neat boats, with white or painted awnings, were transporting passengers from one quay to another, or to the more distant suburbs of Alcantara and Belem. The whole of this picture was lighted up by a sun such as is to be met with only in a southern climate, and so bright that it appeared to animate every thing on which it shone. Immediately under the window of our café, some Moorish porters, of whom there are many in Lisbon, were occupied in their surprising labours. Their Herculean frames, small turbans, and striking features, and their prodigious exertions in lifting and carrying immense and weighty packages, presented to us a new and uncommon scene. My mind naturally reverted to that era in past ages when

these Moors, now so degraded and, politically considered, so insignificant, swayed the sceptre of this beauteous land, and when, from the very source to the mouth of the golden Tagus, the crescent was triumphantly displayed."

A somewhat fastidious but very amusing modern Traveller gives a far less glowing description of the impression produced by the first view of the capital. He admits it to be magnificent, but thinks that it has been over-rated. "He who has seen London from Greenwich Park," he says, "may survey without any great astonishment the capital of Portugal. The finest feature is the river, compared with which the Thames sinks into insignificance. Each side has its peculiar beauties; and I doubt whether the left bank, with its vineyards and orange-groves, does not attract the eye as much as the right, on which the town stands. The entire absence of smoke is a striking novelty to an English eye, and at first gives an idea that the town must be without inhabitants.

"Though travellers may have exaggerated the beauties of the view, I have seen no description that does justice to the indescribable nastiness of the town. I have spoken of the view from the river as magnificent, but I believe the true epithet would have been, *imposing*, for it is mere deceit and delusion: the *prestige* vanishes at once on landing, and the gay and glittering city proves to be a painted sepulchre. Filth and nuisances assault you at every turn, in their most loathsome and disgusting shapes. In yielding to first impressions, one is generally led to exaggerate; but the abominations of Lisbon are incapable of any exaggeration. To *walk* about the streets is scarcely possible for an invalid. A clumsy sort of carriage on

two wheels, driven by a postillion with a pair of mules, is to be hired for the day or the half day; but not at a cheaper rate than one might hire a coach in London. A good idea of these carriages will be formed from the prints in the old editions of Gil Blas, since whose time no improvement seems to have taken place in vehicular architecture.

"I have already experienced the truth of Mr. Bowdler's remark, that in Lisbon, under a scorching sun, you are constantly exposed to a cold wind. The Portuguese guard against this by a large great coat, worn loose like a mantle, with hanging, *sinecure* sleeves, and which they wrap round them, when, in turning a corner, they encounter the wind. The use of this sweltering surtout, in some shape or other, is universal, even in the hottest weather; but the remedy is perhaps worse than the disease.

"There is something in the appearance of Lisbon that seems to portend an earthquake; and instead of wondering that it was once visited by such a calamity, I am rather disposed to consider its daily preservation as a standing miracle. Repeated shocks have been felt of late years; and to an earthquake it may look as its natural death. From the vestiges which the indolence of the people has allowed to remain, one might fancy that the last convulsion had taken place but a few months. Many ruins are now standing just as the earthquake left them. Gorgeous palaces and solemn temples now totter in crumbling ruins,—an awful monument of the fatal wreck. There are some streets, built since the earthquake, with *trottoirs* on each side, which make a handsome appearance; and with any industry on the part of the people, the whole town might be made one of the most cleanly in

Europe, the undulating surface of the ground being so well calculated to carry away all impurities."*

Mr. Semple, who visited Lisbon twelve years before (1805), gives a description not much more pleasing of the city and its inhabitants. "This city," he says, "can never cease to be a place of consequence whilst trade and commerce flourish in Europe. Had it not been for political events and considerations, it would probably have become the capital of Spain, there being no situation possessed of equal advantages in the whole Peninsula. It is built upon several hills, the number of which it is not easy to ascertain amidst so many buildings, but which, the natives say, amount to seven, like those of ancient Rome. It may rather be said to stand upon an arm of the sea, into which the Tagus falls, than upon the Tagus itself, that river not being navigable even for boats in all its long course, till within twelve or fourteen leagues of Lisbon, and the water before the town being salt, and frequently so rough as to endanger the ships at anchor there. The inhabitants of Lisbon, however, who are jealous of the honour of their river, affirm this to be a frivolous distinction, and say that in the time of the rains, an immense body of fresh water is here brought down, so as often to cause more damage to the shipping than is ever occasioned by the wind and tide from the sea. However that may be, the situation is admirable; and the town, full of churches, palaces, domes, and spires, rising from the edge of the water up the ascents and over the tops of so many hills, presents from the bay one of the noblest views that can be imagined, and superior, perhaps, to that of any city in the world. In whatever situation we view it

* Matthews's Diary of an Invalid, vol. i. pp. 11—14.

during our approach, it is imposing; but when we land, the delusion vanishes. The streets are badly paved and full of filth; the houses, with here and there a latticed window, have a melancholy appearance; and the inhabitants, some in rags, and the remainder in dark-coloured clothes, render the whole still more gloomy. The powerful influence of climate already becomes perceptible. The Portuguese are generally dark-complexioned and thin, with black hair, irascible and revengeful in their tempers, and eager in their gestures on trivial occasions. They are also said to be indolent, deceitful, and cowardly; but they are temperate in diet, and that may be classed at the head of their virtues, if indeed they have many more to add to it. They affect to talk of the Spaniards with great contempt, as being perhaps the next despicable nation to themselves with which they are acquainted. They have no public spirit, and consequently no national character. An Englishman or a Frenchman may be distinguished in foreign countries by an air and manners peculiar to his nation, and which he would attempt in vain to disguise; but any meagre, swarthy man may pass for a Portuguese.

" The part of Lisbon most deserving of attention is that which suffered so severely in the dreadful earthquake of 1755. It is not merely that all the flat at the foot of the amphitheatre of the surrounding hills is rebuilt in a regular manner, and excellently paved; but the ruins of great buildings still remaining on the tops of the heights in the heart of a populous city, have a singular and striking effect. Other nations erect monuments at a great expense, in commemoration of battles, earthquakes, and wide-wasting fires; but nothing can speak so home to the heart as these

awful remains, which stand in perpetual memento to the inhabitants of Lisbon, of what has happened, and may again happen to the city."

The latest traveller that has published a description of the Portuguese capital, is Mrs. Baillie, who resided in the country for about two years and a half, and to whose interesting volumes we are indebted for the most minute and impartial account of the inhabitants. Her description of the horrors of Lisbon, however, quite accords with that given by Mr. Matthews. The distant view of the city from the mouth of the harbour, is described as superb in the extreme; but all within the city is revolting. Of a population of 230,000 souls,* a fifth is said to consist of negroes and mulattoes. In filthiness and impurity of every description, Lisbon may vie with Constantinople;† and

* Mrs. Baillie states the population, on report, at 300,000; but this we imagine to be an erroneous estimate.

† "Judge what I must suffer here," says this Traveller, "where, for three miles round Lisbon, in every direction, you cannot for a moment get clear of the disgusting effluvia that issues from every house. I seldom go out for this reason; and about nine o'clock at night, the case becomes absolutely too bad to describe. What the noses of the Portuguese are made of, I am really at a loss to conjecture." "Every kind of vermin that exists to punish the nastiness and indolence of man," says Dr. Southey, "multiplies in the heat and dirt of Lisbon."—Yet, things are not by any means so bad in this respect, we are told, as they were a few years ago. "An attempt at cleanliness was first introduced by the French, who ordered all the dogs to be shot, and obliged the natives to exert human labour in cleansing the streets from the worst species of impurity; but after the departure of these salutary task-masters, the Portuguese once more returned to their dogs and their dirt. The example of the English has since effected some melioration in their habits and customs; so much so, indeed, that even in the city, there are two or three streets which are preserved by the police in a state of comparative purity."—BAILLIE'S *Lisbon*, vol. i. p. 218

the heat, in summer, is such as "only a native or a salamander can subsist in." The mosquitoes then commence their campaign, and a restless feverish night succeeds to the sultry day. If you read at night in summer, it is necessary to be armed with boots. The scolopendra is not uncommonly found here, and snakes sometimes intrude into the bed-chambers. To these insect plagues, is to be added, a small species of red ant that swarm over every thing sweet. The Portuguese remedy is, to send for a priest to exorcise them.* But this is not the worst; nor are the shocks of earthquake, to which Lisbon is still subject, the most serious drawback on the enjoyments of the inhabitants. The state of the police is horrible. Street-robbery is common, and every thief is an assassin. The pocket-knife, which the French troops are said to have dreaded more than all the bayonets of either the Spanish or the Portuguese, is here the ready weapon of the assassin;† and the Tagus receives many a corpse on which no inquest ever sits,—which is only seen, perhaps, by the solitary fisherman as it floats on to the ocean, there to lie unknown and unregistered till the sea shall give up its dead. The morals, in fact, of all classes in Lisbon, appear to be in a dreadful state.

The public buildings of Lisbon present little that is interesting or attractive. The Marquis of Pombal, says Dr. Southey, "ordered all the churches here to be built like houses, that they might not spoil the uniformity of the streets. This villanous taste has necessarily injured the appearance of the city." The decorations of the churches are offensively tawdry, and the profusion of badly-executed carved work, gilt

* Southey, vol. ii. p. 83. † See vol.i. p. 217.

and painted, fatigues the eye. The mosaic pictures in the church of San Roque are, however, pronounced by Dr. Southey more excellent than he could possibly have believed.* The cathedral contains little worthy of notice, but is remarkable for having a little chapel built immediately before its front, on the spot where San Antonio was born,—"the generalissimo" of the Portuguese army of saints. Lisbon, like most of the Spanish cities, has its squares or *pracas*. The principal one is the *Praca do Commercio* (formerly called *Terreiro de Paca*), which is very handsome. One front of it is open to the river, and there are flights of stone steps descending to the water. The northern wing is occupied by the custom-house. A lofty piazza runs round two sides of it, which is used by the merchants as an exchange. In the centre is an equestrian statue of Joseph I., in bronze, of enormous proportions; it was modelled by Machado de Castro, a native artist, and has considerable merit. It is remarkable also as being the only one of the kind ever erected in honour of a Portuguese sovereign.† Three well-built uniform streets communicate between this square and the *Roscio*, in which stands the Inquisition; over the pediment in the centre, Religion is represented trampling on a prostrate heretic. "Let no one imagine, however," says Mrs. Baillie, "that either of these places at all resembles Grosvenor or Portman Square. At this time, the one was filled

* This church formerly belonged to the Jesuits, to whom these mosaics, executed at Rome, were presented by King Joam V., in 1757.

† The famous Marquis de Pombal was the promoter of the work, and his portrait, in bronze, was placed on the side of the pedestal. On his dismissal it was meanly torn down by his enemies. "I am glad of it," he coolly remarked, on being informed of it; "for it was not like me." The city arms occupy its place.

with loose and blinding sand, equally scorching to the eyes and to the feet, and neither was adorned with a single shrub or blade of grass. Of the streets leading from the Roscio, one (Gold Street) is occupied by the shops of jewellers; another (Silver Street) is chiefly inhabited by silversmiths; and a third, by cloth-merchants and embroiderers. Other trades have also their streets, called in like manner after the branch of trade to which they are appropriated. The houses above the shops, as in Paris, are let in separate floors. Near the Roscio is a small but cool and shady promenade, called the *Salitre*. The only theatres are the Italian opera-house (San Carlos) and the Portuguese theatre. The latter is an ugly and ill-contrived building, but has a fine orchestra."

The finest object in Lisbon is the great aqueduct, the work of Manuel de Maya in 1738,—the noblest structure of the kind which has been erected in Europe since the time of the Romans. "It is, perhaps, the last also," remarks Mr. Semple, "that will be erected for the sole end of carrying water for common purposes; the discovery, that fluids when conveyed in pipes will rise to nearly their level, superseding the use of such stupendous structures. It consists of thirty-five arches, the centre one of immense height; but they are greatly too narrow in proportion, when viewed from a little distance.* The inhabitants of Lisbon boast that they are the highest single arches

* The width of the centre arch, Mr. Matthews says, is 107 French feet, and the height 230. This agrees with Murphy. The Author of Recollections of the Peninsula, without giving his authority, states the breadth at 240 feet, and the height at 340, which must be an error. Fourteen of the arches are pointed, the rest semicircular. No part of it appears to have received the least injury from the earthquakes.

in the world, which may be true; but a double or triple row would have been equally useful, and far more elegant. A noble pathway, bordered by a wall of solid blocks of stone, leads across the summit, nearly on a level with the water, which makes a perpetual running sound in the inside. The sound is echoed along the arched stone roof of the aqueduct, and excites a pleasing sensation in the mind of the passenger, who, turning to the other hand, and looking over the parapet, beholds beneath him, at a great depth, the stony bed of a considerable stream under the centre arch, and which, in winter, must run with all the fury of a mountain torrent. Over this stream a bridge is thrown, and a road leads through the valley, the travellers on which, when viewed from above, seem diminished in size to the circumference of their hats. Upon the whole, this aqueduct is justly a national boast among the Portuguese; and in a country where so few great undertakings, not connected with religion, are carried to perfection, it stands like a giant amidst pigmies and abortions. It is singular, that the same nation has erected in America, the only great, perhaps the only aqueduct which exists in all that continent. It is near the town of Rio Janeiro, and is thrown across a valley wider than that near Lisbon. I only saw this last at some little distance; yet, I cannot help thinking that the two were constructed at no great distance of time from each other, and that whichever was the first, served as a model to the second."

On the banks of the Tagus, about five miles S.W. of Lisbon, is situated the magnificent church and monastery of Belem, founded by king Emanuel in 1499, where are interred many of the royal house. It is a noble Gothic building, with handsome cloisters,

exhibiting some good specimens of arabesque ornaments, and the grand entrance of the church is adorned with curious sculpture. At a little distance is *Bom Successo*, a small convent of Irish nuns. Belem, though considered as a distinct village, is, in fact, one of the suburbs, being connected with the city by buildings extending all the way along the side of the river. This is the case with several other hamlets. At Belem, there is a castle and a battery running out into the water. Here also are the museum and the botanic garden. At the entrance of the garden stand two very ancient statues, dug up at Montalegre in 1785, which have afforded ample scope for the speculations of antiquaries. The one is somewhat larger than the other, but both are in the same attitude, that of a man holding with both hands a small round shield. "They are evidently too rude to be the production of an age far advanced in civilisation, yet are much superior to the efforts of a barbarous one." They have been supposed to be of a date anterior even to the Carthaginian conquest.* The museum is small, but rich in South American birds.

The cemetery belonging to the British Factory,† the only exposed burying-ground in Lisbon, is very picturesquely situated on the north-west side of the city, and is shaded with fine cypresses. Here, without a monument to mark the spot, lie the remains of Henry Fielding. A French consul, about thirty years after the death of Fielding, caused a small monument to be erected, at his own expense, to the memory of

* See page 133 of this volume.

† It was assigned to the English in pursuance of an article in the treaty of alliance between England and Portugal, during the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, about A.D. 1655.

the English Novelist, in the cloister of the Franciscan convent, with an epitaph in French. Neither the monument nor the inscription, however, is in the best taste. A new English chapel, built here at the expense of the Factory, was opened in 1823; "capable," Mrs. Baillie says, "of containing the whole British population of Lisbon, which may amount at present to about 800 persons, a portion of which are Irish Roman Catholics. One part of these grounds was appropriated to those who fell in the Peninsular war. The Dutch also possess a share of the enclosure, as well as the German Protestants, who have a chapel of their own, not far from the convent of the *Necessidades*."

The costume of the lower orders of Lisbon, Mrs. Baillie says, would not be unbecoming, "if they had a more thorough notion of personal cleanliness: when they walk out, it invariably consists (in summer or in winter) of a long, ample cloth cloak, generally of a brown, black, or scarlet colour, with a deep, falling cape, called a 'capote,' which forms a graceful drapery, both to men and women. The latter wear a white muslin handkerchief, doubled cornerways, carelessly thrown over their dark braided locks, and fastened beneath the chin. When they go to mass on festivals or Sundays, they carry a fan in the hand, and frequently assume an air of gravity and importance bordering upon the supercilious; this, however, exists chiefly among the *old* women; the younger ones have a gay, cheerful expression of countenance, and quick, glancing eyes, as brilliant and as dark as jet. All wear pink, green, or yellow silk shoes, or even white satin, and worked stockings, (the latter knitted very ingeniously by the peasants), even in the midst of the most disgusting dirt and mud: the trade of

shoemaker must be a profitable one in this country. The class one step higher in the scale of society, indulge in tawdry, ill-chosen finery, in sorry imitation of the French and English fashions; but at mass, they exchange this gaudy attire for a black silk gown and a deep transparent veil, of the same sombre hue, which latter they throw over their heads without any other covering, even in the coldest day of winter. Their religion induces this chastity of taste in decoration, and I wish it produced an equally beneficial result in other respects! Some few youthful faces which I have seen, appear pretty enough; the great charm being produced by the dark and brilliant eye and depth of eyelash, to which I have already alluded; and although the complexion is generally sallow, and almost without exception brown, I have once or twice remarked a very rich and beautiful glow, like the bloom of a crimson carnation, upon the cheek. The old women appear to me, from the specimens I have hitherto seen, to be invariably hideous. We are given to understand, that the higher the rank of the people in this country, the plainer in feature they generally become, and that, with some few exceptions, it is among the peasantry alone that true beauty exists."*

* The Author of Recollections of the Peninsula, with whom, Mrs. Baillie remarks, "every object is *couleur de rose*, his glowing imagination reflecting its own splendid tints on all he sees," describes the Portuguese women in much more favourable terms. "The Portuguese," he says, "have often been described by travellers as very negligent in their persons, and very dirty in their dress and appearance. I confess I did not find them so. On the contrary, I had occasion to remark, that all the middling and upper classes were very particular both as to the fineness and whiteness of their linen. The middle-sized plump form, black, bright, and expressive eyes, and regular teeth of a dazzling whiteness, are the peculiar characteristics of the beauty of a Portuguese female, and constitute here, as they would any where else, a very pretty

"Among the peasantry who come into Lisbon from the country, especially on Sundays, it is easy," Mr. Semple says, "to observe a number of particulars in dress and manners, which must be referrrd to a Celtic origin. Instead of hats, they frequently wear caps or bonnets. The ancient plaid, too warm to be carried in this climate as a cloak, is converted into a party-coloured sash, which they wear round the middle, and in which they uniformly carry a dirk or long knife; and their favourite instrument of music is the bagpipe, adorned with ribbons, exactly similar to that used in the Highlands of Scotland. To the sound of this very instrument, two or three of them together dance a kind of reel; or, if the tune be slow and solemn, the piper walks backward and forward, amidst a silent and attentive crowd. In their lively dances, they raise their hands above their heads, and keep time with their castanets. The Scotch Highlanders observe exactly the same practice; and I am fully persuaded, that their strong snapping of the fingers is in imitation of the sound of the castanet."

Mrs. Baillie, who had repeated opportunities of an insight into the customs of the peasantry, speaks of them in very high terms. "I delight," she says, "in the peasantry here" (at Cintra); "they are really a fine race of people." But she adds: "We are more and more amazed, the longer we remain in this country, at that ignorance, or, at best, that *superficial* knowledge of the commonest arts, which exists among the Portuguese. A carpenter here is the awkwardest and most clumsy artisan that can be imagined, spoiling every work he attempts: the way in

woman. Neither is the stature of the men in Lisbon, though certainly lower than that of Englishmen, so diminutive as has been often represented."

which the doors and other wood-work belonging even to good houses are finished, would really have suited the rudest ages. Their carriages of all kinds, more particularly their waggons and carts, their agricultural implements and management, their cutlery, locks and keys, &c., are *ludicrously* bad. Their soil, rich and fertile, their climate, so favourable to the growth of almost all vegetation, seems, in a great measure, to be lost upon them; and, in short, (if I am to judge by the little I have seen, and to credit entirely what others tell me,) the state of society, and the progress of civilisation in all classes, are so infinitely below par, so strikingly inferior to the rest of Europe, as to form a sort of disgraceful wonder in the midst of the nineteenth century."

Cintra* (*Mons Cynthiæ*) is the Richmond of Lisbon: hither, in the summer months, the citizens repair on the Saturday night, to spend the Sunday, returning to Lisbon on the Monday. Yet, it is by no means a favourite residence with the natives: almost every *quinta* is suffered to go to ruin, and the houses even of the nobility are in a dilapidated state. Lord Byron has not spoken too poetically of the varied beauties of this Portuguese Elysium:

> "The horrid crags, by topling convent crown'd,
> The cork-trees hoar, that clothe the shaggy steep,
> The mountain moss, by scorching skies imbrown'd,
> The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
> The tender azure of the unruffled deep,

* "I can add little to the warm tints of description," says Mr. Matthews, "that have so justly been lavished upon Cintra, the beauties of which are heightened by the contrast of the barren and uninteresting country all around it. I should compare it with Malvern; but to the heights of Malvern must be added some hundred feet of perpendicular rock. But, however superior Cintra may be to Malvern in itself, the view from it is much less pleasing. Instead of the fertile valleys of Worcestershire, the eye has nothing to repose on, but a dreary and barren waste."

The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow branch below,
Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow."

"I know not how to describe to you," says Dr. Southey, "the strange beauties of Cintra. It is, perhaps, more beautiful than sublime; more grotesque than beautiful; yet, I never beheld scenery more calculated to fill the mind with admiration and delight. This immense rock, or mountain, is in part covered with scanty herbage; in parts, it rises into conical hills, formed of such immense stones, and piled so strangely, that all the machinery of deluges and volcanoes must fail to satisfy the inquiry for their origin. Nearly at the base stands the town of Cintra and its palace, an old irregular pile, with two chimneys, each shaped like a glass-house. But the abundance of wood forms the most striking feature in this retreat from the Portuguese summer. The houses of the English are seen scattered on the ascent, half hid among cork-trees, elms, oaks, hazels, walnuts, the tall canes, and the rich green of the lemon-gardens. On one of the mountain eminences stands the *Penha* convent, visible from the hills near Lisbon. On another are the ruins of a Moorish castle, and a cistern within its boundaries, kept always full by a spring of the purest water that rises in it.* From this elevation the eye stretches over a bare and melancholy country, to Lisbon on the one side, and, on the other, to the distant convent of

* The walls of this cistern are built of hewn stone, with three pilasters at each side, which are continued in arches as bands to the vault with which it is covered. The water of this cistern or bath is four feet deep; and, what is very remarkable, it neither increases nor diminishes, winter or summer, though it has no apparent source; and, though never cleaned, it is always transparent, and the sides and bottom are free from weeds or sediment." —MURPHY, p. 245,

Mafra; the Atlantic bounding the greater part of the prospect.... I cannot, without a tedious minuteness, describe the ever-varying prospects that the many eminences of this wild rock present, or the little green lanes, over whose bordering lemon-gardens the evening wind blows so cool and rich." *

The Cork Convent, so much noticed by all the visitors of Cintra, "is a hermitage partly burrowed between the rocks which serve as vaults to the church, sacristy, and chapter-house, and partly built over the surface. The subterranean apartments are lighted by holes, cut obliquely in the rocks, and lined internally with cork, to guard against humidity: hence it is called the Cork Convent. It is inhabited by about twenty hermits of the most rigid order of St. Francis. They are governed by a prior, and live chiefly on fish, fruit, and bread. Each has a separate cell, about the size of a grave, furnished with a matrass." †

"The valley of Collares (or Coulanes,) extending from the village of Cintra, is one of the richest and best cultivated spots in the kingdom. The greater part of it is planted with fruit-trees, particularly orange; and though they are so close together that their boughs intertwine, yet they bear vast quantities of delicious fruit. The fruit and green markets of Lisbon are chiefly supplied from this luxuriant garden. Musk and water-melons grow in it in such abundance, that the inhabitants sell them during the season for a penny a piece. Of the peculiarity of the soil about this district, *Carcavella* furnishes a striking instance, where there is a vineyard of no considerable extent, that yields grapes different from those of any other part of the kingdom. The name of its wine is well known all over Europe."

* Southey's Letters, vol. ii. p. 202. † Murphy, p. 256.

The Marquis of Marialva has a fine mansion here, in the hall of which was signed the disgraceful Convention of Cintra. Here, too,

> "Vathek, England's wealthiest son,
> Once form'd his paradise,"—

the *quinta* of Montserrat, described by Mrs. Baillie as by far the most picturesque place in the vicinity. "It comprises," she says, "every feature of beauty and sublimity which Cintra has to boast, being situated upon very elevated ground, in the bosom of a wood of cork-trees, surrounded by orange-trees and rocky fountains; hemmed in on three sides by mountains, (among which are those crowned by the Penha convent, and the Moorish castle,) and open on the other to the level champaign country, rich in vineyards and corn-fields, which stretches out for about six miles, when it is bounded by the sea. The mansion itself had a singular charm for me, delighting, as I have ever done, in those which call up images of romantic associations. It was originally built by a rich Englishman,* in the style of our own villas, and was in consequence distinguished by an elegance of taste, a refinement of decoration, and a lightness and beauty of architecture, which are peculiar to buildings of this sort in England. *Here*, such a structure really appears as if raised by fairy hands; so far does it excel the ill-contrived and tawdry style to which the natives of this country are generally accustomed;—but, alas! how has this enchanted spot been neglected! and how has the beautiful house been suffered to fall to decay! Now become the property of a Portuguese family, they have evinced the most deplorable want of taste and feeling in regard to it,

* Mr. Beckford, of Fonthill.

for at this moment it is completely a ruin,—a fit residence only for the bat and the owl, or to serve as a casual shelter for the wandering goat-herd and his shaggy flock, at those times when the wind is not high enough to blow down the shattered roof upon their heads. I never beheld so striking an image of desolate loveliness; and could have passed hours here in the indulgence of a reverie, mournful, yet fraught with a nameless charm, that can be comprehended only by the veritable children of romance. Some of the carved doors of the best apartments, brought, at a great expense, from England, were still perfect; and some remains of the superb plates of glass in the light French windows, were yet spared by the fury of the wintry storms which often rage with great violence among the surrounding mountains and woods. The hall, of Grecian elegance, once opened upon a sloping lawn of verdant turf, studded with rare shrubs and flower-beds: it has now been ploughed up, but I could still discover traces of its former designation. A splendid music-room, built in the form of a rotunda, the roof rising in a fine dome to a considerable height, made the greatest impression upon my feelings. I tried my voice there, and was startled at the sound, which, as it died away, seemed to scare the long-sleeping echoes of the place."

Three leagues from Cintra, is Mafra, where there is a palace and convent, founded by John V., in emulation of the royal builder of the Escurial. "It is a stupendous work," Dalrymple says; "but bears not so noble an appearance as the Escurial, though it is much more decorated and richer in marble. In the palace are prodigious suites of apartments, as its extent is the external square, which is above 700 feet each side, the convent and church forming the internal.

Here centre pride and poverty,—a stately palace with bare walls, a sumptuous convent for supercilious priests."*

Dr. Southey gives an interesting account of an excursion to Setubal (commonly called St. Ubes), a sea-port town, sixteen miles S.S.E. of Lisbon, containing five churches, eleven monasteries, and about 12,000 inhabitants. "Having crossed the river to Moita, we found mules ready for the journey, and soon entered a forest of pines, over which the hill of Palmella appeared with its castle. The country abounds with flowers that, scattered on every side amid the heath and sand, attracted our attention by their beauty and novelty; and in every little watery bottom, the frogs croaked out a concert pleasant to the ears of one who loves the sounds of happiness. Ascending the hill, we looked back over the forest to the Tagus and the city on its opposite shore. On our right was a wild tract of high hills, partly covered with green corn, and in parts shewing their red soil; a few grey-green poplars grew at their feet, amid cottages thinly scattered, and orange-gardens. At the entrance of Palmella is a handsome fountain, with the arms of the town and an inscription, in which I was somewhat amused at seeing S.P.Q.P. by the idea of the senate and people of Palmella.

"The prospect as we descended, is the most beautiful I ever beheld. The same wild bold scenery on our right; the country before us, and to the left, in the highest state of cultivation, abundantly wooded with almond-trees, now covered with their faint pink blossoms, and orange-groves, whose rich verdure is

* Travels through Spain, &c. in 1774, by Major W. Dalrymple. 4to. London, 1787.

diversified with flowers and fruit. Every where around were single cottages and convents; venerable piles, and picturesque to the eye, however we may detest the purposes to which they are applied. About three miles distant lay Setubal and its harbour; beyond, a low and feeble boundary to the scene, stretched the shore of Estremadura.

"We turned our mules loose in the market-place of Setubal,—a curious way of getting rid of the beasts, which the general testimony could hardly make me believe to be the custom, till our own practice confirmed it. There is a hotel here kept by an Irishman: I had expected a good house, and was completely disappointed. We procured a *ground-floor* apartment there, *two stories above the street*, in which two little bed-closets stood, and a third bed was placed for us in the room: we were three in number, and Manuel attended us.

"Setubal, as seen from the water, very much resembles Corunna; the principal street extending in the same manner along the strand. Cetobriga* is supposed to have stood on the opposite shore: the fishermen frequently find stones in the sand; and a Corinthian pillar, which was dug up there, now stands in the square of Setubal, scraped and ornamented with a crucifix. The great earthquake was attended with singular effects here: part of a wall is still remaining, of which about twenty yards were removed thirty feet further from the river, by the tide, and left still standing. I was informed that the water threw a vessel of a hundred tons burthen on the roof of a house, which was of course destroyed.

* "Hence, through the corruption of Cetobra, its present name, which has led forgers of history and credulous antiquaries to Noah's ark."

" The chief object of our excursion was to visit the celebrated convent of Nossa Senhora da Arrabida, on the Arrabida mountain. This convent owes its origin to a miraculous image of Nossa Senhora, which attracts more visiters to the Arrabida than all its wild and glorious scenery. This image belonged to the chaplain of an English ship, whose name was Haldebrant: during the darkness of a tempestuous night, when the vessel was near the shore, it was preserved from shipwreck by a wonderful splendour that, from the height of the mountain, illuminated the stormy sea. The tempest abated, and the sailors, in exploring the spot whence the light proceeded, discovered the image of the Virgin, which had fled thither from the ship. Believing it to be a spot chosen by the Blessed Mary for her worship, they erected a chapel there with the alms they obtained.

" The promontory of Arrabida projects into the Atlantic ocean, about six miles from Setubal. The custom-house boat had been procured for us, and we departed early on Tuesday morning. We passed by Atun castle, which commands the mouth of the river Sadao,* three miles from the town. The mountain now opened on our view; it was covered with trees till within a few years, when they were destroyed by fire; the quick vegetation of the climate has supplied the loss to the eye, and overspread the ground with tall shrubs, among which a few trees still remain. We went between the shore and two insulated rocks, in one of which was a dark cavern; many shrubs grew on the summit, and there was a monumental cross in memory of a man who had fallen from the precipice where he was catching birds. Near this we landed. Wine and oranges were procured from a venda, the only habita-

* " The Calipos of Ptolemy."

tion in sight; we had brought some cold fowls from Setubal, and the spring by which we sat, supplied us with excellent water.

"Never did I behold scenery so wild and so sublime as the mountain of Arrabida presented, and which, continually varying as we advanced, always displayed some new beauty. The gum-cistus was the most common plant; it was luxuriantly in blossom, and the sun drew forth its rich balsamic fragrance. About three parts up stands the convent: a few cypresses, an orange-garden, and an olive-yard, diversified the hill around it. On the summit are a number of little chapels, or saint-boxes; a Dutchman could not have placed any ornament there more detestable to the picturesque eye. Rude crosses are erected on almost every crag; below is the Atlantic ocean. We were conducted to a cavern consecrated to St. Catharine. The entrance is down a long flight of steps, and admits but little light: the sea enters below, dashing the rocks with that loud and continual roar which accords as well with the feelings of the poet as of the devotee. Through this aperture the light ascends, and nothing is visible but rock and sea."

The only very recent British travellers in Portugal have been our armies. We have already had occasion to avail ourselves of the very lively but very desultory volume, entitled Recollections of the Peninsula, written by an officer who served at the commencement of the campaign; and from his pages we shall glean a few more topographical details.

From Lisbon, in July 1809, his regiment was ordered to embark for Santarem, situated about forty miles up the Tagus. The northern bank of the river, for the first six leagues, presents a continued succes-

sion of rural beauties,—convents, chapels and quintas, gardens and vineyards. Santarem is very strikingly situated, on bold, elevated ground, on the southern bank of the Tagus, which it completely commands. Like all other cities in Portugal, it has its convents, churches, and chapels; but there is little that is remarkable in any of them. There is a college here, in which there were "not many students." The population is estimated at about 8,000. "In these early marches, the villa, the monastery, and the cottage, were thrown open at the approach of our troops. The best apartment, the neatest cells, the humble but only beds, were all resigned to the march-worn officers and men, with undisguised cheerfulness." But the writer reluctantly adds, that the rudeness and misbehaviour of the troops soon wrought a change in the kind dispositions of a hospitable people. From Santarem, the regiment proceeded, by Golegâo and Punhete, to Abrantes, the route often leading for miles along the banks of the river. Abrantes is well situated on rising ground, and commands the passage of the Tagus, over which, at this point, a bridge of boats forms a communication with the southern provinces. The route now lay through plains covered with the gum-cistus, and over uplands clothed with heath, but uncultivated and uninhabited, to Niza. From this place, as far as Villa Velha, the country presents some truly romantic scenery. Here the Tagus, "forcing its narrow, deep, and angry course, between lofty and precipitous banks, which rise into brown and barren mountains, forms a grand and imposing picture." Crossing the river at this point, the regiment proceeded to Zarza la Major, the first town on the Spanish frontier, on the road to Plasencia; it was found deserted, in consequence of the expected approach of the French. The houses

were barred; the church alone stood open; but the plate and treasure had been removed. In this day's march, the thermometer had varied from 95° to 98°.*

The regiment were subsequently counter-marched to Niza, and, after halting there for a fortnight, were marched into cantonments in Spanish Estremadura, by way of Portalegre, a small town in Alemtejo. "The valley by which you approach Portalegre," says the writer, "is fertile and very beautiful. Quintas, gardens, vineyards, and corn-fields, cover the last six miles on your road to the city, which is airy, well-built, and handsomely situated on a lofty eminence, sheltered to the north by mountains, planted with vines to their very summits, and overlooked on the south by heights, richly clothed with wood to the very edge of the gray and broken ridges of rock which crown them. To the eastward, it commands a fine and boundless prospect over the undulating plains, which stretch in the direction of Badajos and Elvas. We were billeted for the night in this city, and, after dressing in a cool, retired apartment, which opened into a small orangery, I visited the cathedral: it is handsome, has a fine-toned organ, and the singing was sweet. It was the evening service, and afterwards I heard a requiem chanted or sung over the grave of some deceased person of rank; there was a long procession, and several monks assisted, all bearing torches; surrounding the graven stone under which lay the mouldering remains of this wealthy corpse, or rather, once wealthy man, they broke forth into a fine and solemn strain. The number of deep and powerful bass voices, contrasted with the soft and feminine tones of the youthful choristers, produced a very grand effect, far superior to any thing ever heard in our ca-

* On a subsequent day's march it rose to 100°.

thedral service. I am free, however, to confess, that the singing of some individuals in our English choirs is not easily to be surpassed; still, we never hear that astonishing bass which peals forth from a large assemblage of priests and friars, and which is, at once, so awful and so truly imposing.....We continued our march the next day, halting at Arronches, a small, unimportant town, and thence proceeded the following morning to a bivouac under the walls of Elvas."

In the following year, the regiment was chiefly stationed in different parts of Alemtejo, Beira, and Spanish Estremadura. On one occasion, the writer marched from Niza, by way of Villa Velha, Sarnadas, and Castel Branco, to Atalaya, situated at the foot of the Sierra d' Estrella. Castel Branco is a decayed town. " Its citadel and walls are in a state of ruin and decay. Although not fortified, it is still very important as a military station, for the country around it, especially on the ground road which passes by Sobreiro Formosa towards the Zezere, abounds in strong and defensible positions: it has been also formerly a Roman station; and wherever we can trace the awful vestiges of those all-conquering soldiers, the Roman legions, we feel, I think, a very exalted and indefinable satisfaction. From our camp near Atalaya, the eye ranged over the southern face of the proud Sierra d'Estrella, rising many thousand feet above the level of the sea, traversed by good roads, formed with infinite labour over clefts of rocks, and gemmed with several white towns and villages, which lie nestling and sparkling on its ample bosom."

From the latter end of July to September, in the year 1811, the division lay at Villa Viçosa, " a handsome, well-built town, about five leagues from Elvas.

A hunting-place; a fine large preserve, walled in, and filled with deer and game; wide streets, handsome houses, a royal chapel, and several churches and convents, attest the former rank of this town, which was once a favourite country retreat for the court of Portugal. Our billets here were very comfortable; the walks and rides in the park, which, from the inequalities of the ground, and the thickness of the underwood, had all the character of a wilderness, were strikingly beautiful; the markets are well supplied, and the vineyards of Borba, so celebrated for its wine, lay within two miles of us. One of my daily amusements was attendance at the royal chapel, where the music and singing were both very excellent."

In the year 1812, the writer once more left Lisbon for Estremadura, to join his regiment, proceeding unattended by way of Abrantes. As far as this place, there was not a town or village on the route that did not present affecting traces of the march of invading armies. "Cottages all roofless and untenanted, the unpruned vine, growing in rank luxuriance over their ruined walls, neglected gardens, the shells of fine houses half destroyed by fire, convents and churches, too solid to be demolished, standing open and neglected, with the ornamental wood or stone work which once adorned them broken down and defaced: all proclaimed silently, but forcibly, that I was travelling through a country which had been the theatre of war, and exposed to the ravages of contending armies. Such are the scenes which, not only in Portugal, but throughout Spain, arrest the eye at every step, and make the Briton, while he sighs over the miseries of the peaceful citizens and laborious peasants whose towns and villages have been thus visited by violence

and rapine, offer up many a grateful prayer for the secure and heaven-defended position of his happier countrymen." From Abrantes, the writer proceeded to Bajadoz. The remainder of the Recollections relate to Spain.

Major Dalrymple, who travelled in Portugal about fifty years ago, has given a meagre description of the route from the Galician frontier to Lisbon, by way of Oporto: for want of better materials, we must avail ourselves of his journal.

"I crossed the river Minho, and put up at a wretched *estallagem* in Valença. This town, on the most northern frontier of Portugal, is beautifully situated on the banks of the river. The prospects from it are very fine. All without is pleasant, but wretched within. Travelled hence on a very bad road, but through a pleasant country in general, which appeared populous, and was cultivated, as high as the hills would permit, with Indian corn and vines. Met many people, who had a neat appearance, but the women were without shoes and stockings. Saw some oaks and firs, with a few scattered olive trees..... Passed an extensive stone bridge of sixteen Gothic arches and eight circular ones, which gives the name to the town of Puente de Lima, where we arrived, having been seven hours going over what is called five leagues. This town has been fortified, to defend the passage of the river; but the works are now in ruins. The friars in all countries have chosen beautiful situations for their houses. There is a convent of San Benito here, delightfully placed on a height that overlooks the river, and is very conspicuous from the town. We found a tolerably good *estallagem* here.

"From Puente de Lima we proceeded to Braga, through a most populous, pleasant, and enclosed country; rather hilly, but full of houses and villages; fertile with Indian corn, some flax, and vines: the latter, twining round the oaks and other trees in the hedges, formed most beautiful festoons. Six hours to five leagues.

"Braga, in the time of Pliny, was a place of great importance, having under its jurisdiction 24 cities, and 575,000 inhabitants.* The numberless Roman antiquities that are still extant, are vestiges of its ancient grandeur. It is famous for the councils held here in the fifth and sixth centuries, and is still a metropolitan see. Near the church of St. Sebastian are seen a great many *milliaria*, brought hither from different parts, and many ancient inscriptions. This city is pleasantly situated on a height above the river Cebado. It is large and well built. The streets are spacious, well paved, and clean, with many fountains. A mannfacture of beaver hats is carried on near this place, and an appearance of much trade prevails in it. At a fair here, there was a great deal of coarse linen cloth, some small cattle, crockery-ware, wooden shoes, called *galloches*, fowls, Indian corn, millet, wheat, rye, salt, and most excellent fruits, melons, peaches, &c., in great abundance. The peasantry had a neat appear-

* The archbishopric of Braga forms the third division of the province of Entre Douro e Minho; and, according to the estimate of 1810, contains 1,292 parishes, 162,960 inhabited houses, and 638,102 inhabitants; being 300,859 males, and 337,243 females. The district contains thirteen cantons. The city of Braga, which is the capital of the province, is situated on the small river Este, not far from the Cavado. It is very neat, and contains five parish-churches, eight religious houses, and 13,000 inhabitants. Its manufactory of hats supplies a great part of Portugal with that article.

ance; but the women go barefooted. They all wore English baize petticoats, and cloaks of various colours and different fancies. Those of the city wore black cloth or baize mantles and petticoats, which gave them a most sombre appearance. There are some gaudy churches and large houses here; but they are loaded with superabundant ornaments, which give them a most Gothic appearance.

"Leaving Braga, we travelled through a most fertile, pleasant, and populous country, for five hours. The villages, farms, and enclosures, all look well at a distance; but, on approaching them, there appears a want of neatness. For an hour and a half more, mountains and waste land, when we halted and dined at a little village. Pursuing our journey, we crossed a ferry; went through an indifferent country and poor soil, not so much cultivated as before; passed a few scattered olive-trees; and having been twelve hours travelling what is called eight leagues, arrived at Oporto." *

OPORTO.

Oporto, the second city in Portugal, is situated on the north bank of the Douro, about four miles from its mouth. It stands partly on a hill, and partly on a bank of the river. It has still an old wall, five or six feet thick, flanked at intervals with mean-looking towers, and further protected by a small fort; but, as the harbour is extremely difficult of entrance, the Portuguese Government have paid little attention to the fortifications; and, in many places, the wall is fallen into ruins. The quay extends the whole length

* Dalrymple's Travels through Portugal, pp. 118—123.

of the town, but is of very simple construction. On one side is a street; the other side is walled and raised, merely for the purpose of fastening to it the ship-cables, At certain seasons, in consequence of the rains, or the melting of the snow on the mountains, the Douro swells, and becomes a mighty torrent, so that no cables are capable of holding the vessels, without the precaution of a number of booms placed on the quay to secure them. The roadstead is spacious, and is at times the rendezvous of fleets of merchantmen for Brazil. It is commanded by the small fort of San Joam (St. John), on the north bank at the mouth of the river. The town is in general well built. From the strand rises a broad, well-paved street, with causeways on each side, leading to two equally handsome oblique streets. The others on the declivity of the hill are narrow, crooked, and dirty; but several of those on the top are fine and broad, and contain a number of elegant houses. Indeed, the greater part of the buildings in Oporto are regular, light, and neat; and it is allowed to be the cleanest and most agreeable town in Portugal, while, in amount of population and trade, it yields only to Lisbon. The steepness of the hill on which it is built renders riding and walking very difficult. On the east side of the town, the houses overhanging the side of the river are built on so steep a declivity, as to be accessible only by steps cut out of the rock. To make amends in some degree for this inconvenience, the situation and prospect are romantic and beautiful.

This city contains a naval arsenal and dock-yard. The harbour, however, is difficult of access, partly from rocks at the mouth of the Douro, partly from the accumulation of sand brought down by the stream.

It is therefore seldom entered by ships of war, and privateers, aware of their absence, come with impunity up the river to within a short distance of the town. Oporto is a bishop's see, the seat of a *corregidor*, a *provedor*, and a military commander. The population in 1802 was estimated at 74,000; but this included its suburbs. There is a theatre here, of comparatively recent erection.

On the opposite bank of the Douro, there are two places, sometimes accounted distinct towns, but which are more properly suburbs of the city. The smaller and more westerly of these, called Gaya, is reputed to occupy the site of the ancient town of *Cale*. The situation now occupied by the town of Oporto, being subsequently found more commodious for navigation, from the greater depth of water along its bank, it was built upon, and called *Portus Cale*. In process of time, it became the more considerable of the two, and took the title of *O porto* (the port), while the kingdom took that of *Portus Cale*, or *Portugale*. Such is the received tradition. To the east of Gaya, and, in like manner, on the south bank of the Douro, is another small but populous town, called Villa Nova da Porto, inhabited, notwithstanding its sounding name, only by mechanics and others of the lower orders. Altogether, the population on the south bank is not short of 20,000, which, with the 54,000 assigned to Oporto, makes a total of 74,000.

Between Gaya and Villanova are immense warehouses for storing the wine embarked here. This wine, though deriving its name from Oporto, is produced, not in the adjacent country, but in the extensive province of Tras los Montes, to the north-west, and in some districts of Entre Douro e Minho, to the north. The amount exported varies, in different years,

from 50,000 to 70,000 pipes, of which by far the greatest portion goes to the British dominions. On the part of the Portuguese, a chartered company for the regulation of the wine trade was established in 1756; but the expediency of vesting such an association with privileges has been much questioned. The other exports from Oporto are, oil, sumach, linen, and oranges. The imports are, woollen, cotton, and hardware manufactures, almost all from England; also, fish from the west of England and Newfoundland; from the Baltic, hemp and flax; from the United States, the chief import is rice. Though so much inferior in size to the capital, Oporto is more properly the central point for the exchange of British and Portuguese merchandise, and has long been the seat of a British factory. The commercial houses of the British in Oporto are about thirty in number; but, in addition to the established merchants, there are always a number of English in Oporto on occasional business, or belonging to the shipping. Their exchange, or place of daily rendezvous, is in a part of the high street, covered with canvass as a protection from the sun and rain. They have also a *cassino*, or house fitted up with reading-rooms: the whole is under good regulations. The exchange with London is computed, as at Lisbon, in milrees, of which sixty-five, more or less, according to circumstances, are reckoned to a pound sterling. The weights, measures, and coins, are the same as at Lisbon.

"The climate of Oporto is moist in winter, less from the vicinity of the Atlantic, than from its position in the midst of woods and mountains. The cold is, accordingly, keen for the latitude, but it seldom freezes. In summer, on the other hand, the heat would be intense, were it not moderated by winds which blow

regularly, following the course of the sun, from the east in the morning, from the south in the middle of the day, and from the west at night. The soil of the surrounding country is not fertile; but the gardens in the environs of the town are beautiful and pleasant, producing, according to their exposure, or their respective degrees of elevation, the fruits of the northern or southern latitudes. The vicinity of Oporto, which is mountainous, exhibits many traces of metallic ores; and along the south bank of the river, there are indications of productive veins of copper.

"We left Oporto," continues Major Dalrymple, "on the 28th of September; and, crossing the Douro to Villa Nova, travelled through a country little cultivated for three leagues, when we came to a small village, where we were obliged to put up at a most filthy *estallagem*, on account of the heavy rain that fell. The next day, we pursued our journey through a populous country, passing several villages; saw many vines, much Indian corn, and some fir-trees, and arrived at St. Antonio, a village: two and a half leagues in three hours. Here we met with another abominable *estallagem*." *

"The third day, we travelled in a narrow, enclosed, bad road; passed some vines and waste land, with scattered olive-trees, and many droves of cattle, till we reached Pinneyro, whence, by Alvergueria, crossing the Vouga in a boat, we arrived at Sardaon; six leagues in eight hours.

"(October 1st.) Travelled on a tolerably good road; passed a great many olive-trees, some vines, and Indian corn, with a few villages. Observed the country become less populous, not so many houses and

* Dalrymple, p. 128.

towns, and some waste spots of ground. All through this country from Valença, there is a kind of carriage, like the Irish car, drawn by oxen yoked by the neck. The wheels are never greased, on purpose, as they told me, that they should give notice to each other, by the screeching noise they make, so that they may avoid coming in contact on the narrow roads which prevail all through the northern parts of the country. Arrived at Mehallada, four leagues in five hours. At this place, we got wheaten straw for our cattle; the grain trod out as in Andalusia. Here I met, for the first time since I left Astorga, a travelling carriage: a horse-litter put up at the same *estallagem*. The roads hitherto have been so rugged, that it is impossible for other vehicles to travel on them. We got very clean beds.

"From Mehallada, we went, for two leagues, through a country but little cultivated, with some vines and olive-trees, but afterwards more improved. Passed several *quintas*, or country-houses, and arrived at Coimbra; three leagues in three hours. The town is pleasantly situated on the side of a hill, near the river Mondego, over which there is a stone bridge. The prospects from the town, both up and down the river, are fine and extensive. The convent of Santa Clara, where the unfortunate Agnes de Castro was murdered and interred, (but she was afterwards removed with great funeral pomp to Alcobaza,) is an extensive building, seated on the opposite side of the river, and presents itself most beautifully to the view. This town has been a strong post in the time of the Moors; there are the ruins of a Moorish castle still extant."

"Coimbra," says Mr. Murphy, "a city long celebrated as the Athens of Portugal, is built partly on the western side of a steep, rocky precipice, and partly

on a plain contiguous to the river Mondego. Notwithstanding the elevation of its site, we did not perceive it till we had almost entered it, when the churches, colleges, and lofty towers, broke upon the view at once. If we may judge from the capaciousness of the several apartments occupied by these rarities, the museum of Coimbra is inferior to few in Europe.....The library is also very extensive, and stored with an immense number of printed books and manuscripts.* The principal manufactories of this town consist of pottery, of which there are six for red, and eleven for glazed ware. The experience of ages, with the aid of various experiments made in the chemical laboratory of this university, have contributed to raise this branch to a high degree of perfection. Woollen and linen cloths are also manufactured here; and the kingdom is hence supplied with horn combs and wooden tooth-picks."†

Coimbra is the see of a bishop. It has, exclusive of the cathedral, eight parish-churches, and a like number of convents; one of which, that of Santa Cruz, is the second, in point of wealth, in the kingdom. But by far the most interesting object at Coimbra is the university, founded originally at Lisbon, in 1291, but transferred hither in 1306, and now the only establishment of the kind in Portugal. It consists of eighteen colleges, with very ample funds. There are nearly forty professors; but the average number of students is not above 800. This city was formerly the residence of the kings of Portugal, many of whose tombs it contains. It was fortified at a very early period, and has undergone many sieges. The ancient

* 38,000 volumes, according to Balbi.

† Murphy's Travels, pp. 24—26.

walls and towers still remain, and form its only defence.

From Coimbra, Major Dalrymple proceeded (on the 4th) to Pombal, seven leagues in six hours. He passed this day many olive-grounds and vineyards, some maize-fields, forests of firs, oaks, and cypress-trees, and some waste land. At this place, from which the marquis of Pombal takes his title, there is an old castle on a height. A considerable hat-manufactory is carried on here.

On the 5th, our Traveller proceeded to Leiria, travelling, for two leagues, through a flat country, cultivated with Indian corn, and afterwards with vines and olives in great abundance; five leagues in five hours. This city, though a bishop's see, is small, and had a sombre and poor appearance. It is one of the most ancient cities in Portugal, and is situated on the banks of the river Lis, in the midst of a fertile country, finely diversified with hill and dale. The soil, Mr. Murphy says, "is so productive, that with little labour it yields abundance of corn, grapes, and olives; yet, with all these advantages, both the plough and the loom are neglected; no wonder, then, that an air of sadness and desolation is visible in every street. The remains of a palace, formerly the residence of king Deniz, surnamed the Husbandman, still make a conspicuous figure on the brow of a precipice contiguous to the town." This wise and benificent sovereign encouraged agriculture, planted the forest at Marinha, one of the most extensive in Europe, and founded, in 1291, the university of Coimbra.

"There is a considerable fair held annually in the city of Leiria, on the 25th of March, which is usually crowded with dealers, exposing to sale various articles of English manufacture, particularly woollen cloths of

a second quality, and hardware of every kind. The principal articles furnished by the natives are plate, jewellery, linen cloths, and pottery. Such an occasion affords a stranger the opportunity of observing the condition of the peasantry, who flock annually to the fair. Their appearance, in general, indicates more happiness than is promised by the uncultivated state of the land. The men wear short brown jackets, and boots of the same colour. Each carries a staff seven feet long, which he wields in combat with great dexterity. The women wear long cloaks of red or pearl-colour, fringed with ribbons; their necks and wrists are ornamented with gold chains. The former sex are remarkably low of stature and feeble; it is quite the reverse with the females, who are strong, well-proportioned, and though but of a moderate size, yet, when ranged with the men, they look like Amazons."

About a league from Leira, "we entered," continues Dalrymple, "upon a heath, and carried it along with us to Marinha; three leagues in five hours. This is a village, where one Stevens, an Englishman, has got a grant from the crown, and established a glass-manufactory, to the prejudice of foreign commerce.

"Pursued our journey through an uncultivated country for two leagues: we then came to extensive olive-groves, some vines, and Indian corn; and soon arrived at Batalha, four leagues in four hours. At this place, there is a very handsome church belonging to the convent of Dominicans, built in the Gothic style, and endowed by Don John I. king of Portugal, who conquered John I. of Castile, in the famous battle of Aljubarrota, in 1385. King John lies interred here, with Donna Philipa, his consort, who was daughter of John of Lancaster, of

England. Several other kings of Portugal are also buried here. The chapter-house is a handsome building, under a roof of sixty feet square. Near the church are some works in the Moorish taste, remarkably rich in ornament, and beautiful, but which were never finished."

Mr. Murphy gives a more minute description of this church and monastery, which is one of the most remarkable in the kingdom, and would have amply repaid, he says, a longer journey. "The architecture is of the style called Norman Gothic, and may be justly considered as one of the most perfect and beautiful specimens of that style existing. In the construction of the church, we observe none of those trifling and superfluous sculptures which but too often are seen to crowd other Gothic edifices. Whatever ornaments are employed in it, are sparingly but judiciously disposed, particularly in the inside, which is remarkable for a chaste and noble plainness, and the general effect, which is grand and sublime, is derived, not from any meretricious embellishments, but from the intrinsic merit of the design. The forms of its mouldings and ornaments are also different from those of any other Gothic building that I have seen. The difference chiefly consists in their being turned very quick, cut sharp and deep, with some other peculiarities, which cannot be well explained in writing. Throughout the whole are seen a correctness and regularity, evidently the result of a well-conceived original design. It is equally evident, that this design has been immutably adhered to and executed in regular progression, without those alterations and interruptions to which such large buildings are commonly liable.

"The extent of the building, from the western

entrance to the eastern extremity, is 416 feet. From north to south, including the monastery, it measures 541 feet. The entire, except the inferior offices and dormitories, is built of marble, originally not very unlike in colour to that of Carrara; but that colour is now changed internally to a modest grey: externally, the stone has contracted a yellow scoria, highly picturesque to the eye of an artist. In every thing that constitutes the ornamental or the elegant, the principal entrance certainly stands unrivalled by any other Gothic frontispiece in Europe. The portal, which is 28 feet wide by 57 high, is embellished with upwards of 100 figures in alto-relievo, representing Moses and the prophets; saints, angels, apostles, kings, popes, bishops, and martyrs, with their respective insignia. Each figure stands on an ornamented pedestal beneath a canopy of delicate workmanship. They are separated from each other by an assemblage of mouldings terminating in pointed arches. Below the vertex of the inferior arch, is a triangular recess, where there is seated on a throne, beneath a triple canopy, a figure with a celestial crown, his left hand resting upon a globe; the other is extended in the act of admonition. This figure represents the Saviour dictating to the four evangelists, who surround him, attended by their respective attributes. The summit is crowned with an ornamental railing, at the height of about 100 feet from the pavement of the church. The space between that and the portal is occupied by a large window, of singular workmanship: it consists of tablets of marble, formed into numerous compartments, whose instertices are filled up with stained glass. In the evening, when the sun is opposite to this window, his beams dart through the perforations, and cover the wall and pillars of the church with myriads of variegated tints.

It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the beauty of the effect, or the agreeable sensations they excite in the spectator.

"In point of construction, the chapter-house might be considered as a masterpiece of architecture. Its plan forms a square, each side of which measures 64 feet, and is covered with a vault of hewn stone. The principal ribs spring from slender shafts, and branch out in different directions as they approach the centre; where all the radiating nerves, in the form of a star, encircle an ornamented patera.*

"At the rear of the church is an unfinished mausoleum of a curious form, wherein the architect has exhibited no superficial knowledge of geometry, or the principles of sound and elegant design. In point of workmanship, neither the pen nor the pencil is adequate to express its real merits; for, though most objects, when transferred to the canvass, appear to advantage, this, on the contrary, though delineated by the most ingenious artists, upon examination, will appear more beautiful than any representation of it upon canvass or paper. And for these reasons, the marble is polished, the sculpture in many parts detached from the centre of the block, and so minutely carved, that to preserve all the expressive marks and touches of the

* "It is recorded, that in building that magnificent arch, it fell twice in striking the centres, with great injury to the workmen; but the king desiring at all events to have a room without the defect of a central support, promised to reward the architect if he could accomplish it. At this he was animated in such a manner that he began it again, as if confident of success. The king, however, would not commit the lives of his workmen in striking the centres; but ordered from different prisons such delinquents as were sentenced to capital punishment, in order that, if the like disaster happened a third time, none should suffer, but those who had already forfeited their lives to the offended laws of their country."

chisel, it is not possible to condense them into a smaller compass: so that, to convey a true idea of the whole, the picture would require to be as large as the prototype. To give an instance: there is a figure at the entrance, representing one of the fathers of the church, not more than twelve inches in height; yet, the sculptor has expressed its worn tunic in a thread-bare state. We may form some idea of the magnitude of the design from the magnificence of the entrance. It is 32 feet wide at the splay; as it recedes, the breadth contracts, till it forms an aperture of 15 feet wide by 31 feet high. Among the many thousands of ornaments with which this entrance abounds, we behold the following motto often repeated: *Tanyas Erey*. The characters are Gothic, embossed, and encircled by rings knotted together. In the loggia, contiguous to the above door, we observe, over a recess, a shield, bearing the letters *E Y*, between two armillary spheres. The architecture in some parts is Arabian, in others purely Gothic. The inside presents an octagon, the diameter of which, between the parallel sides, is sixty-five feet. This was to have been covered with a vault of hewn stone, as appears by the parts already commenced, at the height of about 71 feet; but, though it has been exposed to the weather since the year 1509, it scarcely exhibits any traces of decay. It was probably left in this unfinished state, owing to the circumstance, that the king withdrew all the artificers employed here, to the convent of Belem near Lisbon, which he founded in testimony of his joy at the discovery of India by Vasco de Gama. The sides of the octagon, except the one at the entrance, are finished with arches, leading to as many chapels, each distinguished by the devices of the princes for whom they were intended. The pious Leonor, sister-in-law

to king Emanuel, and wife of his predecessor John II. who is supposed by some, the foundress of this superb mausoleum, as a depository for her husband and other royal personages, has, in one of them, destined for herself and the king her consort, introduced her own maternal device, the pelican piercing its breast." *

From Batalha, Major Dalrymple passed through a very thinly peopled country, with some very barren hills to the left, and at the end of three hours arrived at Alcobaza.

" Alfonso Henriquez made a vow, when passing by this place to the siege of Santarem, that, if successful, he would establish a monastery on the spot. Accordingly, having taken the place by escalade, he founded, with the spoils gained in his wars with the Moors, this convent, about the middle of the twelfth century, and richly endowed it. It derives its name from the two rivers Alcoa and Baça. It is a most extensive pile of building, in the Gothic taste, with some modern additions that disfigure it exceedingly. The church is rich in chalices, plate, &c. The convent is inhabited by 130 friars of the order of St. Bernard, who have an amazing income; I was told, 180,000 cruzados a year, about 20,000*l.* sterling.

* " According to the accounts of those who are supposed to have had their information from the records preserved in the royal archives of Lisbon, the name of the architect of the church was Stephen Stephenson, a native of England. The fathers Casegas and De Sousa, who have written the history of Batalha with great accuracy, though silent on this head, inform us that the king, desirous of building a monastery superior to any in Europe, invited from distant countries the most celebrated architects that could be found. Now, as Gothic architecture at that time flourished in England, it is not improbable that some of its artists might embrace the invitation of so liberable a prince, especially as his consort, queen Philippa, was the eldest daughter of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, son of Edward III." — MURPHY, pp. 33-44.

The west front of this monastery, including the church, which is in the centre, extends 620 feet; the depth is about 750. On entering the church at the west front, one is struck with the grandeur of the general effect peculiar to the inside of Gothic churches; but very few possess that property to a higher degree than this. The prospect at the east end is terminated by a magnificent glory placed over the altar, at the distance of 300 feet from the entrance; but the apparent distance is considerably more, on account of the narrowness of the nave, and the regular succession of pillars. This convent contains one of the finest collections of pictures in the kingdom. In the rear of the church is a large garden, planted with trees and shrubs, and distributed into pleasant walks.

The only two towns of any interest or importance which remain to be noticed, are those of Beja and Evora, both in the province of Alemtejo.* Mr. Murphy gives the following description of them.

"The city of Beja is situated upon an eminence, about three and twenty leagues south-east of Lisbon. Julius Cæsar honoured it with the title of Pax Julia, and made it a Roman colony. The Moors had possession of it from the year 715 till 1162. Some remains of the walls, towers, and fortifications of the latter, are still extant; but none of the monuments of the former. The chief part of the present town was built by Alfonso III. It contains one of the best constructed castles in the kingdom, founded by king Diniz. Two leagues from hence is the Guadiana.

"The ancient city of Beja was built a short distance to the east of the present. In digging there,

* The name of this province signifies, beyond the Tagus. It is the largest in Portugal, being above one hundred miles each way; but great part of it is forest or waste land.

several antique fragments were discovered. It must be regretted that these researches are not prosecuted; the process would not be attended with much difficulty or expense, as the pavement of the old city is not more than 26 feet beneath the surface of the earth. In a cave, not exceeding 30 feet square by 20 deep, several fragments have been found, which are deposited among other ancient remains in the bishop of Beja's museum."

About twelve leagues from Beja, is the city of Evora (or Ebora), situated upon an eminence surrounded by a fine level country, which produces corn, wine, and oil. The Spanish antiquaries say, that Evora was first built by the Celts, about 759 years before the birth of Christ. Pliny and others affirm, that it was inhabited by the Gauls and Phenicians. Quintus Sertorius, the celebrated Roman captain, made himself master of it about eighty years B.C., and secured it with walls, fortifications, and subterraneous ways. He also ornamented it with several public buildings, some of which exist to this day. Julius Cæsar made it a municipal town, and gave it the name of Liberalitas Juliæ. The Moors took possession of it in the year 715. It is not so large as Oporto, though considered as the second city in the kingdom. The number of its inhabitants is computed at 20,000,* among whom are many families of distinction. It contains a college and a tribunal of inquisition.

"Among the public buildings raised here by Sertorius, there exists a noble aqueduct in good preservation. The piers are nine feet broad, by four and a half thick. The arched space between is thirteen feet six inches. At intervals, buttresses are super-

* In 1802, the population was estimated at only 12,000.

added to the piers, the better to secure the arcuation. The whole is formed of irregular stone, except the arches, which are of brick.* A *castellum* is erected over this aqueduct, at its termination in the city. In its centre is a small reservoir, whence tubes are conveyed to the different fountains and cisterns.

"Another structure here, built by Sertorius, is said to be the remains of a temple dedicated to Diana. The elegance displayed in the remains of this temple, has led many to conjecture that the architect was a Greek, from a supposition that Rome, at the time of Sertorius, had not artisans competent to design or execute so polished a fabric. It is now converted into a meat shambles!"

In the Franciscan convent at Evora, there is a remarkable charnel-house, 60 feet long, by 36, the piers of which, four on each side, are lined with human skulls and bones, set in a hard cement. Over the archway which leads to it, is inscribed:

"Nos os ossos que aqui estamos,
Pellas vossos esperamos."

"We, the bones that are here, wait for yours also."† The obscurity of the place, and the prostrate posture

* "From the labour and expense required in building aqueducts of this kind, many have been led to conclude that the ancients were unacquainted with the art of conveying water through unequal grounds by any other means. Vitruvius, however, book viii. ch. 7, gives excellent rules for conveying water in tubes. Pliny, also, book xxxi. ch. 6, expressly mentions, that the ancients frequently conveyed water in this manner."—MURPHY, p. 304. Any one inspecting, amid the ruins of Pompeii, the remains of the fountains discovered there, will be convinced of the justness of the preceding observations.

† A similar Golgotha, but of a still more singular kind, is attached to the Franciscan monastery at Palermo. In some well-lighted, subterraneous galleries, are preserved a horrible collection of human bodies, some standing, others seated, all of them

of the devotees who visit it, render the whole a scene truly ghastly and awful.

And this is Portugal, the last and lowest of the European kingdoms, yet, once the mistress of both Indies,—the mother country of Brazil! And the peasantry, as well as the soil, are worthy of a better government. In the Peninsular war, they proved themselves capable of becoming as good soldiers, at least, as their haughty neighbours; and if more degraded, they are not, perhaps, so much depraved. Hitherto, civilisation has scarcely made any advance in this most primeval country. All has been stationary, under the repressing influence of a Gothic priesthood, "who love darkness better than light, because their deeds are evil." But the dawn of brighter days has arisen on this back-country of Europe; and though it has been ushered in with gloom and tempest, the horrors and tumult of war, yet, the light which has broken in upon the people will, it may be hoped, eventually compensate for even the French invasion and the revolt of Brazil.

clothed, and bearing in their shrivelled hands, each his name, age, and the date of his demise. The bodies of females are preserved in like manner, in a building attached to the *Campo Santo* of the same capital.

END OF PORTUGAL.

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